

# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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NO. 46

## Business Cards.

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NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

**Notice To Patrons.**

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading &  
Arlington Route.

**WEEK DAYS.**

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars  
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,  
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,  
5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.  
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and  
Arlington 5:30, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.  
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Arlington 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.  
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,  
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and  
every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,  
7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M. and every 30  
minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,  
8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until  
11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,  
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and  
every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then  
12:10 A. M.

**SUNDAY TIME.**

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham  
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,  
8:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until  
10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and  
Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and  
every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30  
minutes until 11:10 P. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30  
A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:30  
P. M.

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Reading 7:50, 8:50, 9:20, 9:50 A. M. and  
every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8:10, 9:10,  
9:40, 10:10 A. M., and every 30 minutes  
until 11:40 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

**JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup.**

**Boston & Northern St. Railway**

The following new timetable for the  
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.  
is the result of the arrangements which  
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,  
1902.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House  
at 5:12 A. M., then every 15 minutes until  
9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until  
12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until  
7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until  
11:27 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Centre  
car house later than North Woburn.

Returning leave Sullivan Square terminal  
of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn,  
and North Woburn at 10:02 A. M., then  
every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M., then  
every 30 minutes to 1:32 P. M., then  
every 15 minutes to 8:22 P. M., and  
every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

On Sundays cars leave at 7:32 A. M. and  
every 30 minutes to 10:02 A. M., then  
every 15 minutes to 10:32 P. M., and then  
every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell, which  
has been run from Merrimack Square,  
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester,  
Woburn and Merrimack Square, will be  
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of  
this route the new schedule provides  
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,  
Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Win-  
chester and Reading, where direct con-  
nections can be made for through cars to  
Sullivan Square, station subway, Boston  
Lyons, Peabody and Salem. Those wish-  
ing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury  
and Lowell can connect with car that  
leaves North Woburn car house and  
connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.

Wilmington on the even hour, and re-  
turning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington  
for No. Woburn on the half hour.

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE  
POST OFFICE:  
From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30  
a. m. 2:45, 3:45, 4:35, 5:30, p. m.  
From New York direct 7:00 a. m.  
From Winchester, Lowell, Boston, and Northern  
via Winchester, 10:15, 11:30, 1:30, 3:30, p. m.  
From the North, direct, 7:45 a. m., 4:30 p. m.  
From Burlington 7:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE  
FOR:  
Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-  
ington, Western and Southern, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30  
a. m., 1:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, p. m. Saturday  
8:30 p. m.  
For New York direct, 7 a. m., via Winchester, 8:45  
a. m., 1:30 p. m.  
For Lowell and Boston, 7:45 a. m., 4:30 p. m.  
For Winchester, 7:45 a. m., 2:45, 4:30 p. m.

DELIVERIES.  
House Routes 7:45 a. m., 2:45 p. m.  
Business Routes 7:30, 7:45 a. m., 1:15, 2:45, 4:30 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.  
8 a. m. and on regular carriers delivery.  
Boxes on Main St. from Boston or West of Summer  
St., 8 times daily.

Money order office open at 7:30 a. m., close: 7:30  
p. m.  
Postage stamps for sale at 7:30 a. m., close: 7:30  
p. m. Saturday at 4:00 p. m.  
Mount Order and Registry Division open on  
Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS—  
Sunday office open 9:30 to 11:00 a. m.  
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston  
10 a. m.  
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.  
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box office in post office.  
Mails collected on holidays, 4:00 p. m., throughout  
the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

**Fire Alarm Boxes.**

NO. LOCATION.

11 Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.

21 Cor. East Main and Lowell Streets.

23 Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square

24 City Almshouse.

25 Cor. School and New Boston Sts.

26 Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.

27 Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.

28 Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn

29 Cor. Main and North Main Sts.

30 Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.

31 Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts., (Cambridgeville)

32 Cor. Elm and Main Sts.

33 Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.

34 Cor. Main and Bedford Sts.

35 Cor. Stoughton and Beacon Streets.

36 Cor. Main and Washington Sts.

37 Junction Bow and Beach Sts.

38 Main Ave. opp. Vernon St.

39 Main Ave. opp. Green Street.

40 Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.

41 Central St. opp. School House (Merrimack).

42 Main St. opp. Main St. (Merrimack).

43 Cor. Main and Main Sts.

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84 Cor. Main and Main Sts.

## Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

\$1.50 A YEAR

In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly  
Of Large Circulation

Among People of Culture  
Live Editorials

All the Local News, and  
Choice Literary Selections

Fill Its Columns.

A Family Newspaper

Read by Thousands

Of Intelligent People

Every Week.

Unequaled as an  
Advertising Medium.

Printed Every  
Friday Morning

At 434 Main Street.

Delivered Promptly.

## Her Lesson In Loving

It Was a Severe One, but It  
Brought Her Happiness

By LOUISE OLNEY

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erary Press

After a good night so listless that  
her mother sighed at the change in  
her daughter, Anne Morton went to  
her room and locked the door. Throw-  
ing aside her lace collar, she turned on  
all the lights and, tall and graceful in  
her clinging yellow gown, studied  
herself in the mirror.

Richard Hunter had not asked for a  
single dance, but had devoted himself  
to Mollie Pierce. Anne began to real-  
ize that this had been the order of  
things for some time. Morris Trevor  
also had not come near. And only a  
year ago, before she had broken her  
engagement with Richard, there had  
not been dances enough to satisfy her  
admirers. Surely at twenty-seven a  
woman has not lost the power to at-  
tract! Was she becoming a wallflower?

The mirror was reassuring. Her  
fine brown eyes were large and clear,  
her heavy dark hair perfectly arrang-  
ed, her oval face and small head cer-  
tainly distinguished. She smiled re-  
fully, and a dimple deepened in her  
cheek. But when her face fell to re-  
pose she noted critically that she looked  
bored, almost unhappy; the corners  
of her mouth drooped and two cross  
little lines showed between her eyes.

Anne began to take stock of herself.  
Tonight she had actually set out three  
dresses with the chaperons. She faced  
the fact that her friends were becom-  
ing fewer; that the men called less  
often, invited her less often to share  
their pleasures. "The girls" no longer  
dropped in to gossip of clothes and  
merrymakings and beaus. Yes, even  
in the family things had changed. Her  
mother, always loving, was also pa-  
tient. Harry, with the frankness of  
fourteen, reminded her, even though she  
retorted with him, that she was becom-  
ing a cross old maid. Jean assumed  
condescending younger sister airs.

She was quite sure that it was Rich-  
ard's place to make the first move to-  
ward reconciliation, even though she  
admitted to herself that the fault be-  
longed mostly here. At last she went to  
bed and cried herself to sleep. But  
she awoke early, so much earlier than  
usual that, as she lay thinking, it came  
to her that not for months had she  
really seen her father, not for months  
had she breakfasted with the family.  
On impulse she rose, took a cold  
plunge and dressed for the street. She  
had nearly finished when the rising  
bell rang.

She stood nervously adjusting her  
collar at the mirror, a little sensitive  
about going down lest some member  
of the family might comment on her  
unwashed presence, when she noted  
that she looked positively cross. It  
made her seem old. She by an effort  
made herself smile, and the dimple  
again showed itself. Then she started  
for the door just in time to encounter  
Harry, who was coming with an old  
gong to awaken her. Yesterday she  
would have complained to her mother;  
today she laughed as he scampered  
back to his room to finish dressing.

When she heard the breakfast bell  
she started slowly downstairs, and as  
she reached the lower hall she caught  
her own name spoken by her mother  
in an anxious tone. Involuntarily she  
paused. Her father replied:

"Don't worry, mother. Anne needs a  
lesson in loving. She will have to sur-  
fer till she finds out that no woman is  
loved and sought unless she is lov-  
ing—lovable. She will not be old  
attractive self till she stops being  
bored and sarcastic and is pleased and  
interested and shows that she is. She  
is getting selfish, and nothing but  
thinking of others will do her any good."

"But, Fred," her mother's voice con-  
tinued, "Richard never came near her  
last night nor Morris nor Henry Par-  
ker. Do you suppose they resent her  
treatment of Richard? And she is  
never about when our older friends  
call and never up in the morning. Has  
it occurred to you that Richard may  
have shown her he wanted to break  
with her and that she is unhappy  
about it? Last night he was so de-  
voted to Mollie Pierce!"

"Nonsense!" Richard simply had a  
real man's self respect. She dismissed  
him for nothing, and I don't blame  
him for not crawling back like a whelp  
puppy. Perhaps he is getting in-  
terested in Mollie—a live young fellow  
is not going to let the caprice of one  
round spoil his life for him. He did care  
for her, and he was all cut up about it,  
but that she would have to call him  
back herself. She hasn't done so  
well, there is nobody like him. Yes,  
another cup, dear, please." Anne fled  
softly back to her room, her cheeks  
and eyes ablaze, fury in her heart.  
How dared they! How dared they dis-  
cuss her affairs and side with Rich-  
ard! Then it came upon her that those  
two dear persons, considered in the  
world, loved her and had a right to  
say to each other what they thought  
about their own child.

And they were right—that was the  
worst of it. What should she do?  
After a moment's hesitation she went  
quietly down and took her place at  
the table, bidding them good morning  
as if nothing had occurred. Harry and  
Jean came chattering each other down  
the hall to join the family, and then  
everybody seemed to begin talking and  
laughing. In spite of herself Anne  
became interested. She laughed, and  
at her new good nature Harry offered  
to play golf with her—supreme con-  
cession on his part. She accepted.  
Then as her father's hand on her arm  
followed another impulse; she offered  
to walk to the office with him for the  
exercise. His eyes widened a little  
with surprise, but they started off joy-  
fully together, father and tall daugh-  
ter, arm in arm, through the crisp au-

tumn air the full mile downtown. It  
was a good mile, and the air stung a  
red stain into her cheek.

Leaving her father at his office, she  
started back, remembering her "date"  
on the links with her brother. She  
had an hour yet and was minded to  
wander off by herself and think. At  
heart she was still furious and a lit-  
tle fearful about Richard's supposed  
change of heart. Mollie Pierce, indeed!  
That little silly doll! Yet stranger  
things had happened. She suddenly  
realized what a blank she had made of  
her own life. She turned into a quiet  
side street and walked swiftly along,  
hardly seeing where she went. Once  
she raised a hand to wipe her eyes—  
they smarted strangely. Everything  
was strange, especially this new, fear-  
ful awakening from the apathetic dream  
she seemed to have been lost in for a  
year or two.

Of course it was too late for  
Richard to forgive her, but at least she  
could make it up to her dear family.  
Remembering that she must meet  
her brother, she suddenly turned a  
corner and ran into a big man who  
came from the impact, must have been  
coming along at some speed. She gasped  
to see that it was Richard, as aston-  
ished as she, gazing at her as if he  
had never seen her before, at her fresh  
color, her bright eyes, the fugitive tear  
on her cheek. He hardly knew what  
he said, but she laughed merrily.

"I really did not intend to—knock  
you down! I'm sorry, Dick." She  
called him Dick with manifest good  
feeling. The man's heart leaped as he  
looked at her glowing face. He turned  
to walk with her a little while. He  
said, "Going home? You don't look like  
a girl who danced till this morning."  
Anne, I must say,

"I sat out three dances," she an-  
swered coolly. "Harry says I got  
tired, but he was a cross old maid. Is that  
why you did not ask me for a waltz?"  
"You have—refused me so many  
times I began to accept my fate. I—"  
"—Sorry—Dick." She interrupted  
him to say what she would not even  
have thought a few days before. "I'm  
sorry," she repeated.

He turned to her eagerly. "Anne,"  
he said in a low voice, "you could not  
possibly cross your heart and hope to  
die and say you are sorry for—any-  
thing else. Oh, Anne, could you?"  
She only nodded an instant while she  
swallowed the remnant of her old  
pique. He was looking down at her,  
glowing in her blushes. Then she spoke  
fully and freely, gladly.

"I treated you very badly, and I am  
very sorry, Dick." Her eyes, full of  
tears, bravely met his gaze. Of course  
Richard Hunter knew he could not  
reconcile her, even though she  
admitted to herself that the fault be-  
longed mostly here. At last she went to  
bed and cried herself to sleep. But  
she awoke early, so much earlier than  
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softly back to her room, her cheeks  
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## MAGNETISM.

Some of the Peculiar Properties of This  
Strange Force.











## A Will and a Way

The Mysterious Woman Who Could Neither Read Nor Write

By BELLE MANIATES

Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

"His ruling passion was strong in death," remarked Jules Lorme whimsically as he learned the contents of his father's will from his father's lawyer. "He knew that I would not comply with the terms of so atrocious a will to marry a woman who could neither read nor write."

"You have a year of grace," reminded Coyle.

A year later Jules appeared at the office of the family lawyer.

"My lease is up, Coyle," he reminded.

"And I think I have found a way by which you can fulfill all conditions and still retain your freedom. You can marry a woman who can neither read nor write, and immediately after the ceremony you can go abroad. At the expiration of two years she can quite secure a divorce. You can spare a generous alimony. I have met a good, conscientious girl who is perfectly willing."

"Is she a domestic?"

"No; I believe she does needlework."

"It's odd in these days of schools and training officers that she escaped the alphabet at school."

"She says she never had the opportunity nor the desire to learn. I will arrange all details for you."

After some further discussion Jules acceded to the proposition, and at dusk of the appointed day he rang for a mission to Coyle's residence. The lawyer met him in the hall and ushered him into a dimly lighted library where a minister and Henry Phillips, Jules' next friend, were waiting. They all went into the room adjoining the library. Near the doorway Jules paused and looked into the room, which was in total darkness.

With an odd sinking of the heart Jules took his position beside the shadowy form of a woman. He made the responses in a quick, jerky way, anxious to end the affair. The woman at his side spoke in nearly inaudible tones.

When the sentence of man and wife was pronounced Jules returned to the library and hastily signed some papers Coyle gave him.

"Where is my wife?" he then asked.

"She remained in the reading room."

The young bridegroom hesitated. Then resolutely he turned and went back into the reading room. His eyes, now accustomed to the gloom, discerned her at the end of the room. She was sitting on a couch, her face buried in the cushions. One arm hung listlessly over the back of the sofa.

"May I speak with you?" he asked courteously.

She did not lift her head from the pillow.

"I want to thank you," he continued.

"For the service you have rendered me."

She murmured a disclaimer of his thanks. He took her hand. His grasp was still cold and trembling. His grasp, firm and sustaining, tightened.

"I am sorry," he said firmly, "that you will not see me, but I want you to promise me that if you ever need help or advice you will come to me."

"I will," she said softly.

"Lorne," called the warning voice of Coyle from the doorway.

"I must go now. Good night."

He went to his lodgings and tried to smoke away the burden of his thoughts. The shadowy outlines of the tall, drooping figure and the low tones in which she had spoken haunted him all night.

"I suppose her motive was as mercenary as my own, so I don't need to reproach myself."

The next day he was leaning against the railing of the steamer, idly reviewing the scenes upon the wharf, when he saw Phillips making his way to a waiting young girl who was daintily petting in form and lovely of face and feature. She was accompanied by a middle aged woman.

"You must look after Miss Dorrington, Jules," cautioned Phillips as he was taking leave of them all a few moments later. "Her aunt has the stammering habit, she tells me."

Jules scarcely heard him. He was looking into the beautiful eyes of the young girl. An hour later Mrs. Marshall had fulfilled the prophecy regarding the stammering and Jules had joined Salome on deck.

"You don't seem a stranger to me," she said, "I have come to know you through your book."

There followed a long and animated discussion of books and authors until dinner time.

"She is a darling," Jules told himself as he lay in his berth listening to the rhythmic measures of the engines that night.

The voyage passed in a succession of days of sparkling sunshine. Mrs. Marshall remained perfect in society confinement, and Jules was constantly with Salome, who grew fairer and radiant with happiness. He came to have an odd feeling at times, as if in some pre-existence she had belonged to him. Then his new fancy would be succeeded by the mystic charm of the other.

Early in the morning of the last day of their voyage he came out on the deck. Salome was already there. As she turned to him he saw a shadow of sadness in her eyes.

"This is our last day," she said in a low tone.

"Yes, and I am sorry," he replied simply.

"I wish you were coming with us to the north of England."

"He did not reply at once."

"It can't be," he argued to his troubled self. "It is not the first fluttering fancy of a young girl—the fancy for an older man and one who writes. I shall not see her after we land. Still, in a young, romantic girl's heart affection sometimes flourishes in absence. I should tell her, I will."

"Salome"—the name slipped out unconsciously—"I should have told you before, but I disliked to talk about my personalities. I am married."

He then briefly related the circumstances of his marriage.

"Before the ceremony," he concluded, "I had considered only my part in the affair. I was narrow enough to think that because she had been denied certain advantages a little money would recompense it. It may have been some good for herself and others that

forced her to this step. At any rate, I should have talked the matter over with her. I am going to return to New York if she wishes and have the marriage annulled."

He glanced at her for the first time during the recital. His heart leaped to life. In her eyes was an exquisite softness. A slight moisture dimmed her lashes. She hid out her hand.

"Thank you for telling me. And now I must tell you something. I, too, am married."

"You? Salome, impossible! You, so young?"

"I was married the night before we sailed. Mr. Coyle's library."

"Salome, the woman I married was tall—very tall."

"I stood on a stool."

"Her name was Mary."

"My first name is Mary. I never use it except to sign."

He gathered her close to his arms as one who claims his own.

"Salome, only the recollection of my wife was between us. Will you be my wife—my real wife?"

There was a hesitating answer of joy in the face upraised to his.

"Tell me," he commanded, "how it came about."

"My aunt engaged Mr. Coyle to manage our estate. He learned how interested I was in your books, and he talked much of you and the will. He proposed this marriage and planned the voyage. He said we could find out if we cared."

"I can't imagine Coyle's being frank," he laughed.

"It wasn't romance. He would not have proposed it if—"

"Oh, Jules, I can neither read nor write. I have been blind since I was four years old until three months ago. Aunt read your books to me."

Making Amends.

A poor Turkish laborer of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street below.

The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the stater escaped without material injury. A son of the deceased caused the stater to be arrested. The cad listened attentively and in the end went into the room where he had to say in his defense.

"Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says, but heaven forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man and know not how to make amends."

The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted on the accused.

The cad meditated a few moments and finally said, "It shall be so."

To the stater he said, "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him."

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## MARINERS' COMPASS.

Little Known of the Real Origin of the Instrument.

ITS USE BY THE CHINESE.

This Wonderful People Knew of the Magnetic Needle Long Before the Christian Era—The Claims of Gioia, the Pilot, and the Credit Due Him.

Much interest must forever attach to the discovery of that valuable instrument, the mariner's compass, and yet there are few subjects concerning which less is known. For a period the honor of the invention was ascribed to Gioia, a pilot, born at Pasitano, a small village situated near Amalfi, about the end of the thirteenth century. His claims, however, have been disputed.

Much learning and labor have been bestowed upon the subject of the discovery. It has been maintained by one class that even the Phoenicians were the inventors, by another that the Greeks and Romans had a knowledge of it. Such notions, however, have been completely refuted.

One passage, nevertheless, of a remarkable character occurs in the works of Cardinal de Vitti, bishop of Ptolemais, in Syria. He wrote to Palestine during the fourth century, about the year 1204. He returned afterward to Europe and subsequently back to the Holy Land, where he wrote his work entitled "Historia Orientalis," as nearly as can be determined, between the years 1215 and 1220. In chapter 91 of that work he has this singular passage:

"The iron needle, after contact with the loadstone, constantly turns to the north star, which, at the axis of the firmament, remains immovable while the others revolve, and hence it is essentially necessary to these navigating on the ocean."

These words are as explicit as they are extraordinary. They state at once and announce a use. The thing, therefore, which essentially constitutes the compass must have been known long before the birth of Gioia. In addition to this fact, there is another equally fatal to his claim as the original discoverer.

It is now settled beyond a doubt that the Chinese were acquainted with the compass long before the Europeans. It is certain that there are allusions to the magnetic needle in the traditional period of Chinese history, about 2000 years before Christ, and a still more credible account of it is found in the reign of Chingwang of the Chou dynasty, before Christ 1114.

All this, however, may be granted without in the least impairing the just claims of Gioia to the gratitude of mankind. The truth appears to be that the position of Gioia in relation to the compass was precisely that of Watt in his relation to the steam engine—the element existed; he augmented its utility.

The compass used by the mariners in the Mediterranean during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was a very uncertain and unsatisfactory apparatus. It consisted of a magnetic needle floating in a vase or basin by means of two straws on a bit of cork supporting it on the surface of the water.

The compass used by the Arabians in the thirteenth century was an improvement of exactly the same description. Now, the inconvenience and inefficiency of such an apparatus are obvious. The agitation of the ocean and the tossing of the vessel might render it useless in a moment.

But Gioia placed the magnetized needle on a pivot, which permits it to turn to all sides with facility. Afterward it was attached to a card divided into thirty-two points, called rose de vents, and then the box containing it was suspended in such a manner that, however the vessel might be tossed, it would always remain horizontal.

Electrical Engineer.

Stung.

The old gentleman went into the parlor the other night at the witching hour of 10:30 and found the lights out and his daughter and a dear friend enjoying a tete-a-tete in a corner by the window.

"Evangeline," said the old man sternly, "this is scandalous!"

"Yes, papa," she answered sweetly, "it is scandalous because times are hard. Light cost so much Ferdinand and I said we would get along with the starlight."

And papa turned about in speechless amazement and tried to walk out of the room through a panel in the wall paper—Exchange.

The Difference.

"Father," said little Bolo, "what is the difference between farming and agriculture?"

"Well, my son, for farming you need a plow and a harrow and a lot of other things, and for agriculture you need a pencil and a piece of paper"—Washington Star.

The Mess In the Oven.

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid of all work.

"Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them into the oven to dry"—London Tatler.

Mildew.

An easy method of removing mildew is to place the article in a warm oven for a few moments and then brush it.

When you forget there are others you are hearing a burned bridge.

Harlem in New York.

In an early chapter of what is now New York occurs the name of Lancaster. That is what Harlem used to be called. It comprised the territory on Manhattan Island north of a line drawn from the foot of East Twenty-fourth street to the foot of Manhattan street. The real Harlem village was a settlement collected within a radius of a quarter of a mile from One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue. Today the name Harlem is applied to the whole territory north of One Hundred and Tenth street, east and west. After the name Lancaster was eliminated the village was called New Harlem.—New York Press.

New Kind of Setter.

Little Oscar, aged five, had a dog which was almost always to be found behind the stove in the kitchen. Oscar once visited at a house where there were two fine dogs. The master of the house told him that they were Irish setters. The little fellow, who was very fond of his pet, answered quickly, "Mine is a kitchen setter."—Delmar.

He Spoke Too Soon.

A well known business man attended his daughter's commencement exercises at an eastern college. He had been greatly pleased with the beauty of his daughter and the exercises and was discoursing to his wife upon the refining influences of college life. Suddenly his impressive monologue was cut short. A girl in cap and gown came rushing toward the steps of the main hall waving her diploma and shouting, "Educated, by gosh!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not Anxious.

"You have quite a number of the poets," said Godby to his neighbor, Woodbury. "What's the use of praying? Do you understand him?"

"No; I don't," said Godby, continuing his examination. "Have you prayed?"

"Certainly not. What's the use of praying? I ain't anxious to understand him."—Philadelphia Record.

True honor leaves no room for hesitation or doubt.—Plutarch.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 3, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxi, 27-30. Memory Verse, 39—Golden Text, II Tim. ii, 3—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Our last lesson in the Acts left Paul and his companions at Jerusalem, whether they had just returned from Paul's third missionary journey, and there resume the story and imagine ourselves present at the service, when, in the presence of James and the elders, Paul declared particularly what things God had wrought among the gentiles by His ministry, and with them we would glorify the Lord (verses 19, 20). Right here comes in our perplexity concerning the advice from the church to Paul that for peace sake he should conform to certain things which the Greeks and Romans had made much of by the Jews at Jerusalem who believed—the thousands of Jews who believed, but yet continued zealous of the law. That Paul should consent to this suggestion seems somewhat strange. He was a Jew, and Peter for doing in Gal. ii, 11-14. There is always trouble when we depart from the simplicity that is in Christ (I Cor. xi, 3) and seek to keep peace with legal Christians by conforming to their ways instead of standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free (Gal. v, 1). Well, the plan did not work for the Jews which were of Asia succeeded in exciting the city against Paul, and he would have been killed, but he actually escaped to the north star, which, at the axis of the firmament, remains immovable while the others revolve, and hence it is essentially necessary to these navigating on the ocean."

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Harlem in New York



# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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NO. 47

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Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars

will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,

5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:30, 6:50, 7:00,

7:20, 7:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until

10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,

6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 6:55, 7:10, 7:30, 7:50,

and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-

ham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,

7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M., and every 30

minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and

Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,

8:20, 8:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until

11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,

7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and

every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then

12:10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,

Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,

8:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until

10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M., and

every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,

8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and every 30 min-

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RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-

ham and Reading 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30

A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:30

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Leave Winchester for Stoneham and

Reading 7:50, 8:50, 9:20, 9:50 A. M., and

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1903.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

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## Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

\$1.50 A YEAR

In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly

Of Large Circulation

Among People of Culture

Live Editorials

All the Local News, and

Choice Literary Selections

Fill Its Columns.







FLOOR

- IS -

LOWER

AT THE

**Boston Branch**  
Tea and Grocery House,  
FRED. STANLEY  
351 Main Street.  
TELEPHONE 2423.

**Build Houses! Boom Woburn!**  
I have 14,000 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawam Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electric.  
Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER,  
359 Main St., Woburn.



**"DON'T BE UPSET"**  
By a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig thought it was right. It has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc.  
ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET

We supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, whole, clean, properly packed, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy in our advice.

**Linnell's Market,**  
406 Main Street, Woburn.  
Telephone 314-1

**Boston & Northern Street R.R.**

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, then every hour until 2:15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10:45-11:15 to Melrose.  
Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, then every hour until 2:15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10:45-11:15 to Melrose.  
The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:  
Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9:30 P. M.  
Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6:00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:00 P. M.  
GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

**Sunday Time.**  
Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8:45 A. M. and every half hour until 10:45 P. M., 11:15 to Melrose.  
Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9:45 A. M. then every half hour until 10:15 P. M. 10:45, 11:15, 11:45 to Stoneham.  
Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9:30 P. M.  
Returning leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6:00 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 10:00 P. M.  
GEO. H. GRAY, Div. Supt.

**For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.**

**FOR SALE.**  
To settle estate. The attractive residence of the late John S. Wheeler at 23 Kilby street, 2 story steam heated house of 10 rooms, including bath and pantry, and a commodious shed attached, about 1 acre of land on which there is also a stable and large workshop. Price low and terms easy. Apply to F. BRYANT, 610 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

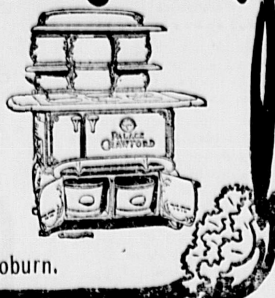
**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Gives hair a soft, wavy, and healthy look. Stops itching scalp. Cures dandruff. Keeps hair from falling out. Makes hair grow again.  
Get Your Printing Done At This Office

**Get Your Printing Done At This Office**

## Cooking-Ranges

## Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all hearts. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."



All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cap-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator, Booklet free.

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-33 Union St., Boston

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.

## Musical.

**MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,**  
Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

## MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

Mrs. A. S. LEWIS Piano-forte  
Mr. F. P. LEWIS Theory, Organ

Consult, Unit. Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 24.  
Address, Winchester, Mass.

## CITY OF WOBURN.



## THE Board of Registrars

Will be in session at the office of the City Clerk, Room 1, Municipal Building, Common Street, on the evenings of

FRIDAY, OCT. 8.

SATURDAY, OCT. 9.

MONDAY, OCT. 11.

AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M., AND

Wednesday, Oct. 13

FROM 12 M. TO 10 P. M.

For the purpose of registering all persons legally qualified to vote in State Election, and for correcting the List of Voters.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, Oct. 13.

All naturalized citizens must produce their naturalization papers for inspection, if a record thereof has not been made by the Registrars of Voters of Woburn.

CHARLES H. HARRINGTON,  
JOHN C. MEEHAN,  
JOHN C. N. PARKER,  
JOHN H. FINN,  
Registrars of Voters,  
Woburn, Sept. 28, 1909.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Emma L. Rice, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William A. Shearman who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be on one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or otherwise, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Lucy J. Carver, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by Charles A. Smith, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of October, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be on one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or otherwise, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this thirteenth day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. McCall, late of Woburn in said County of Middlesex, deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment, without compulsion.

BERNARD J. GOLDEN, Adm.

September 23, 1909.

## Julius F. Ramsdell.

The subject of this obituary, Mr. Julius F. Ramsdell, a wealthy retired leather manufacturer, one of the most widely known and highly esteemed of Woburn's residents, died at his home, Arlington Road, this city, early Monday afternoon after an illness of only a few days, surrounded by his family.

Mr. Ramsdell was a nephew of the late Charles Choate, born in Lynn, on Oct. 29, 1845, and came to Woburn early in life, where, mastering the business, he became one of the most successful and prosperous leather makers in this city, an occupation which he pursued until he sold out to the American Hide & Leather Co. in 1880.

On Oct. 24, 1888, Mr. Ramsdell was united in marriage to Miss S. Almira Dean, of Woburn, who, with their three daughters, Mrs. J. Winn Brown, Mrs. Walter L. Dodge and Miss Helen Ramsdell, survives to mourn the loss of a beloved companion, as the children do of a kind father.

During the Civil War he served in Co. K, 38th Mass., was Alderman in 1880 and 1889, the first two years after Woburn became a city and often urged to accept a Mayoralty nomination. He was a trustee of the Savings Bank, and had been a Director and Vice President of the old National Bank. He was a member of the M. H. Lodge, A. F. and A. M.

Mr. Ramsdell had been sick only a few days, and at no time conscious of a dangerous condition; so when the news of his passing away was heard it produced a severe shock in this community, it was received with intense surprise and deep sorrow. The family have the heartfelt sympathy of the community in their bereavement. Seen daily on our streets for many years, Mr. Ramsdell will be universally missed by the people.

The funeral was held yesterday afternoon, Oct. 7. The religious services were conducted by Rev. H. C. Parker of the Unitarian Church.

## Riley—Emerson.

At high noon on Wednesday, September 29, 1909, Mr. Herbert C. Riley of Woburn, and Miss Mary Emerson of North Conway, N. H., were united in the bonds of matrimony at the home of the bride by Rev. Mr. Brotherton, Pastor of the North County Congregational Church.

This bride is the daughter of the late Thomas Emerson, Minister of the North County Congregational Church, and the late Mrs. Mary Emerson.

Mr. Riley is a native of Woburn and a Boston Lawyer in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice. He is a graduate of Tufts College and Tufts School of Law, and has served in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and in the State Senate, in both of which he maintained an honorable standing. He is now a member and Chairman of the Woburn School Board. Mr. Riley has always been loyal to his native town, and a useful member of society.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley are to live at 91 Prospect Street, this city, which was the home of his parents.

The Journal extends congratulations to bride and groom.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

At 12 M., Sunday School.

First Church of Christ Scientist.—Services in Five Cent Savings Bank Building, Room 2, every Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject: "Ain Sin, Disease, and Death." Sunday School for the Children at 11:45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the Pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.

At 12 M., Sunday School.

At 7:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Main Street.—Sunday School, 10:30 A. M.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7:45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D.

At 12 M., Sunday School.

At 7:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 9:30 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 10:30 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 11:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 12:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 1:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 2:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 3:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 4:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 5:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 6:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 7:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

At 8:45 P. M., P. Y. S. C. Prayer Meeting.

## Her Qualification.

Father—Now, look here, you girls, when you grow up one of you must be able to speak French and the other German. Brenda—All right, dad, and Muriel had better learn German, because she can't handle French—Punch.

Assuring.

Have courage, count. Father won't hurt you! Why, he told me only yesterday that if he had to pay so much for you he certainly wouldn't do anything to damage you—Life.

Equality may be all right, but no human power can convert it into a fact—Baltaz.

Greatness is the ability to meet the unexpected.—Stowell.

## LLOYD'S EYEGLASSES &amp; SPECTACLES

We Make Our Glasses Thoroughly,

because we have very extensive stocks, abundance of skilled artisans and a thorough knowledge of the art. Prices are reasonable.

ANDREW J. LLOYD CO.  
315 Washington St.  
70 Boylston St.  
75 Summer St.  
122 Massachusetts Ave. Cambridge

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and all other persons interested in the estate of Eliza F. Hayward, late of Woburn in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for Probate, by William A. Shearman who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of October, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be on one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or otherwise, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of September in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of James F. Woburn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Elizabeth E. Woburn, the last publication to be on one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or otherwise, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be on one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or otherwise, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth E. Woburn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Elizabeth E. Woburn, the last publication to be on one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or otherwise, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

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Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of October in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Elizabeth E. Woburn, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Elizabeth E. Woburn, the last publication to be on one day at least, before said Court, and by mailing postpaid, or otherwise, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

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W. E. ROGERS, Register.

## WINCHESTER.

There is likely to be football to kill here this fall. The boys are into it big. I hear.

A goodly number of Republicans attended the State convention last Saturday besides the delegates.

Having moved to North Easton, Mr. H. L. Lathrop has resigned the office of Treasurer of Calumet Club.

Another man in this town favors the Boston & Maine Railroad Interurban Street Railway. There is no accounting for tastes.

The almsbox of the Episcopal church was robbed last week. It must be a mean thief who would rob a church charity box.

Some of our best citizens think the question of crossing should be dropped altogether. It is a regular nuisance, anyway.

The new fall timetable of the Boston & Maine Railroad gives this town two additional train, good ones, too. For which thanks, Brother Tuttle.

Our W. C. T. U. are wonderfully pleased to find out President Taft is a total abstainer from all intoxicating drinks. They ought to make him an honorary member.

There is to be held a special Town Meeting at 8 o'clock Monday evening, Oct. 18. Gentlemen, are you ready for the question? All in favor say "aye," those opposed say "nay."

Plans are being incubated for organizing a Congregational Club here this season. A competent committee have the matter in charge, and a favorable report from them has been issued.

Chief of Police McIntosh is after the fast auto drivers with picked sticks. He's bound to put them through courses of obedience, and he's not afraid to do it. The difference, pray, whether an auto is running 20 miles an hour or 25, or 30, would kill the man it hit, and they are equally dangerous.

After 20 years of faithful and productive ministerial work, Rev. D. Augustus Newton, pastor of the First Congregational Church, last Sunday, to the sincere and profound regret of his church and layman alike, he is a good man, an able preacher, a faithful pastor, and eminently popular as a clergyman and citizen.

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Chief of Police McIntosh is after the fast auto drivers with picked sticks. He's bound to put them through courses of obedience, and he's not afraid to do it. The difference, pray, whether an auto is running 20 miles an hour or 25, or 30, would kill the man it hit, and they are equally dangerous.

After 20 years of faithful and productive ministerial work, Rev. D. Augustus Newton, pastor of the First Congregational Church, last Sunday, to the sincere and profound regret of his church and layman alike, he is a good man, an able preacher, a faithful pastor, and eminently popular as a clergyman and citizen.

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## Gordon's Proposal

It Only Came After He Recovered From His Bashfulness

By CLARA H. HOLMES

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"That Gordon McFarland," remarked Davy Moulton, "is the limit. He hasn't courage enough to propose."

"Huh! Did you want to marry him that you are so anxious about it?"

"No, I haven't cherry lips and dimples!"

"Never mind the inventory, Brother Davy," she replied.

"All right, sis, but it'll never happen unless you propose. In the presence of his divinity—meaning you—he is reduced to a pulp."

The sting to this teasing was in its truth. Gordon was devoted to her, yet it was a silent devotion. He seemed unable to utter a word in her presence.

She had given him many opportunities in that unexplainable way a woman has, and once or twice he had floundered and stammered with effort until in vexation she had retorted so whimsically that she had silenced him completely.

"Oh, he's just too ridiculous, a great big thing like him, stammering and blushing like a schoolboy. It fairly makes me ashamed," she grumbled.

A woman's motives are difficult to fathom. Bess, in an unusual fit of graciousness, had allowed Gordon to escort her to a ball. She was justly vain of her escort's appearance as she snuggled beside him in the depths of the carriage. But by the time they had arrived her manner had changed visibly, so much so that she almost ignored him after the conventional first dance. He had tangled his feet

oppositely in her train and missed step until she was nearly beside herself with mortification.

There was ample excuse for his bewilderment. She was intoxicatingly lovely, with her draperies floating, cloudlike, about her lace shoulders, and the flush of exercise tinting her face like a rose. Davy's comment was, "Gordon looks as if he would like to eat her."

Bess was so provoked at this that she intended to punish Gordon by flirting outrageously. "Bessie, if I could make him cross, he might pick up a fraction of courage," she thought.

It vexed her still more because she felt that he understood her motive. So did Davy, and he would not fail to tease her on the morrow.

Carelessly tossing Gordon her bouquet in passing, she walked off with Gerald Stone for an ice.

"Queer duck, that Gordon. Doesn't appear to have much to say," remarked Gerald insinuatingly.

Here the eternal feminine came to the surface. "Oh, I don't know!" Her tone was resentful in the extreme. The next instant she said sweetly, "Here's just the look for a quiet chat. Let us sit here awhile. The ice can wait for us."

He'd hold his bouquet all night, laughing.

An hour later Gordon sat abstractedly pulling at the petals of the roses. He had hoped that the flowers might convey to her that which he found so difficult to say.

In upon his musing dribbled the conversation of two acquaintances.

"So Gerald Stone has won Bessie Moulton? I thought Gordon was to be the man, but he lacked courage. He deserves to lose her. He should know a woman despises a faint heart," said a voice he knew.

"I wonder how she would like it if she knew that Gerald boasted to me of his conquest?" He told as a great joke that she had let Gordon to moon over her bouquet. Said they were going to slip away and let him hunt for her when he had tired of the flowers. Seemed to think it mighty funny," answered the speaker's companion.

"It's contemptible. I wouldn't have thought it of Bessie Moulton!" was the reply as they sauntered down the room.

The sturdy independence of Gordon's Scotch ancestry rose within him. He attached his card to the flowers and left them in the cloakroom, with a determined step, he left the house.

Bess loitered in her frivolous chat with the man she detested, dangled over her ice and finally sauntered back to the dancing hall, apparently oblivious to the fact that she had promised this twosome to Gordon. She expected him to be waiting for her. When he was not to be seen she was perturbed.

"Come on, let's take this twosome," said Gerald, with great familiarity.

"No, thanks," she hotly resented his tone. "You have had more than enough of my company for one evening," she added lightly lest she betray her annoyance as to Gordon.

An hour or so later she called Gerald to her side. "I claim a woman's prerogative—I have changed my mind. You may take me home."

As he bowed his thanks he thought of his boast to Van Asytine and smiled. "I suspect it was he who talked."

Bess kept up a running fire of nonsense all the way home, effectually excluding sentiment.

Gordon waited in the shadow of the trees until they arrived. He meant to assure himself that he was not being misled and that he was doing her no injustice.

"Not dignified, this, but I must make sure. I do not blame her for it, but she might have been more kind about it. I certainly subjected her to a rule, and then, when she showed me her favor so plainly and I was such a tongue tied fool that I couldn't take advantage of it, she must have thought—oh, I do not know what she could think but that I was a fool!" he mused bitterly.

He watched Gerald assist her from the carriage with what looked to his jealous eyes like an embrace, and as she turned to enter the house he gave her the flowers. She tossed them into the shrubbery disdainfully. "I don't want the withered things," she said.

Gordon gathered one rose from the apparently despoiled bouquet and placed it in a book, as if he had need of a token by which to remember this one night.

In the meantime Bess, in her room, was pressing his card to her lips with tears and inarticulate murmurings.

Two years later Gordon McFarland sat in his office writing. It was after business hours, but he had remained to think out certain points in quiet and solitude.

Turning in his chair, he picked up the telephone receiver.

"I will call Jones and find out what he knows about this business," he soliloquized. He was on the point of calling "Hello, central!" when the sound of his own name arrested his attention. "That's the nuisance of a busy line," he muttered. He had no intention of listening, but how could he help it when he heard his own name in that well remembered voice?

"Oh, Gordon McFarland? Well, if you'll never, never breathe it I'll tell you. He took me to a ball, and yes, Grace, he left me to get home as best I could."

"No, certainly I don't think he was to blame. It must have been some of Davy's mischief."

"Yes, of course Davy denied it, but I know it was. Gordon would not have done it unless he thought he was justified."

"What's that? Did I really care? Well, yes, I did, and I don't care if you do know it."

"No, no, we weren't engaged. He was so bashful."

"What's that? Encourage him? I—I did. I tried to make him jealous of that abominable Gerald Stone, and I succeeded. That's how it all happened."

"Yes, that's so. It isn't the thing to talk secrets over a phone. Those hotel operators always do listen. Well, goodby. Come over in the morning—824 Fourth Street, you remember. Good night!"

Gordon called in hurriedly before she could hang up. "Hello, Bessie!"

"Well, what is it, Grace?"

"This is not Grace, Bessie."

"Gordon McFarland!" The exclamation was one of dismayed surprise.

"Yes, I have recovered from my bashfulness. Will you marry me now, Bessie?"

"Indeed I will not! You're just too awful! You listened!"

"I couldn't help it, and I'm glad I didn't try. Don't you hang up that receiver or I'll be there within ten minutes," he threatened.

"The! I'll hang it up. If you want an answer to that question come and get it!" And he heard the receiver clang as it reached the hook.

The Deer's Eyes.

A Canadian hunter tells this incident of how he once came face to face with his quarry and hadn't the heart to fire: "It wasn't a case of 'buck fever,' such as a novice might experience, for I had been a hunter for many years and had killed a good many deer. This was a peculiar case, for I had been hunting for three days. A strong man can run any deer tired to time, and at last I had my prey trampled out. From the top of a hill I sighted him a few miles away. He had given up the fight and had stretched himself out on the snow. As I stalked him he changed his position and took shelter behind a bowlder, and, using the same bowlder for a shelter, I came suddenly face to face with him. He didn't attempt to run away, but he looked at me with the most pitiful pair of eyes I ever saw."

"Shoot? I could have no more shot him than I could have shot a child. Had the chance come from a distance of a hundred yards I would have shot him down and carried his antlers home in triumph, but once having looked into those eyes it would have been nothing less than murder. I have hunted deer since then, but I find the spot affords me little pleasure. When I draw a bead the picture of those mute, appealing eyes comes before me, and though it has not prevented me from pulling the trigger, I have always felt glad somehow when my bullet failed to find its mark."

Mr. Senn.

A Scottish lad had his leg injured at a factory and was treated for some time by the doctor without favorable results.

His mother had great faith in a local bone setter and wanted her son to go to him, but the boy objected, preferring, as he said, the "regular faculty."

Finally, however, he yielded to his mother's persuasions and was taken to the famous bone setter. The leg was duly examined and it was found necessary to pull it very severely in order "to get the bone in," as the bone setter expressed it.

The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was "got in" and he was asked, but in a few days he would be all right and could resume work.

"Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady as they started homeward.

"Yes, he did, mother," said the lad. "He pulled it well, but you see I was sick a foot as to let him had it!"—London Tatler.

Can't Be Cut Off With a Shilling.

French parents, or, at all events, those with more than 2 shillings to dispose of by will are precluded from the gratification of cutting a nutritious child off with a shilling. A reserve is established by law which no parent can bequeath away from his offspring.

A Frenchman with one child can dispose of half his property according to his pleasure; the other half must inevitably pass to the child. Those with two children can dispose of only one-third of their property; those with three children of one-fourth, and so on according to the size of the family. Stern parents occasionally seek to evade the law by subterfuge, but the disposal of property in France is hedged round with so many restrictions that family black sheep are rarely mulcted of their legal inheritance.—London Mail.

Not the Same.

The new minister was making a duty call at the home of one of his flock, and, taking a little six-year-old miss upon his knee, he said, "Now, my dear, you want to be a Christian, like mamma, don't you?"

"No, sir," was the unexpected reply. "I would rather sing in the choir!"—Chicago News.

Indulgent.

"Her husband is very good to her."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he does everything to please her, even to talking back when she's looking for an argument."—Detroit Free Press.

They Pass It.

"I suppose the deacons in your church pass the plate?"

"Yes; they even go so far as to cut it absolutely dead. I've never yet seen any of them put in a cent!"—Puck.

Should Die For Her.

Her? You don't love her! Him—I do. I've just had my life insured, haven't I? Her—Yes, but it would be just like you not to die.—Cleveland Leader.

What is called liberality is most often only the vanity of giving, which we like better than the thing we give.—Rochefoucauld.

## FRENCH MARRIAGES.

All Probable Future Events Arranged For In Advance.

On the appointed evening I arrived at the given time, and after an excellent dinner, at which all members of both families were present, we repaired to the great drawing room, where the chairs had been arranged in a semicircle about two small, round tables. Presently two grave old gentlemen, the family notaries, who had not been seen to smile during the whole dinner, took their seats in front of the tables, and when we were all assembled the elder commenced to read a long memoir, which he announced he had compiled with the help of his colleague. Then, to my utter amazement, he began to name all the possessions of the future bride and bridegroom—so many houses, farms, woods, prairies, articles of personal adornment, furniture and jewels; the ways in which they might be used or disposed of, what would happen in case no children were born of the marriage, in case of death of one or the other of the parties. In fact, all the misfortunes, all the most terrible and saddest events, had been foreseen, and cold chills began running down my back as I heard each new case mentioned. I was indignant. I positively revolted. Why were miserable questions of business allowed to fore-shadow the charming union of these two young people, who had known and loved each other since childhood and whose true and pure affection was innocent of all monetary interests? Could not all have been spared them? The next day I frankly opened my heart to Jeanne and her mother, explaining the sensations I had experienced the previous evening and saying that in my country, when two persons were about to marry, as long as there was love on both sides and the man was able to support his wife all such questions were usually left undisturbed.

They both listened to me somewhat astonished, and then Mme. de R. whose great good sense has always convinced me, replied smilingly:

"But, my dear, for us marriage is not only the joining of two young and loving hearts. We go further and consider the generations to come, the founding of a new family—a home, as every one knows, the first years are often the most difficult, and we therefore take precautions to smooth the paths of our children by settling in their presence all business matters, once and forever, and arranging things so that the new life may develop under the best of circumstances."—Scribner's Magazine.

THEY WERE STUBBORN.

A Story Illustrating the "Setness" of the Cornishman.

Your Cornishman can be very "set" and stubborn. His determination of spirit is more remarkable than admirable at times, though it may be amusing.

Mr. Hook, the late royal academician, was once asked by Mr. W. H. Hudson, his book on the "Land's End," on the sands at Whitesand Bay, working at a marine picture, when two natives came up and planted themselves just behind him. There was nothing the artist hated more than to be watched by strangers over his shoulders in this way, and pretty soon he wheeled around on them and angrily asked them how long they were going to stand there.

His manner served to arouse their spirit, and they replied brusquely that they were going to stay as long as they thought proper.

He insisted on knowing just how long they were going to stay there to his annoyance, and by and by, after some more loud and angry discussion, one of them incautiously declared they would stand at that very spot for an hour.

"Do you mean that?" shouted Hook, pulling out his watch.

"Yes, they mean it," they would not stir one inch from that spot for an hour.

"Very well," he said and pulled up his easel, then, marching off to a distance of thirty yards, he set it up again and resumed his painting.

And there, within thirty yards of his back, the two men stood for one hour and a quarter, for, as they did not have a watch, they were afraid of going away before the hour had expired. Then they marched off.

Franklin as a Swimmer.

In 1726 Benjamin Franklin was working as a printer at Watts', near Lincoln Inn Fields, and taught two shopmates to swim "at twice going into the river." With them and some of their friends from the country he paid a visit by water to Chelsea, and "in our return," he recorded, "at the request of the company, whose curiosity Wygate had excited, I stripped and leaped into the river and swam from near Chelsea to Blackfriars, performing on the way many feats of activity, both upon and under the water, that surprised and pleased those to whom they were novelties."—London Tatler.

Her Housekeeping.

Growells-Smith's wife must be a poor housekeeper. Mrs. Growells—Why do you think so? Growells—He declares he's perfectly comfortable at home every day in the year.—Chicago News.

Tree and Sea.

"By the way, what is the tree most nearly related to the sea?"

"The beach, of course."

"Are you sure? Isn't the bay tree nearer?"—London Scraps.

Music Hath Charms.

"So you are fond of music?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "I have the highest regard for it. When you go home and meet a crowd of constituents there is nothing like a brass band to take their minds off the explanations they have been looking for."—Washington Star.

An Instance.

Kidder—"Time brings many strange changes. Becker—Yes; the boy whose mother can't make him wash his neck grows up to be a rich man who goes abroad for baths.—Harper's Bazar.

It's folly to try deaf mutes as servants; they won't answer.

Just as Well.

"Statistics show that Japan has two earthquakes a day."

"Gee, a man might as well be married as to live in Japan!"—Houston Post.

A famous Chinese proverb says, "Everything is easy at first."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 10, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xviii, 11-24. Memory Verse, 11.—Golden Text, Ps. xci, 2.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The two great events of this chapter are Paul testifying before the Jewish council and his being sent to Felix, the governor of Caesarea. The chief captain, having rescued him from the Jerusalem mob and having given him permission to speak to them from the stairs before being taken into the castle, was greatly perplexed when, after a time of great silence and patient listening, the multitude suddenly became full of frenzy because of something he said. As Paul had spoken in Hebrew the chief captain knew not what he had talked about nor what stirred them so. He was about to exert from the prisoner by scourging the reason of their outcry when Paul told him he was a Roman citizen.

Paul's first utterance drew forth a rebuke from the high priest and a command to smite him on the mouth. Jesus was probably smitten thus on Oct. 22, 23, but he answered meekly, Paul told him he was a Roman citizen.

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OCTOBER 8, 1909.

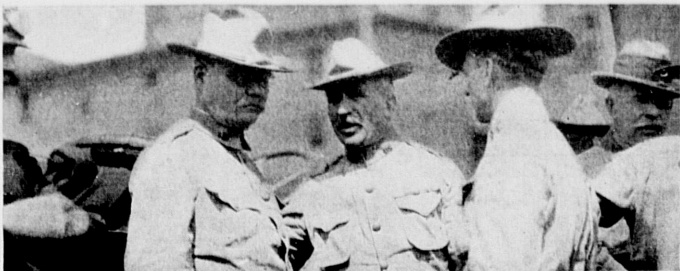
MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT

## THE RED AND BLUE WAR OF 1909

By LIEUT. WALTER M. PRATT

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GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS AND GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, U. S. A.

The maneuvers were largely devised for the purpose of bringing officers face to face with conditions involving handling of large bodies of men, and the results achieved indicate that certain officers are qualified for advancement while some command as many men as they will ever be capable of handling. They were of especial value to the Commissary and Quartermaster's departments. The test was a severe one but proved that, with an occasional exception, these departments were commanded by efficient men.

Although the maneuvers were from the fourteenth to the twenty-first, many of the troops were on duty ten to fourteen days. The 10th Cavalry left Fort Ethen Allen, Vt., on the tenth, the District of Columbia troops left on the eleventh, while Battery A, of Boston, and the New York troops, started on the twelfth. It was not until Friday, the 13th, that the invading force commenced to land at New Bedford. On the afternoon of that day the United States army transport, Kilpatrick, loaded up Buzzards Bay at a five-knot gait, felt her way up the Acushnet River and made fast to a pier at New Bedford, closely followed by the Puritan and Pilgrim.

The city had been all "agog" for two days, as well she might, as the scenes were such as any American city seldom sees and New Bedford considered herself remarkably fortunate to be able to witness the spectacle.

All the afternoon the moving troops filled the narrow streets, while bulky auto trucks of the quartermaster's department rumbled back and forth as they moved commissary supplies and ammunition to the front. Crowds stood in gaping wonder at the strange and interesting sights, windows and roofs were crowded, every available place from which a good sight of the soldier could be obtained was filled. Many had dreamed of such things but had never expected to see them, at any rate not in the staid old thoroughfare of their town.

Somewhat, order gradually came out of the chaos of boxes, stacked arms, cavalry horses and mixed companies on the water front and shortly after three o'clock the troops began to move inland. The route of march led through the northern end of the town and out into the country, and finally, bit by bit, the long line of infantry, cavalry and artillery was broken into segments and sent into various fields for temporary camps, and when the sun came up on Saturday morning, General Bliss's Red Army was ready for its advance on Boston. It also found General Pew and his Blue Army on its way to the front and when night came its line of defence extended from Taunton to Plymouth, over seventeen miles. On the extreme left was the 9th infantry then the 8th and 5th, forming the 1st Brigade at Halifax; then came the Provisional Brigade at Division headquarters, including the 1st and 2nd Corps of Cadets, Troop A, Batteries A, C and D at Robin Pond. The 1st Brigade, made up of the Coast Artillery Corps, 2nd Regiment and 6th Regiment at Paper Mill Village, near Bridge-water, with Troops A and D at Scotland.

Saturday night was one of the coldest of the summer and the soldiers of both armies were too cold to sleep much, but lay shivering all night, and were only too glad when reveille blew at four o'clock.

On Sunday the Brigade camps were spread out, each sending a battalion of infantry several miles South. The battalion, in turn, sent squads and companies to patrol and reconnoiter all roads. The 3rd battalion of the 8th Regiment, under the command of Major Perry, was advanced as far South as South Halifax.

The movements of the invading Red Army on Sunday consisted of a simple advance and at night it came South of Lake Assawampsett and Long Pond. During the day miles of wire had been laid in advance toward Taunton and cavalry and bicycle scouts were sent

off in that direction, giving every indication that General Bliss intended to strike the Blue Army's right flank.

Waiting several hours the next morning, apparently with the idea of giving General Pew an opportunity to act upon the information which his scouts brought in, General Bliss suddenly shifted his forces some ten miles East, sending his cavalry directly North to capture Middleboro. The cavalry scouts ran into the point of the advance guard of the 8th Regiment about a mile North of Middleboro at eleven o'clock and were fired upon. They did not realize at the time that the Commander-in-Chief of the Blue Army, Gov. Draper, was in the saddle within a short distance on his way to town, or, possibly, they would have attempted to have captured him. As it was, both parties made a hasty retreat. The shots, however, brought up the 1st battalion of the 8th Regiment, who entrenched on Pratt's Hill, just out of the town, which they held until nearly one o'clock, when the 10th U. S. Cavalry charged the hill, re-enforced by the New Jersey Cavalry and the Connecticut bicycle squad. It was almost history repeating itself. There was San Juan again, even to Richard Harding Davis, who arrived just at the essential moment and continued to be in the thick of all the battles during the entire week.

Of course, the battalion of the 8th was driven back, but they retired in good order with small loss.



THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

At night the invading army had advanced about seven miles. Its advance force was in possession of Middleboro and its main army was located at Rock, about eight miles South of the city. General Bliss stated that he had suddenly changed his plans and advanced on the right flank because General Pew had gone to the trouble of blowing up several bridges in the path.

As night closed in the drizzling rain which had been coming down from time to time during the day turned into a downpour and added to the discomfort of the preceding nights of chilly atmosphere. During the evening the streets and hotels of Middleboro were crowded with soldiers, sight-seers and war correspondents, the latter really forming a third army; every paper in Boston and New York having from two to fifteen men representing it. They were here, there and everywhere, some went into battle in automobiles, others in the saddle or a carriage and many others walked. Wet or dry, hot or cold, they were never absent, and even the soldiers themselves realized before the week was out what the men with red and blue bands about their arms did in order that their friends at home might hear of the manoeuvres. There was no rowdiness or ill feeling between soldiers and citizens. The natives of the district through which the soldiers marched extended cordial greetings. Flags were displayed from nearly every farm house and both armies were cheered all along their marches. The kind acts shown were too many to mention. All night long the rain came down in sheets. When the two armies pitched their camps, green soldiers lay

down to sleep in pools of water and sentries had hard work lifting their feet in waterlogged shoes.

The next morning more than one soldier repeated Sherman's famous aphorism as he pulled himself together and fell into line at four o'clock, with a north-easter, the worst for many a month, threatening to blow away the camp. Shortly after five the Red Army advanced with a screen of cavalry thrown out on its left. This cavalry soon encountered a Blue force at "The Green," two miles north of Middleboro, which finally fell back on the rise outside of the little hamlet of Eddyville. Here for three hours Colonel Sweetzer's regiment, the 8th lay in the slanting drive of the rain and fired from behind solid stone walls and mossy headstones of the old graveyard on the hill, and held at bay the entire strength of the Red Army. Just as the 8th was about to retreat before the fierce attack of the 7th New York, the Battery A machine guns got into action. This required the Red Army to hold up until its field artillery could be brought up and put the machine guns out of business. After this there was nothing to do but retreat in good order and at one o'clock the Red Army had an advance of eight miles to its credit.

As night approached it found the men of both armies drenched to the skin and facing a tough proposition. Not a dry spot in or near the camps was to be found and, in most cases, the blankets, that the soldiers were to throw over them, were as wet as was their clothing. The weather was cold and it was still raining in torrents. However, the men were pretty well exhausted after the long march in the rain with water-soaked coats on, Pup tents and blankets rolled horse collar about their necks and so slept in spite of the existing conditions. For two days and a night it had rained without let up. All the roads had been converted into quagmires and the camping places of the troops had become really unfit for the pasture of horses. The men themselves were not only wet and tired but they were bruised and footsore and, in many cases, actually suffered.

The Red Army camped between Plympton and North Carver and the outlook for General Pew was bad. It seemed as though the Red Army had got the jump on him, but he was cleverly concentrating his army without taking the press into his confidence.

On Wednesday morning the rain was still falling, but after a while the sun came out, only to be followed by more rain. Although the men from both sides had a bad night they appeared contented even though they were still wet to the skin.

There were repeated skirmishes as the Reds advanced. General Bliss's main body was marching directly North over the road which leads from Plympton to Bryantville, by way of Monponset Pond, while on a parallel road he had a line of defence from which a cavalry screen was thrown out. His idea was to engage the Blue Army at every cross road with his defence, and under the impression that it was the advance of his main body, hold them until his real main force had got a good advance. It was a clever scheme and worked beautifully at first and General Bliss in this way really succeeded in getting around the Blue's left flank.

The Red Army won most of the skirmishes during the morning and would have won the battle of Halifax at noon but for the timely arrival of Colonel Thomas Talbot and the 1st and 2nd Corps of Cadets, which was just enough of a re-enforcement to check the advance, and at one o'clock, which was the time hostilities ceased, each day, General Pew's army was holding its own.

The Blue Army had been scattered over twenty to thirty miles of defensive line owing to the uncertainty of where the attack would be made, and on Wednesday night few expected that General Pew could rally his forces in time, and the press of the country announced in headlines that it was defeated and Boston, theoretically, was captured. They did not know General Pew, nor foresee the masterful way in which he was to concentrate his forces. It took long and fast marches which astounded the Red Army. Even the regular army officers and the foreign attaches were amazed when, on Thursday morning, they found the Blue Division Headquarters at South Hanson, with its entire army massed about it.

For four days the Blue Army had given way against the onslaughting of the enemy, and for four days they had been credited with defeat. They were not defeated; it was part of their game to fall back until their army was ready. They were now ready and instead of waiting to be attacked they made the advance.

(Continued on Page 2)

## WANTED—A PEACEMAKER

By THOMAS KINNIFF

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A GIRL descended the steps of the Holland House, bound for a walk up the avenue. She carried herself with an ease and assurance that came, partly from a knowledge of being properly gowned, partly from an innate self-sufficiency. She wore a large bunch of violets at her belt.

Just as she reached the sidewalk she saw a man she knew, and she stepped forward, eagerly to greet him. The man was apparently about twenty-five years of age. He had a pleasantly keen face, just then a little sober. His clothes were of a correct style and cut, but suggested somehow the lack of a tailor's recent attention. But, in spite of a certain lack of spruceness, the young man conveyed the impression of being well conditioned.

"Jack," called the girl, for he had passed without seeing her. When he did see her his face also lighted eagerly; then a doubtful look crossed it. The girl gave him both hands.

"Jack!" she said, "I'm so glad. Who ever thought of meeting you here in New York?"

"Same here, Dorothy. What are you doing in this gay metropolis?"

She regarded him saucily, as she answered, "Just now I am going to let a man I know take me to luncheon, if you know anyone who is hungry for that privilege—and lunch. Mother's gone off with cousin Clara, heaven only knows where, so I am left to my own resources. How do you like being a resource, Jack?" she laughed gaily.

But her frank friendliness seemed

is that—if I lunch with you to-day, I shall probably not be able to lunch at all to-morrow."

"Jack, what has happened," broke from the girl. "Have you done something foolish? Oh, come inside where we can talk."

She led the way into the hotel, and found seats away from the crowd who filled the place. Then she laughed a little over her own relief in finding Jack still Jack, as far as she was concerned.

"Now, tell me all about it?" she demanded. "Have you been more foolish than usual, and what do you mean about not having money? What are you doing in New York, and how long have you been here, to begin with?"

Jack nailed the last question as it flew past. "I've been here about a month and I'm learning the newspaper business."

"Well?"

"Well, that's all. I'm still learning."

"But why haven't you money," she insisted.

"I didn't exactly mean that—the penniless in a great city sort of thing, you know. I'm earning a living, but the living doesn't include the Holland House. You see, at first, I didn't know much about economizing, I suppose—anyway, I ran up some bills for rent and things, you know, before I had figured up just how I was going to come out. Then I got rather short. I didn't like to ask for my salary ahead of pay-day, so the last few days I have been leading a truly lenten life. Now, I'm keeping bachelor apartments in what is known as the hall bedroom."



"THREE BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS WITH THOSE RIDICULOUS TAILS"

to embarrass him, and for a second a doubt intruded itself on her. Could she have mistaken the terms of her intimacy with this young man? No, not that. To misunderstand Jack was to confuse one of the primal elements of life.

Jack gazed troubledly up the avenue a moment before he said: "Dorothy, rather than have you think me absolutely a cad, I am going to tell you the plain facts."

She laughed incredulously, but there was a suggestion of distance to her little nod of acquiescence.

"I don't want you to think I shouldn't be awfully glad of the chance of lunching with you. It would be just like—I rather do that than anything I can think of, just now. But—" he hesitated, as though not quite sure of what he wanted to say. She gave him no help. "The truth of the matter

"That means you've half starved yourself."

"No, it doesn't mean anything so foolish. You've no notion, Dorothy, how much food you can get for a quarter in New York. Honest," for she was regarding him pityingly.

"Why didn't you write home for money?" An attempt to put a "you deserve anything you've got" tone into the question was not successful. Visions of Jack, a hungry Jack, walking the streets of an unsympathetic metropolis filled her thoughts.

"Well, to tell the truth, Dorothy, father and I had some words when I announced my intention of being a newspaper man. He wants me to go into the factory and learn his business. Besides, he says there is nothing in the newspaper business for a gentleman, anyway. You know father?"

(Continued on Page 2)





THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF CO. E, 9TH INF.

## THE RED AND BLUE WAR OF 1909

(Continued from Page 1)

At one o'clock the Red Army had been obliged to call back the 10th Cavalry from its dash to Boston and was in such a position that they could not have possibly moved on without four or five days more of the hardest kind of fighting. Their men were bunched in Hanover, while Battery A, from a position a mile away, was sending three-inch projectiles into the town at a rate that meant annihilation. To all who were witnesses there was no question but that the battle of Hanover was a decisive victory for the Blues.

At one o'clock the war was over, as Friday and Saturday were required to get the troops home. No decision was made and probably none will ever be reached. Unofficially many of the Umpires expressed themselves as believing the Blue Army won. General Bliss did not reach Boston in the time speci-

fied and at the end it was a question if he ever could have.

General Wood expressed himself as greatly pleased at the showing of all concerned, and stated that he considered the manoeuvres of more value than any that had ever taken place in this country.

The manoeuvres showed the coast well protected and made doubly plain the fact that Massachusetts needs more Cavalry. While they were of immense value to the officers they were equally instructive to the men and gave them more knowledge of army life than they could have learned at State camps in years.

On Friday the Red Army embarked, with the District of Columbia troops going on to Boston for a short visit, while the other outfits returned direct. Saturday the Blue Army disbanded and the War of the Invasion of Boston was at an end.



BATTERY OF MACHINE GUNS WAITING TO GO INTO ACTION

A HUNTER'S  
EL DORADO IN BLACK AND WHITE

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

With Illustrations by Roland C. Butler

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The object of this trip through the Dead River region was to get a line upon the game resources of that section of Maine's happy hunting grounds and bring back pictures to provide illustrations for outing articles to appear in THE NEW ENGLAND. No idea of killing was entertained, for long experience had demonstrated the far greater pleasure of seeking close intimacy with the children of the wilds and reproducing them and their haunts for the enjoyment of those who are often denied the experience.

By all odds the finest weapon for quick shooting is the snap-shot camera, unless it be the deft touch of pencil or brush under the hand of a nature lover. Yes, and the work is more lastingly pleasing than that which lays game low at one's feet, lacking the graceful life that made it beautiful.

Killing for the sake of killing—never. Taking from the store of good things in the woods what one needs for the support of life and health and when the meat is used, a trophy for den or dining-room—YES; but in the great majority of cases, bring back one of God's best gifts, a beautiful picture, which you may be able to share with your friends as the result of confronting bits of paradise with pencil and pad or a sensitive plate or film. You have done no violence. You are the world's benefactor.

Keeping then the real object of the expedition constantly in mind, our friends were ever on the alert with cameras in hand, noting numberless signs and hoping to catch deer unawares, in which they succeeded in four instances, making exposures which, unfortunately, were a trifle undertimed on account of adverse conditions under the trees and increasing cloudiness. The climax came in a steady downpour of rain

which lasted until away into the evening after arrival in camp.

Watching carefully for the Little King trail, they soon came upon a note set in the crotch of a stick in the middle of the path: "No boat at this end of the lake, keep on along the road," and with hearty appreciation of the driver's thoughtfulness, it was not long before they reached one of the most complete outing establishments in the entire north country and were snugly quartered in a log cabin, not the least important provision for comfort in which was a cheerful open fire, before whose ruddy warmth wet clothing was soon dried.

Let the storm rage, for does not the patter on the roof make merry music? What more conducive to contentment than the sense of rest well earned within a perfect shelter? What more soothing than this complete surrender to sympathetic oneness with nature's moods?

Skirting a bit of country of bolder character, Harry's sharp eye, attuned to the harmony of woodsy shades, detected the light brown of a doe's body against low waterside bushes as he peered through undergrowth and silently motioned for caution. Stepping to his side, "But" gave expression to a chuckle and smile of appreciation. Standing well into the deeper water, so that the flow barely cleared her belly, the mother deer posed quietly, watching, with apparent amusement, the eager attempts of a young fawn to secure its supper. Nothing noting of the advent of interested parties, it was an easy matter to approach within sixty yards as our friends were down the wind from the game and their sensitive noses caught no warning scent.

After "But" had roughly sketched suggestions for the finished picture,

two snapshots were taken, one as the animals stood at ease and the other when a startled doe left her fawn for the forest depths at a conspicuous wave of Jack's hand. The little one saw nothing and remained in the water, looking about and bleating for its mother, who was now invisible.

"Walk up this road a little way and go quietly. The doe will circle and return to this spot as sure as we are three men and a boy. Steady, Irish, where are you, you beggar?"

Just at their feet was a hollow log and as Harry gazed about for his terrier, a yellow nose pushed out from the other end toward the road and remained rigid with eyes glaring straight ahead. The object of his gaze became theirs, the doe returned and stared at her child in the stream. A quick glance about and failing to discover the causes of her previous alarm, she stepped softly down the bank, swam over to the tawn and together they started for the farther shore, swimming side by side. "But" sketched rapidly, the cameras got in their work and spattering muddy water in all directions, the pair of Beauties legged it away through the woods.

For a half-hour they drifted along like ghosts, Maurice bending low in the bow, carefully shrouding the light and listening intently for the slightest sound. This side of the cove at the narrows he opened the jack on a young buck, who caught a glimpse of his arm as he did so and fled among the trees.

An hour passed and Jack whispered: "Nothing doing tonight," when a warning gesture from Maurice caused him to catch his breath sharply and strain his eyes upon a big black object in the water just ahead and a little out toward the depths.

Like painted craft the canoes lay motionless until Maurice was certain he had the range, when he opened the jack full upon a remarkable picture. There stood a bull moose with antlers in the velvet, quietly pulling at lily-pads all about him. A surprised grunt and the giant sagged shoreward, changed his mind when he found the light staring him in the face and turned toward the point. When he saw that he had an unobstructed path to the wood, he deliberately wheeled half about and stood looking over his shoulder at the jack.

"This is near enough for me, thank you—that beast might be an ugly customer if he didn't like our looks, but is worth coming a thousand miles to see."

"Right, Clyde, and from here it looks better, for your canoe is in our line of vision as well as the glare of the lamp and the big fellow with blazing eyes. There goes the monarch, and if you can reproduce this picture as I see it, you're a wonder. 'But' Get it for my den."

"It's just as good as framed and hung there, old scout, my word for it. No man ever had a better chance to get every detail."

A few days since the expressman left a package at the door and the drawing from which the cut here shown was made is the fulfillment of the promise made on the jacklit bosom of Big Spencer, after midnight on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

## WANTED—A PEACEMAKER

(Continued from Page 1)

"Well, what next?" said Dorothy. "Then I came to New York and got a job. Now tell me about yourself."

She rose. "First, Jack, you'll stay to lunch with me."

"I can't, really, I must be at the office in a few minutes."

"To dinner then, this evening?" "About that time I shall probably be reporting the martial troubles of Mrs. Casey or some one else whose affairs have required the attention of the police."

"Jack, they don't send you to write about such things?"

"They did, but my city editor said he could not continue to do so unless I could be more accurate."

"More accurate?"

"Yes, I reported that Mrs. Holloran, important through having pushed an Italian woman off the fire-escape, was a laundress, whereas she is really the janitress of a lodge-room."

"And she was offended?"

"Naturally." They both laughed. Then she repeated.

"You'll come to dinner, Jack?"

"No. Now, please now don't spoil the only glimpse of—I'd say fairyland if you weren't so confoundedly quick to score anything soft—or foolish. Oh, I like it; it adds to your—well never mind."

She giggled because she saw he was really afraid of her.

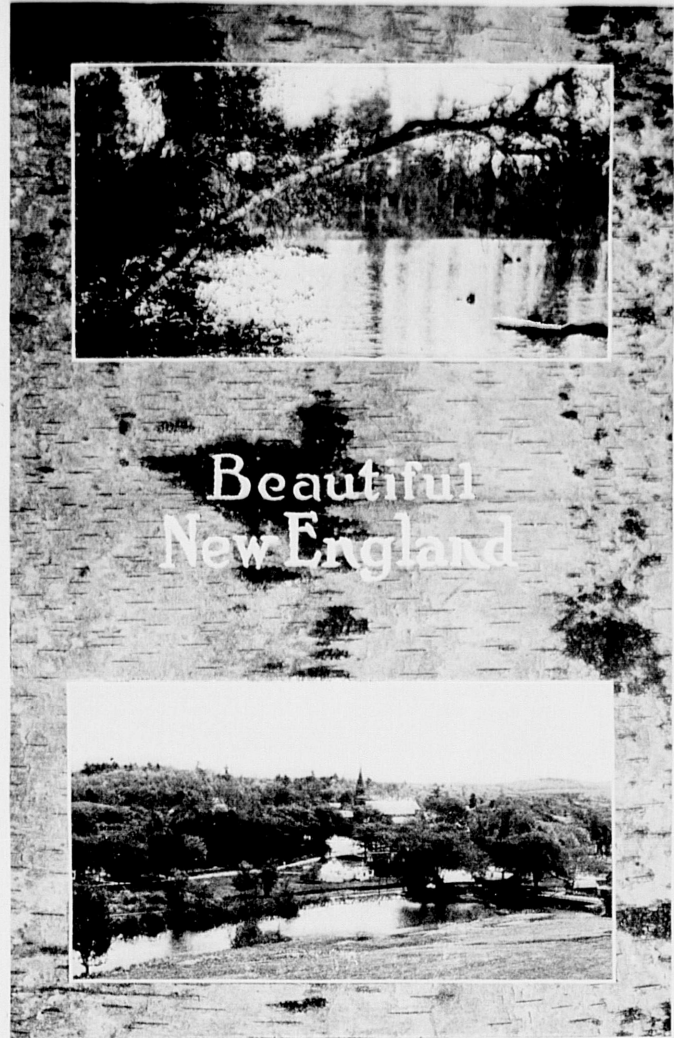
"I wish you would come to dinner, Jack."

"No—you've probably got an engagement anyway with someone else."

"I haven't. I'll sit and hate myself in that sumptuous sitting-room they gave us. You ought to see it; it makes ours at home look plain."

"Does anyone know you're in town, Dorothy?"

"Do I dominate him?"



"You dominate every one with whom you come in contact—unconsciously, perhaps. We like it—women, I mean. But a man does not, if he is worth much. Now take this newspaper plan. You say yourself you had no serious objection to his trying it."

"No."

"You simply had other plans for him?"

"I did."

"But, don't you see, Colonel, a man must live his own life, not the one someone else wants him to lead, even if the life he chooses does not seem to promise so much as the other. Jack told me all about it and I think he was right, in the main."

"Child, you are right. I've known it all along, but it is hard for me to take back water, always was. Now tell me why you take so much trouble about a crusty old fool—and a headstrong young one—hey?" and he searched the charming face by the dim light Dorothy had provided.

"Well," said Dorothy coolly; "for one thing I like the young one's mother."

"Don't think much of his father, hey?"

She ignored the interruption.

"Now, it being settled that you are in the wrong, the next thing to consider is, how you are going about setting yourself right."

"What's that? Let the young rascal come home and behave himself, and I will overlook his misconduct for this once."

(Continued on Page 4)



HEDWIG REICHER, GERMAN ACTRESS MAKING HER DEBUT AS AN ENGLISH SPEAKING ARTIST IN "ON THE EVE"



# The Next Number of Your Magazine

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for October will contain, among other fresh and timely matter of interest to all New Englanders, a superbly illustrated article on the "NEW BOSTON OPERA HOUSE," by Eben D. Jordan, to whose tireless interest and generosity the success of this enterprise is so largely due. No Bostonian or New Englander will wish to miss reading this authoritative and entertaining account of so significant a movement.

The same issue will contain another treat for music-lovers in the shape of an article entitled "The Artistic Pianoforte and Its Construction," by John Lowell Mason.

Outdoor life will be represented by "Around the Hunter's Camp Fire," one of Charles Everett Beane's woodsy little stories, as readable as they are full of information. This will be illustrated with drawing by Roland C. Butler; also a delightful and fully illustrated sketch by Marshall Otis Howe on "Hunting Wild Bees in Vermont;" and in fiction there will be a number of especially strong features. "The Honest Politician," by Charles Lowe Swift, is a life-model study of modern municipal life with a charmingly interwoven love-interest. A full-page drawing by William Kirkpatrick enhances its interest. "Phineas and the Motor Car," by Eleanor H. Porter, is another live, up-to-date story abounding in action and red blood and aptly illustrated.

"Drawing Out Steel," by Anne Partlan, is a strong character sketch that combines virile action with an intensely dramatic situation, while "Grandfather's Story," by James Raymond Perry gives us that New England touch which is the sweetest of all. The installments of Glen Noble increase in interest as that strong story draws to a close.

The valuable article on "The Wife and Son of Henry Hudson," begun in September, will be concluded in the October number with choice illustrations, and the regular departments will contain a wide variety of vital and interesting news and comment. Poems and miscellany and carefully selected local material will complete the big one hundred and twenty-eight pages of richly illustrated and beautifully printed reading matter.

In the following number Mr. Alfred Farlow is to write of "Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy," a sympathetic study that will be appreciated by many to whom previous sensational accounts have been most unsatisfying. Illustrated by rare copyrighted photographs.

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### NOTICE TO BOOKLOVERS

WE hope to use this space next month to announce a number of bargains in sets of standard authors and popular fiction.

These will be sold *on the small payment plan* for no other reason than because we believe that there are countless thousands who would rather buy good books in this way, with "pin money," than to purchase either single volumes or expensive sets outright. These offers will all be made in combination with a subscription to the New England Magazine. If you would like to learn in advance of their nature or even if not interested the market will be good enough to help us with your advice, we should appreciate the filling out and return of the attached coupon.

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**THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE COMPANY,** BERTRAND L. CHAPMAN, President  
Old South Building, 'Phone, Fort Hill, 1893  
Boston, Mass.



## SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE

By JAMES E. TRACY

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The life of Mr. Pringle reads as interesting as a romance. He was born in Charlotte, Vt., in 1838. His grandfather had been a botanist of some note, and his father, George Pringle, was always interested in botany and horticulture. The Pringles ran a small farm and raised garden truck besides doing a little something in the line of propagating shrubs and nursery stock. Young Pringle thus early acquired a rudimentary knowledge of this sort of work and he loved to be employed among the plants, flowers and grains. At that time the possibilities of plant breeding were practically unknown—in this country, at least—and Mr. Pringle, in his early experiments, groped in darkness.

obliged to turn back and seek easier fields to explore. This first journey into the wilds of Canada was followed by others more successful, until the region was thoroughly explored and the flora classified.

Dr. Asa Gray, of Harvard University, directed Mr. Pringle in 1885 to explore Northern Mexico for flora. Since that time Mexico has been the special field of investigation for the great naturalist, who has made from two to four trips to that country every year, seldom returning without bringing home some rare plants in his knapsack hitherto unclassified. Mr. Pringle's Herbarium in the Williams Science Building of the University of Vermont contains about one hundred thousand

the country; member of Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and the Vermont Horticultural Society, etc.

During all these years Mr. Pringle has kept a complete daily journal, which it is to be hoped may be published some day in the interest of science. His collection of autograph letters from noted scientists is also valuable, indeed.

And above all, this quiet, kindly man still maintains his lofty ideals and his trusting simple faith in humanity that is, in part, a legacy from his mother and also from his early associations with a Quaker community within the borders of his home town. When not in Mexico he resides in Burlington, living close to his priceless treasure of leaf and frond and twig, gathered from almost every land under the sun.

## WANTED—A PEACEMAKER

(Continued from Page 2)

Dorothy clapped her hands. "Splendid," she cried. "Oh, I wish he'd hurry up. What time is it Colonel?"

"Wish who would hurry up, missy?" "Why, Jack, of course. He's coming at 9 o'clock."

"Jack, here—I've been trapped." "You have, and you don't leave this room till you've made up with him, do you hear?"

A knock sounded at the door. Dorothy sprang to open it.

"Tell him to come right up, quick." The bell boy disappeared, and Dorothy stood on guard until Jack appeared. Meanwhile, the Colonel shook himself together, threw away his cigar and squared his shoulders. Dorothy watched apprehensively; his preparations did not look conciliatory.

Far down the hall the elevator door clanged and Jack stepped out, followed by the bell boy. When he saw Dorothy framed in the doorway, the boy was left behind.

"You're just in time, Jack," said Dorothy. "Your father and I have been waiting for you."

"What, father! Father, how are you?"

"I'm well, thank you, sir," said the Colonel, shortly. Jack flushed and checked a cordial movement in his father's direction. Things seemed at a standstill, but Dorothy, after her labors, had no intention of permitting the making-up to miscarry.

"Jack," exclaimed she, "your father has bought the Journal for you to play with. Go over and thank him. What do you mean by standing there like a bull-dog?"

"What! father, is this true?"

"Well, you see, son, Richardson is tired of running the thing, so I thought if you—"

"Father, it's splendid of you, after the way I've acted, too. I feel like a mucker." They shook hands warmly.

"That's all right," said the Colonel, hastily, for Jack was searching for words to express himself further. "I feel rather like a mucker myself, so we'll call it off."

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## MILITARY MANEUVERES AND GOOD ROADS

Inasmuch as a military expert is following the militia maneuvers about Boston as a special representative of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, and we will publish a richly illustrated and comprehensive account of them in our next issue, we will refrain from other comment at this time than to call attention to the need that has already been revealed, although we are now writing at the close of the first day of active operations. In the more technically military discussions that will occupy the minds of experts the need of good roads may be overlooked. But it is a very obvious and pressing one. The heavy traffic of military supplies and sight-seeing automobiles literally tore the roads into ploughed fields. Without good roads the automobile as a military adjunct may be practically



PRINGLE'S CHAMPION WHEAT

Mr. Pringle's first work in hybridizing was performed with potatoes on his home farm. He crossed the Early Rose, a standard Vermont grown potato, with pollen from the White Peach-blow, the Excelsior and the Black Mercer. The progeny from these crosses gave him the Snowflake, the Alpha and the Ruby, all excellent tubers, but with Snowflake the results were exceptional. Seed from this variety he disposed of at the rate of a thousand dollars a pound for several years.

Mr. Pringle, in 1870, turned his attention to the hybridizing of the cereals and in this line of work enjoys the distinction of being the pioneer in America. His Defiance wheat for many years has been the staple product of some of the larger wheat fields in the West. Mr. Pringle also experimented extensively and with great success in developing oats, tomatoes and fruits, particularly currants, grapes and tree fruits. Mr. Pringle is given the credit for being the originator of the hullless oat which made possible Quaker Oats and other cereal products.

It was in 1874 that Mr. Pringle, now himself a youth, embark in a light bark canoe for the long trip to Canada, via Lake Champlain and the river St. Lawrence. The initial trip was full of peril and hardship, one that might have quelled much harder spirits than those of the two young botanists. Yet they kept on their journey until they were stopped by impassable barriers of forest and turbulent stream, and were

specimens, brought together from all parts of the globe. Besides the thousands which he himself has collected, his shelves contain many rare and beautiful specimens secured from exchanges with other institutions and with the leading botanists from the four corners of the world. The great botanical gardens of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Tokyo, Ceylon, New Zealand, and others of equal note, have contributed to the wealth of scientific store which is watched over by Mr. Pringle. For some years he has been sending out an average of three hundred species of plants to these herbariums with an exchange of about an equal number. The past year he distributed about three thousand specimens.

The botanist has spent so many summers beneath the sunny skies of Mexico that he longs for the time when he packs his knapsack and sets out (by railway, of course) for that country. He is a philosophical traveler and a delightful companion, although modest to the point almost of diffidence. The position of his assistant in these trips to Mexico is eagerly sought after by young college students who recognize the excellent opportunity to acquire first-hand knowledge of botany.

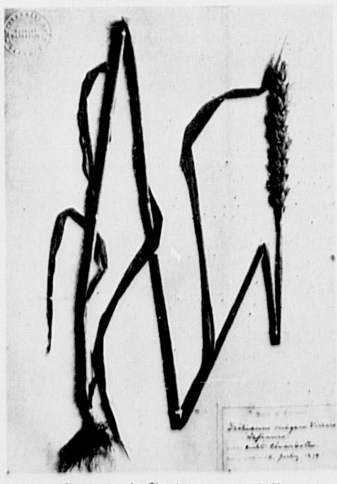
Mr. Pringle has become very much attached to his Mexican guide and companion in these long trips, Filemon L. Lozano. For years this educated and highly intelligent native has accompanied the botanist on his explorations and much of the success attained in his work there is due to Senor Lozano and to other assistants.

Having pretty effectually covered the field of Mexican phanerogams, concerning which he is a leading authority, Mr. Pringle has turned especially to the collection of cryptograms.

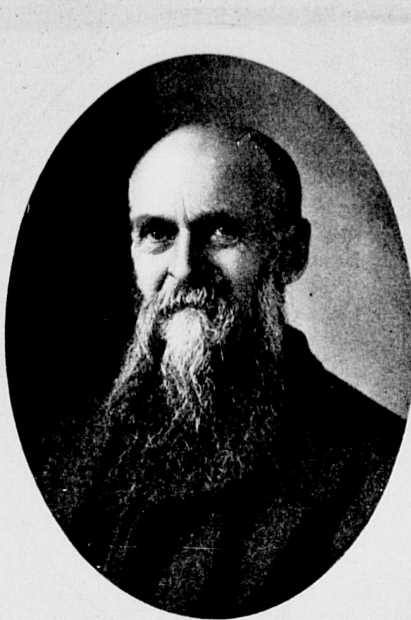
He has for several years been official collector for the Mexican Government, has put the National Herbarium upon a scientific basis and has been active in developing Mexican fibre plants.

Among the scores of young men who have been fortunate enough to have accompanied Mr. Pringle to Mexico during the past twenty-five years may be counted James A. Kelley, now a well-known merchant of Burlington; Charles Hammond and Judd Williams, also of that city; John H. McGlashan, of Michigan, and B. W. Estey, of Lincoln, Vermont.

Mr. Pringle has been honored by the University of Vermont with the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Science. He is an associate member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, member of the Mexican Government and official collector for



PRINGLE'S DEFIANCE WHEAT



CYRUS S. PRINGLE, NATURALIST

## LAWN TENNIS AGAIN POPULAR

The 29th Annual Newport Lawn Tennis Tournament opened Tuesday, August 17th, with the largest number of entries in its history. Among the 164 drawings are champions and ex-champions, whose well-known names will do much to ensure a large attendance. The beautiful courts in the Casino afford an ideal opportunity for watching the games, and the great number of young and unknown players will introduce the exciting element of uncertainty. But in lawn tennis the chances are always in favor of the maintenance of established leadership. That this is so is clear evidence that it

eliminated. Good roads are a military necessity of the first order, and money expended for them is as beneficial in peace as in war.



## THE GOOSE GIRL

Another fairy tale by Grimm for grown-up American readers would be a proper subtitle for Harold MacGrath's new romance of the "Goose Girl." Were it not for the presence of an American consul, the story might take wings and fly. As it is, the characters are all in disguise, unconscious or intentional. A prince in disguise has fallen in love with the Goose Girl; the American has fallen in love with a princess. The demands of state forbid all happiness, when, hey! presto! three men in disguise, after a whirlpool of intrigue, reveal that the Goose Girl is the true princess, and the princess but a count's daughter. And they married and lived happily ever after. To our childhood minds, Grimm's fairy princess had no need of character, provided that she lived in a palace and was superlatively beautiful. The princess Hildegarde is a stock princess with slight American variations. All the personages of the story are, in fact, like the pieces in a picture puzzle, conventional romantic types in themselves, but presenting a vital part in the construction of the whole.

Perhaps it is also because of our childhood associations with Grimm that we look to Germany as fairy-godmother to all goose girls and queens. To MacGrath's seething plot it gives, at least, an appearance of fact. One is haunted throughout, however, by the conviction that the characters are playing to the footlights of a dramatized novel, and that the nature descriptions are directions for stage scenery.

Yet the very vagueness of scene and characterization make of the "Goose Girl" an ideal summer novel. Above all, it makes us children again, and if, some day, it follows its prototype, the Prisoner of Zenda, to the stage, we shall all be ready to clap when the "Goose Girl" turns a princess.

"The Truth, perforce, is long and last and best;

"Thro' life and death, with bruised, defenceless breast,

"We seek the sunrise of the soul's release!"—

And so he lived and almost died, and died;

The night, the silence and the solitude Left him magnificent and unsubdued— And we, who kept the vigil by his side, Saw, when at last the door was opened wide."



IDEAL STATUE OF HENRY HUDSON, BY J. MASSEY RHIND

"I'll bet you had a hand in this, Dorothy. I don't know how to thank you both."

"Did she," the Colonel laughed, "she was going to keep me on bread and water till I apologized. I tell you, Jack, we ought to keep this young woman around all the time just to save us from quarrelling."

Jack took a big brace. Dorothy's hand was near, so he took that, too; it seemed to help.

is a game which upbuilds rather than exhausts the physique. The fact that its champions are able to maintain the highest standard of fitness year after year, puts the game in the not-too-large class of athletic recreations which are tonic and helpful. No game that we know of possesses less of trickery and develops a more cordial feeling of friendship between opponents. In setting, in spirit, in action, it is the game beautiful.



# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. LIX.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1909.

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NO. 48

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**Notice to Patrons.**

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change of Time. Reading &  
Arlington Route.

**WEEK DAYS.**

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars

will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,

5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.

and every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,

7:20, 7:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until

10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,

6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.

and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-

ham and Reading 5:00, 5:30, 5:45, 7:00,

7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M. and every 30

minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and

Reading 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,

7:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until

11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,

7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and

every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then

12:10 P. M.

**SUNDAY TIME.**

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham

Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:30,

8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until

10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:50, 9:50 A. M. and

every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,

8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30

minutes until 11:10 P. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-

ham and Reading 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1905.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a. m., 2:40, 3:40, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30, 9:30, 11:30

a. m., 12:20, 2:20, 3:20, 5:20, 6:20, 8:20, 9:20, 11:20

a. m., 4:40 p. m.

From New York direct 7:00 a. m.

From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern

via Winchester, Mass., 7:00, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 11:30

a. m., 4:40 p. m.

From Lowell and Stoneham 7:45 a. m., 4:40 p. m.

From Boston 7:00 a. m., 8:30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE

FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-

ington, Worcester and Southern, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a. m., 2:40, 3:40, 5:30, 6:30, 8:30, 9:30, 11:30

a. m., 4:40 p. m.

For New York direct 7:00 a. m., via Winchester, 8:45

a. m., 4:40 p. m.

For Lowell and Stoneham 7:45 a. m., 4:40 p. m.

For Winchester 7:45 a. m., 4:40 p. m.

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## In Borrowed Plumage

The College Classroom Maid

By JANE OSBORN.

Copyright, 1909, by Associated Lit-

erary Press.

When Thorny college opened last

autumn there was a new maid in the

classroom. Something about her dark,

close fitting dress, her small, ruffled

apron and her parted hair, tied with a

big black bow at the back of her neck,

suggested a French maid much more

than a student. But the fact was that

Molly Dodge really was a poor south-

ern girl working her way through the

woman's department of this big uni-

versity.

During the three or four months that

Molly was not attending lectures she

had to stay in the stone doored, locker

close fitting dress, her small, ruffled

apron and her parted hair, tied with a

big black bow at the back of her neck,

suggested a French maid much more

than a student. But the fact was that

Molly Dodge really was a poor south-

ern girl working her way through the

woman's department of this big uni-

versity.

At first it did seem not at all odd,

for Molly had a soft, lovable, soldierly

way of talking and honest brown eyes

that made all the girls like her. But as

the months passed they became accus-

toed to seeing her every day, and they

passed her thoughtfully by. It would

not have been so hard if Molly had

been a student, but she was not at all

at all of books. In fact, if she had

been a student, but she was not at all

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## HUNTING ROCK HARES.

A Fleet Little Animal Found Among

the Sand Hills of Arabia.

How long the Arab has inhabited the

deserts of the near east is a much dis-

cussed question. How long he has in-

habited in the old time sport of falconry

it is equally difficult to say. Sure it

is that this keen blooded race has not

lived all these centuries in those sun-

scorched wastes without some sort of

recreation, and his delights today are

probably much the same as those of

his ancestors a couple of thousand

years ago.

Curious to see what natural sport

these barren regions could afford, the

writer accepted an invitation to join a

party of Syrian Arabs for a week's

hunting. Our quarry was the rock

hare, an animal about the size of an

English rabbit, but with very fine de-

veloped ears, which frequently these

deserts in small numbers, living on

what scanty herbage it can find.

&lt;



## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 15, 1909.

## STATE TICKET.

At the Republican State Convention held in Symphony Hall, Boston, Saturday, Oct. 2, the following ticket was nominated without a single dissenting vote, and the same will be elected by a big majority on Nov. 2 next.

For Governor, Eben S. Draper of Hopedale.  
For Lieutenant Governor, Louis A. Frothingham of Boston.  
For Secretary of State, William N. Olin of Boston.  
For Treasurer and Receiver General, Elmer A. Stevens of Somerville.  
For Attorney General, Dana Malone of Greenfield.  
For Auditor, Henry E. Turner of Malden.

## BEAN AND GOWING.

The Republicans of the 20th Middlesex County Representative District held their convention at the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee Headquarters on Main street last Friday evening to elect candidates for the lower branch of the next Legislature. It was a harmonious and highly satisfactory convention. Representative James W. Killam of Reading was chosen Chairman of the meeting, and Marcus H. Cotton of Woburn was chosen Secretary.

Elwyn G. Preston and Parker T. Poole of Woburn and Herbert L. Abbott of North Reading who constituted the Committee on Credentials, found all the towns fully represented, except Burlington.

The convention being in readiness for business, Hon. George F. Bean of Woburn, and Joseph D. Gowing of North Reading, were nominated by acclamation to be the Republican candidates for the Massachusetts House of Representatives to be voted for (and elected) on Nov. 2, 1909.

These gentlemen were notified of their nomination by a Committee composed of Elwyn G. Preston, Esq. of Woburn, Caleb S. Harriman of Wilmington, and Martin L. Hayward of North Reading, and both responded in brief addresses, after which a District Committee was chosen consisting of the following well known and highly respected gentlemen:

Samuel W. Mendum, Mr. Harold P. Johnson and Mr. Henry C. Hall of Woburn; Mr. Herbert L. Abbott of North Reading; Mr. Edward N. Eames of Burlington; Mr. Frank Marion of Woburn; Mr. Archie R. Prentice and Mr. Arthur J. Davis of Reading.

## STATE ELECTION.

The Massachusetts State election is to be held in two weeks from next Tuesday, or on Nov. 2, 1909.

The voters are all ready for the motion, that is to say, the nominations are made, and all that is left to be attended to is the voting and shouting.

The Republicans of Woburn are satisfied with the State, Councilor, County, Senatorial and Representative ticket; are prepared to act accordingly; and will elect every candidate they vote for.

Labor organizations do not cut much of a figure in this city, therefore, Gov. Draper will get about the regular Republican vote here.

Bean's Campaign Committee, E. G. Preston et al., will see to it that he runs ahead of his ticket.

## THE INCOME TAX.

The Massachusetts Legislature of 1910, the members of which are to be chosen on the 2nd day of next month, will take action on the proposed Constitutional Amendment to provide for an Income Tax in this State, considering the wisdom, or expediency, of which there is a wide difference of opinion.

As a general thing the Democrats favor the amendment; while it is opposed by a majority of the Republicans.

The labor organizations of this State, aided by the National Federation are waging a vigorous campaign against the reelection of Governor Draper, and appear to be making considerable headway. Their principal weapon at the present time is the Governor's veto of the 8-hour law passed by the last Legislature, and so effectively are they using it that His Excellency has been compelled to resort to letter-writing and the public prints in an effort to explain his veto and set himself right before the people. The campaign from now to the evening of Nov. 2 bids fair to be a warm one; if the labor unions don't back down. And then, again, Eugene N. Foss, Democratic candidate for Lt. Gov., isn't doing anything to help Gov. Draper to another term.

The Boston and Maine Railroad Merger, over which the Massachusetts General Court had such a long, hot fight, has at last been consummated by the taking over of the B. & M. by a Holding Company created by Act of the Legislature on a plan drawn up by Gov. Draper. There is to be a reorganization of the B. & M. Company, and a general overhauling and shaking up; but President Tuttle told the Boston newspapers last week that it was settled that he was to remain at the head of the Company, or, in other words, to hold his present position in the new Company. But it will be well enough to wait and hear what Mellen has to say about it.

Last Saturday evening the Democrats of the 20th Middlesex County District held a convention in this city to nominate two candidates for Representatives to the next General Court, Michael J. Meagher of Woburn, and Walter S. Campbell of North Reading, were nominated after a somewhat spirited contest.

Meagher is a newspaper man, and has acceptably served the city as Alderman. Of course, he stands no chance of winning an election, but he will, doubtless, enjoy the fun of running, which won't cost him much. About the other candidate we know nothing.

Senator James Wilson Grimes of Reading failed to secure a nomination for a third term from the Lowell District at the late Senatorial convention. Frank P. Bennett, Jr. of Lowell won the prize. The Republican practice is to give their Representatives and Senators two terms each, and no more; and it is always found a difficult task, and generally an unsuccessful one, to obtain a third election for either. It was this rule that defeated Senator Grimes the other day. But he was elected a member of the Republican State Committee.

Last Wednesday morning the newspapers of the country published Commander Peary's attempted exposure of the absurdity and falsity of Dr. Cook's claim to having discovered the North Pole in April 1908, a year before Peary found and nailed the American Flag to it. Peary makes out a strong case against Cook's veracity, and every statement in his exposure is corroborated, he says, by the two Eskimo boys who accompanied the Doctor on his alleged "rush for the Pole," but failed to reach, it, indeed, he had any intention of trying to do so, which is open to question.

At one o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, October 18, the Republican State Central Committee of Massachusetts are to entertain the Republican Editors of said State at the Parker House in Boston with a luncheon and speeches. Chairman George H. Doty's letter of invitation says that Governor Draper, Lieutenant Governor Frothingham, and other party leaders, are to be present and make remarks. It will doubtless prove a refreshing season for the Editors.

The Woburn Journal was born on October 18, 1851, and, Providence permitting, will reach the 58th anniversary of its birthday next Monday. It was established by Mr. James Fowle, and has since been owned by him, Mr. Marchant, John L. Parker, French & Andrews (only a few months), and the present publisher, who took possession of it on Aug. 1, 1880. It is still healthy and vigorous.

If Mayor Bond finally declines to accept a second election, there are good men in this city who would be glad to learn that there is truth in the rumor that Lawyer Harold P. Johnson would accept a nomination for that office. In his career of Alderman he has shown the right kind of ability for Mayor, and there are a plenty of people who say he would make a good one.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Perkins—Lost.  
J. W. Johnson—Glad.  
Edison Co.—Electric Show.

Hon. and Mrs. Herbert S. Riley are at home from their bridal tour.

Backman & Kean have commenced building their new leather factory.

The Social 8 give a concert and dance in Ashford Hall, Montvale, this evening.

The Danish Sisterhood are holding a Fair today and evening in Mechanics Hall.

Mr. William C. Kenney, the faithful and popular P. O. clerk, has returned from his vacation.

Sunny Circle of King's Daughters meet with Miss Lucia Patten, 580 Main street at 7.30 o'clock this evening.

On Oct. 29 Tusitula Club of Trinity church are to present a drama at the Parish House. Refreshments are to be served.

Com. Kelley carried his point on the almshouse repairs project. But that very thing may defeat him at the polls at the next city election.

Mr. George Phillips, brother of Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds of Church avenue court, wife and son have returned from their home in Nebraska.

The public are out of all patience waiting for Commissioner Kelley's Southland playground. His procrastination is enough to wear out the temper of Job.

Visitors declare that Elia's dahlia field is one of the most beautiful sights that ever was. A great many people go there to look at the splendid floral display.

Dr. Robert Chalmers rode out the other day, from which, and other favorable signs, his numerous friends feel assured that he will "weather the cape" all right.

E. Prior may be found at 349 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Sessions of the evening school are to be held in the Hanson schoolhouse on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 7.30 o'clock, as has usually been the case.

A few days ago Mr. George W. Cope of the Westside said he had 50 bushels of fine tomatoes on hand for sale, and Mercy only knows how many bushels he had already sold this fall.

The annual entertainment and ball of the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association is to be held in Lycium Hall on Wednesday evening, Oct. 20. Arrangements for it were completed at a meeting held last evening.

The Musical Five of Boston have been secured by the Woburn Firemen's Relief Association to give an entertainment preceding the Ball on Wednesday, Oct. 20. This Company give a fine program. Come and hear them.

The New England Postmasters Association held their annual meeting at the American House in Boston last Wednesday. It is said to say that Capt. E. F. Wier, P. M., attended it, and was greatly edified by the proceedings, speeches, etc.

The Woburn Choral Society have completed their organization by the election of Mr. George L. Clapp, Superintendent of Schools, their President, and Mr. J. H. Calderwood of Boston, Musical Conductor. The list of members at last Monday's meeting numbered 50. There ought to be more of them. Rehearsals are to be held every Monday evening.

## November 15 to 25

The ELECTRIC SHOW in Mechanics Building will mean 10 days of

## Big Opportunities for Greater Boston

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company is taking a large space in the Electric Show, because the Company wants in its territory to

## Help Every City and Town Grow.

An Italian Garden will cover the Company's space. In it a Section will be given each city and town. Visitors to the show will be welcomed at these headquarters by young ladies who have volunteered to represent their own home communities during the ten days.

## Electric Light Means Comfort and Safety.

## Electric Power Cuts Out Noise, Dirt and Smoke.

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner can be seen at the Electric Show, or our agent will demonstrate it free at your home. No Dirt. No House-cleaning.

## The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.

General Offices, 39 Boylston St., BOSTON.

General Telephone—Oxford 3300—Reverse the charge.

—It was only 38 above zero yesterday morning.

—Towanda Club are to indulge in a smoker on Oct. 25.

—Mrs. Scates and Mrs. Fowler left here for their home in Vancouver, B. C., last Wednesday evening, after a pleasant visit East by Mrs. Fowler.

—Chief of Police McDermott attended the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Police Association at Pittsfield, as a delegate, this week.

—With two or three exceptions, last Saturday was the hottest Oct. 9 in Boston during the last 37 years. Extreme summer heat prevailed all day.

—On Friday evening, Oct. 29, the Tusitula Club of Trinity church are to present, with a fine cast, at the Parish House, the comedy, "The Three Chateaus."

—The Publicity Bureau in Boston sends us word that Grace L. Norris, Lawyer, of the Woburn firm of Norris & Norris, Counselors, etc., is a member of the Massachusetts Suffrage Association.

—A Boston paper was heard complaining the other day because there had been no Indian Summer here this fall. Indian Summer isn't due until November, and quite well along in the month, at that.

—The Sons of Veterans are to stage a play called "Distraction" in Lycium Hall about a month. The managers of it are: Marcus H. Cotton, C. W. Smith, Leon Barden, F. B. Suel, Forest Bezanon.

—There was a frost in spots hereabouts last Wednesday night, and in some places the thermometers indicated only 32 in the shade—the freezing point. But there is warm weather due us between now and Thanksgiving.

—According to all accounts this has been a great week for barberrying. The quiet precincts of Burlington and Wilmington have been invaded by great numbers of pickers and the harvest has been abundant, so they say.

—The Republican candidate for Mayor of this city ought to be a man who has business interests here, not merely a lodger—one who goes to his work in Boston every day of the year, and returns every night in season to eat his supper and go to bed.

—Dr. Thomas Canfield and lady of Church avenue went on a visit to Portland, Me., last Saturday. They have some good friends down there on beautiful Casco Bay, with its 365 Islands, and the 100 miles through the country makes a nice, pleasant journey.

—At the annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of First Church held a few days ago the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Daniel N. Hand; Secretary, Mrs. Orlando M. Brooks; Treasurer, Mrs. Almira Brown.

—Mr. Charles A. Sweetser, the old Woburn baker, and wife celebrated in a quiet way their Golden Wedding last Saturday at the family home on Mishawum Road. They were married by Rev. Daniel March on Oct. 9, 1859. They received callers and spent a happy day.

—There is no telling when the Railroad Commissioners will make a report on Butler Ames's Interurban Railway hearing which has been dragging along all summer. And the nature of the report is equally uncertain. The road is strongly opposed in some towns along its route.

—At breakfast time last Wednesday the temperature outdoors here was only 40 degrees above, and indoors it was not much warmer. But treating of October William Allen Bryant, one of New England's greatest poets, wrote these words:

"The melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year—"

—Teachers for the evening school have been appointed as follows: Andrew R. Linscott, Principal; Mary Walsh and Alice J. Murray, teachers of stenography and typewriting; Ada Munroe and Mary Corry, teachers of bookkeeping; Karen Ekman, master of Swedish English class; Theo. Goveles and Ellen Watts, Greek and English class; Chester L. Conn, mechanical drawing—a fine and able team of instructors.

—Mr. Charlie A. Jones has gone on a hunting trip to New Hampshire.

—On the evening of Oct. 20 W. R. C. 181 are to give a barn party at Mrs. Poland's on Nashua street, Montvale.

—The Woburn delegates to the Baptist Association convention at Medford last Wednesday were: Rev. Dr. Williams, Mrs. Andrew Matson, Mr. Morrie A. Barnes, Arthur E. Gage, Esq. Many others attended.

—It is next Monday, Oct. 18, that the Woburn Mechanics Phalanx are to celebrate the 74th anniversary of their birthday by holding a shooting match at Brookside Range in the afternoon, and having a banquet, speeches and music at the Armory in the evening. The soldiers and their guests will have a first-rate time.

—The new B. & M. fall schedule gives Woburn 21 trains every day to Boston, and 22 on Saturdays. There are 23 daily trains from Boston to Woburn, and 24 on Saturdays. There are 7 to and 9 from Sunday trains between Woburn and Boston. These ought to be enough, with trolleys running every 15 minutes.

—The committee having charge of the entertainment given by the Woburn Ladies' L. O. O. F. last Monday evening consisted of: Marcus H. Cotton, Leon L. Dorr and W. E. Fresh. Whitehead's Klondike pictures were excellent; and the singing by Marcus H. Cotton and Waldo P. Cutler was fine. After the entertainment there was dancing to good music.

—The other day Lieut. John W. Nichols, concerning whose supposed decrease the JOURNAL commented on Oct. 1, came up and bought a copy of that issue in order, as he said, that he might be able to read his obituary at first hands. It was a singular case of mistaken identity, or mixing of facts, which the JOURNAL as yet has received no explanation of.

—The Annual Maine Music Festival has been in full swing at Portland this week. Several of the most celebrated singers and opera primadonnas in the world sang at the concerts in Bangor and Portland during the Festival, which closed last Wednesday. Mrs. Francis A. Partridge of this city, a Director of the Woburn Choral Society, has been in attendance during the series.

—The other day we received a Milwaukee, Wis., newspaper, which contained an account of the visit and entertainment of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in that city, but which was minus a single scratch of pen or pencil to show who the sender was. Such favors, when one does not know who to thank for them, are generally so pleasing to the recipient—accident on the "so."

—Come, now! It is high time the furnaces, boilers, and other householding apparatus were put in shape for winter use, and Harry Blye & Co. are that the right men to give the jobs. Winter will soon be here; cold weather is close at hand; the houses must be warmed, lest the inmates freeze; and Harry Blye & Co. are waiting to do the work for you in the best possible shape, at the lowest possible figures.

—At 3 o'clock this afternoon, Oct. 15, the Woburn Woman's Club are to hold their first after-noon meeting in Lycium Hall. A full attendance is looked for by the Managers. Refreshments are to be provided in abundance, and music is to be furnished by the popular Highland Orchestra of this city. Directors Mrs. Gertrude McQuester will constitute a pleasing feature of this fall opening assembly of the Club.

—We have never seen leaves of the trees lie more thickly on the ground than they have this week. The foliage has been uncommonly heavy this season, and the help of it has been this early forced from the trees by winds and rainstorms. Those people who rake up and make bonfires of the dry leaves make a serious mistake. They should be allowed to remain on the ground, especially on greenward, all winter, for they are not only an excellent fertilizer, but prevent the turf from becoming "winter killed," as it is called, the roots of which are protected from the frost and zero temperature by this thick covering of dead and rotting foliage.

—A Wilmington advertiser in this issue of the JOURNAL offers a big reward for the return of her valuable "Lost" Dog.

—It was awful dusty yesterday, Hugh Martin's coating of tarine (is that the name?) doesn't seem to work perfectly all the time. The dust on Maine street was exceedingly annoying all day.

—The new Democratic City Committee are: Chairman, H. T. Talty; Vice-Chairman, William Jones; Treasurer, William J. Mahoney; Secretary, John J. Costello. They will manage the defeat of their party in this city on Nov. 2.

—Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Capt. Arthur C. Wier, and her daughter, Miss Alice Brooks Wier, returned from the family summer home at North Conway, N. H., to their winter residence, 40 Pleasant street in this city. As usual, Capt. Wier, who is connected with the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, has been a frequent and very welcome visitor at North Conway this summer, and is now comfortably settled down at No. 40 Pleasant street for the winter.

—The Woburn Evening School is to hold its first session on Oct. 18, if we have been correctly informed. (The School authorities, being, in their official character, a sort of Star Chamber, or Close Corporation, hold, never give out, bookkeeping information if they can help it.) Competent teachers were chosen and their names published some weeks ago, and now all there is to go ahead and keep school. It is hoped that the attendance will be a good deal larger than ever before, and if individual effort is put forth, it will be.

—The supper of the Methodist Episcopal church Baraca Class, served by the ladies last Monday evening, was an exceedingly pleasant occasion. After supper there was an excellent address by a former pastor of the church, Rev. Norman E. Richardson, which was followed by other good speeches by Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor; Mr. George I. Clapp, Superintendent of the Woburn public schools; Mr. Leon L. Dorr, a zealous and successful laborer in the vineyard of the Lord; and Mr. M. W. Trane, the active leader of the Class. A committee of prominent female members of the church had the supper arrangements in charge.

—Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue court attended the annual Evangelistic services of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company's employees at Haverhill last Sunday afternoon. The Haverhill Station Agent started these meetings years ago on a small scale, but they have grown to be one of the most important religious events of the season, of which B. & M. railroad men are the chief promoters and actors. At the gathering last Sunday a fine programme of music, addresses, and prayers was enjoyed by a great number of deeply interested men. Evangelist Sayford was the principal speaker.

—Hon. William E. Blodgett, recent Mayor of Woburn, and Mr. Blodgett, and Mr. Blodgett's niece, Miss Esther Bean, daughter of Hon. George F. Bean, also ex-Mayor of Woburn, and present Republican candidate for Representatives from the 20th Middlesex District to the next Massachusetts Legislature, will attend, next Saturday and Sunday, the dedication of St. Lawrence's Roman Catholic church at Asheville, N. C., which is the product of the architectural skill and donations of the late R. Guastavino, who was President of the Guastavino Company of New York City, of which Mr. Blodgett is the Treasurer and General Manager. The thousands of pieces of terracotta tiles which were employed in the erection of the Asheville, St. Lawrence church, were manufactured at the Guastavino Company's factory in Woburn under direction of Mr. Blodgett. The party sailed from New York for the South last Tuesday, and some fears were felt by friends here that their steamer might run into the great Monday gale from Cuba and Florida.

## CITY COUNCIL.

At a regular session of the Board of Aldermen last week considerable business of importance was transacted.

A request by the Trustees of the Public Library for \$1,000 with which to install, or set to going, the new system of Library operations by the new Librarian, advocated by Judge E. F. Johnson, and Hon. W. F. Davis, was granted without reference.

The order appropriating \$735 for improvements on the High school grounds was past.

Several other matters were brought forward, discussed and properly referred.

The question that gave rise to a lengthy debate that at times threatened to become uncomfortably warm was a proposed appropriation of \$3,500 for repairs on the city almshouse. It was a perplexing proposition, and members might well differ in their views of what ought, and what ought not, to be done in the premises. In one way of looking at it the comfort and health of the city's wards demanded the appropriation; from a different viewpoint to grant it would be throwing money away. If the city were in a condition financially to build a new home, then the application for \$3,500 to repair the present one should be rejected; the Finance Committee say the city will not be able to build a new house for years to come; that the request should be granted; 3 years hence a new administration may conclude to tear down the old shell and erect a new building; in which case the \$3,500 would have been squandered. And there you have it. The bill was, however, passed, and a large sum of money goes to patch up an old public edifice that isn't worth the patching up.

Polling places for the state and municipal elections were named as follows: Ward 1, Music hall; Ward 2, hose house; Wards 3 and 4, Lycium hall; Wards 5, 6 and 7, hose house.

After which the Council adjourned.

## Don't Neglect That Cough.

It certainly racks your system and may run into something serious. Allen's Lung Balm will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

## Home Comfort

Requires that certain conveniences shall be supplied.

One of these conveniences is a telephone.

It is not a luxury. In some cases it is a necessity. In every case it is a decided convenience.

Perhaps you could do without one, but would it be economy?

The cost may be as low as 5 cents a day, depending on where you are and what you want. Charge this against the steps it will save you, the convenience with which it will serve you, and the comfort it will bring you, and you will find you can't afford to be without one.

For details call, or write to, the Local Manager of the

## New England Telephone and Telegraph Company



## Boston Theatres.

## KEITH'S.

Once in a generation the name of an actor becomes identified with a play and both are synonymous of success. One of the biggest money makers of recent years was "Brewster's Millions," which was produced by Frederick Thompson of Luna Park fame with Edward Ables in the principal role. Mr. Ables certainly sprang into prominence and attained a wide popularity as a comedian in the cities where "Brewster's Millions" was shown but he was ambitious for other work and in vaudeville has found that ambition realized. He is probably the highest paid actor from the legitimate stage in vaudeville today and he has a play that in its way is as meritorious as "Brewster's Millions."

## CASTLE SQUARE.

"The Circus Girl" goes merrily on at the Castle Square for a third week beginning Monday. It seems as if the Boston public, and the theatre goes for a hundred miles around, would never get enough of this musical comedy as played and sung by the John Craig Stock Company, and it is their persistent wishes that Mr. Craig is meeting in making the present revival. "The Circus Girl" is a compound and a medley of music, humor and dancing, of spectacular stage settings and brilliant costumes, and it contains enough variety in its two acts to fill an afternoon or an evening full of the liveliest of entertainment.

## THE BOSTON.

At the Boston Theatre, Jos. M. Gaites' musical comedy production, "Three Twins" has scored the biggest kind of a hit, and at every performance capacity audiences are seen. The secret of "Three Twins" success lies in the excellent comedy that the author has put into his story and in the superb cast, headed by Clifton Crawford and Bessie McCoy, which participates in the service of good things. Mr. Crawford, who is the leader in the fun-making, appears on the stage within a moment after the opening chorus and immediately puts the audience in a hilarious mood. From then until the finale of the last act there is no let up in the smart pace set for the comedy, song and dance. The matinees of Wednesday and Saturday begin at 2 o'clock.

## THE PARK.

Readers interested in American government and fond of a good exciting play, are advised to see "A Gentleman From Mississippi" now running at the Park Theatre. This is the kind of play that deserves to succeed, and its success is great. "A Gentleman From Mississippi" is an amusing play, full of laughter and sentiment from beginning to end, but it is, above all, an instructive play. It emphasizes the power of truth and honesty, it makes the big audience think. It is not like so many unworthy plays that merely amuse, and, too often, actually appeal to base emotions. You will probably have to engage your seats well in advance for "A Gentleman From Mississippi," and we are glad of that. If the public wants good plays with a purpose, it must deserve them by appreciating them. We shall always have love stories on the stage, for young people must have their sentimental provender. But these love stories can be woven into plays of serious purpose, as in the case of "A Gentleman From Mississippi."



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McLaughlin & Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

## "SAFETY" RAZORS

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

## THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords. Their prices are \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.50. Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

## McLaughlin &amp; Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

## FOR YOUR BOY

A HIGH CLASS DAY SCHOOL  
SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR SUBURBAN SCHOLARS  
ASSOCIATION INSTITUTE BOSTON Y. M. C. A.

Over 100 boys from the best families in New England now in attendance.

We will take your boy where we find him; study him carefully, and give him what he needs. Every advantage of the best public and private schools, with many new and improved features at most reasonable rates.

Large corps of male, college trained teachers, small classes, individual instruction and rapid advancement, gymnasium and athletics.

We have also the finest system of evening schools in America.

Telephone, write or call for catalogue, stating courses which most interest you.

FRANK PALMER SPEARE,  
Educational Director  
GEORGE W. NEHAFFY,  
Gen'l Secretary

## HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.











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NO. 49

Business Cards.

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George Durward Choice Steaks and Roasts. 450 Main St., Woburn.

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Office and Warerooms, No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN.

NORRIS & NORRIS, Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC.

615 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice To Patrons. Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

WEEK DAYS. Beginning Monday, June 8, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

RETURNING. Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

SUNDAY TIME. Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

RETURNING. Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:45, 8:10, 8:35, 8:50, 9:10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M.

Boston & Northern St. Railway. The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5:15 A.M., then every 15 minutes until 9:27 A.M., then every 30 minutes until 12:27 P.M., then every 15 minutes until 1:27 P.M., then every 30 minutes until 11:27 P.M.

Wife's Lost Opportunity. Wife—I remember the night you proposed to me I bent my head and said nothing. Hub—Comfortably—I know it worries you, dear; but never mind—you've made up for it since—Exchange.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS. On and after July 1, 1903. MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST OFFICE. From Boston and Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30 A.M. 8:45, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 P.M.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash. D.C., Western and Southern, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30 A.M. 8:45, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 P.M.

DELIVERIES. House Routes 7:30, 7:45 A.M., 1:10, 2:45, 6:30 P.M. Business Routes 7:30, 7:45 A.M., 1:10, 2:45, 6:30 P.M.

MAIL COLLECTED. 6 A.M. and on regular carriers delivery. Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 8 times daily.

MONEY ORDER OFFICE open at 7:30 A.M. and close at 7:30 P.M. Saturday 9:00 P.M. Registry Division open at 9:00 A.M. and close at 3:30 P.M. Saturday 5:00 P.M.

—SUNDAYS— Sunday office open 9:30 to 11:00 A.M. Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 A.M.

MAILED. Mails collected at 4 P.M. throughout the city. Mail closes at 5 P.M. at box outside the postoffice. Mails collected on holidays, 4:00 P.M., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

NO. LOCATION. Middlesex Leather Co., Conn. St. Private. 21 Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street. 22 Cor. Main and Clinton St., Central Square.

23 Cor. Main and School St., North Woburn. 24 Cor. Main and Pearl St., North Woburn. 25 Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.

26 Cor. Cambridge and Lexington St. 27 Cor. Cambridge and Bedford St. (Cummingsville) 28 Cor. Bedford and Washington St. 29 Cor. Main and Bedford St.

30 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 31 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 32 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 33 Cor. Main and Bedford St.

34 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 35 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 36 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 37 Cor. Main and Bedford St.

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74 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 75 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 76 Cor. Main and Bedford St. 77 Cor. Main and Bedford St.

Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

\$1.50 A YEAR In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly Of Large Circulation Among People of Culture Live Editorials

All the Local News, and Choice Literary Selections Fill Its Columns.

A Family Newspaper Read by Thousands Of Intelligent People Every Week.

Unequaled as an Advertising Medium.

Printed Every Friday Morning At 434 Main Street.

Delivered Promptly.

Second Best

Henry Took Ann at Her Word, but Little Jimmy Rebelled. BY LOUISE OLNEY. Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Ann Mark's eye flashed. Direct as her name, she refused to marry Henry Jasper. He stood before her a little awkwardly, but yet a man that most women would have considered kindly.

No one knew why Ann had not married. She never wore her heart on her sleeve. Now, in spite of herself, her heart softened to him, noting how his hand ruffled his hair as it always did when he was puzzled and unhappy.

"I never did think I could be second best in my man's life," she went on rather cruelly. "And I don't see how at my age, thirty-five, and I don't care who knows it—I don't see how I can begin playing mother to another woman's child. The boy will hate me, as all children do a stepmother. Nor ask some other woman." The man flushed angrily.

"Don't insult me, Ann. You know I don't want any other woman. I've always known I can't tell you what I always thought of you. It wouldn't seem fair to Caroline, who did her best by me."

The world knew she had been a weak, fretful, untidy woman, jealous, thriftless, her baby being gone in a few years. And it knew of her loyalty. He could not tell this woman how in the years she had been about his house helping Caroline his heart had gone out to Ann's cheery strength, her wholesome, healthy kindness. He tried one word more.

"Ann, if you knew how I needed you in every way you would come. Do you think I have forgotten how to love? Still she shook her head. He turned slowly away, climbed his hill, and drove to his own farm. Ann sat thinking for she remembered many things. She finally rose and went into her sister's house, where she was visiting. Molly looked at her curiously as she entered, waiting for her to say something, for she had guessed Henry's errand. But she was forced to respect Ann's silence.

In the crisp September morning Ann started out for a walk. She went over the hill where she used to play with Molly and with Henry and Caroline. How strangely things had worked out! She thought of her busy life as a forewoman in a big shop, her practical, unselfish, lonely life. How soon her visit to the old place would be over! Reaching the top of the hill, she sat down in the falling leaves, pushing the heavy dark hair back from her face. Her big eyes were soft and kind and dark like an animal's eyes. She was tall and vigorous.

Down in the valley she could see Henry Jasper's house and barnyard. He was hitching the boys to the buggy, and presently he drove away. A sudden temptation assailed her. She had heard Molly say his most recent housekeeper had left. Should she go and have a look at things? She did not see the boy about. Probably Jimmy was at his grandmother's. She rose and walked across the stable yard.

THE HUNCHBACK.

Romance of the Duke de Richelieu and Mlle. de Rochecourt. The Duke de Richelieu married when seventeen years of age Mlle. de Rochecourt, a little girl of twelve. As was the custom in the eighteenth century, the young bridegroom set out on his travels after the ceremony, and the child wife remained with his relations in Paris. Three years passed, and the duke (then Count de Chinon, who had received many charming letters and a charming miniature from his wife during his absence, determined to return home.

On his arrival he was met on the grand staircase of the Hotel de Richelieu by his father and, to his horror, instead of the pretty girl of fifteen that he expected to see, the count saw a little hunchback who was none other than his wife. The unhappy young man, who was horror-stricken, left Paris that night and for fifteen years roamed away.

The poor little wife possessed a beautiful and generous disposition, and, so far from being embittered by her husband's behavior, she did her best to prevent any family dissension arising through it and went to live on her estate of Courteilles, near Paris. It is said that she was deeply in love with the duke, and in time the accounts of her unselfish devotion to his family so touched her husband that he went to visit her.

The first visit led to many, and this strange couple became firm friends, and just before he died the duke confessed to his wife, and to her only son, the Count de Courteilles, that he had been in disgust many years before—Chicago News.

TRANSPANTED A POND.

Showing What an Enthusiast Will Do to Have a Garden. Many a country laborer will do much for the sake of a garden, but few perhaps would be willing to go to such pains in the pursuit of their hobby as did an enthusiastic navy with whom I have come in contact.

This man, having obtained the position of intendant on a railway, found himself the possessor of a barren garden, and he set to work to make it a garden. The first thing he did was to visit the garden, and he found it was a barren garden, and he set to work to make it a garden.

"Why? I exclaimed, 'what have you done to the gravel pit?' " "Oh, bless you," he replied, grinning. "I had been here a fortnight before I discovered it for a pond."

A further inquiry elicited the fact that this most ardent garden lover had, after an agreement with a neighboring farmer, removed with pick and shovel, and made a pond of the depth of about three feet and wheeled it to the margin of an old pond, which had been gradually filled up with leaves and silt. The rich, productive mold from the pond he had taken home to his garden, and he had been very busy and busy as per contract—Westminster Gazette.

Antiquity of Nicknames.

The origin of the word as well as the exact date of its appearance in the custom of "nicknaming" is unknown. Such names are as old as at least as the most venerable chronicles, for upon diving into ancient history we have no trouble at all in proving that Plato was called "Aristotle" and Socrates "Old Flat Nose." There isn't the least doubt but that many of our surnames come from nicknames applied to our ancestors, such, for instance, as "Catharine," "Coxsquire," "Bright," "Lightfoot," "Redhead," "Longman," "Longfellow," etc.

THE RIDDLE OF SLEEP.

A Mystery That the Mind of Man Is Unable to Penetrate. THE CAVERN OF MORPHEUS. It is Pith Black as Far as Human Understanding Goes, For We Know No More About It Than We Do About Its Twin Mystery, Death.

When all is written, how little we know of sleep! It is a closing of the eyes, a disappearance, a wondering return. In mazy slumber, in dreamless dead rest, in horrid nightmare or in ecstasies of somnolent fancies the eyes are blinded, the body is abandoned, while the inner essence is we know not where. We have no other knowledge of sleep than that we have of death. In delirium or coma or trance, no less than in normal sleep and in dissolution, the soul is gone. In these it returns, in that it does not come again, or so we ignorantly think.

Yet we, I reflect on my death I forget that I have encountered it many times ready and find myself none the wiser. I forget that I sleep. The body has no shorter existence than the mind's. We have about for a few years with ludicrous impudence, as bottles buzz at the window panes. They too may imagine themselves of infinite moment in this universe we share with them. But this is to take no account of the consciousness of sleep. There is something hidden, something secret, some unfathomable mystery whose presence we feel, but cannot verify; some pervasive thought incessantly moving in our hearts, some phosphorescence that glows we know not whence through our shadowy atoms.

Neither sleep itself nor half its promises nor mysteries have been plumbed. It is the mother of superstitions and of miracles. In dreams we may see the surface powers of the freed soul. Visions in the night are not all hallucinations; voices in the night are not all mocking. There is a prophet dwells within the night—not of the mind, but deeper than the mind. The brain cannot know of this holy presence nor of its life in sleep. The brain is mortal and untrustworthy, a photograph and a camera for audible and palpable things. It strikes it a blow in childhood so that it causes its labors and awake it by surgery after forty years and it will repeat the infantile action or word it last recorded and will take up its task on the instant, making no account of the intermediate years. They are nonexistent to it. Yet to that hidden memory those dreamed years are not blank. It knows, it has recorded, though the brain has slept. And in this wonderful ruler released from the prison of the body, it can speak through the atom bent machinery of the flesh and tell of things man himself could not know because of his prisoned senses. This ruler is it, delirious, and in death is it dead? Through all the ages it has been our savior, which we have interrogated in vain. It joins not in our laughter nor our tears. We have fancied it a friendly, broadening features of utmost knowledge and wisdom and sorrow. It has asked us no question, nor from the day of Oedipus until today have we answered rightly, so that we die of our ignorance. It is Oedipus lying in us. It is the unknown God to whom we erect our altars, the fire in the tabernacle, the presence behind the veil. Not in normal wakefulness at all, but in sleep it answers our queries, but in sleep sometimes it will speak and it may possibly be that at last, after all these centuries, we are learning how to question it and in hypnotic trance and in the fearful law of suggestion are discovering the secret of its mystery and how to employ it for our worldly good. Yet to its essential secret we are no closer than our forefathers were.

We may delude dreams and nightmares with what terms we wish and trace with physical reasons and learn to guide and guard, yet we know no more of them than of electricity. We may be led to suspect that telepathy and clairvoyance and mediumship are but the soul's way of revealing its secrets, and we are not superstitious fancies, and we may even empirically classify and study and direct them. Yet the soul itself is no nearer our inquiry.

Though we should know of its reality, though our knowledge should fathom the infinitude of what benefit would it be? Would it modify our beliefs or our hopes or our faiths? Would it dictate one action to our passionate lives? There would be no change in human nature and no reform in the world. We are the children of our fathers, and our children will tread the polioptic paths. Dreams are our life, whether we wake or sleep. We drowse through existence, awaking and dying and being reborn daily, ever tormented and unmade, and our thousand slumberous deaths we call restorative sleep—sleep that restores our physical being, building up where we have torn down, revealing what we desire.

Black—pitch black, indeed—is the cavern of Morpheus. Faith peoples it with varied legends and builds its chaos into myriad forms. Nightly we enter it and learn the Lethargic air and forget, and daily we return with rejoicings, babbling of dreams that were not dreamed, and finally we enter for the last time and dream somewhat more deeply the essence of ecstasy and awake no more and no more return to the autumn dried stiles of the dawn. And yet we shall dream—At last! Monthly.

Famous Cedars.

The famous cedars of Lebanon also grow in India and Arabia, but their home is the Lebanon of northern Syria. In ancient times the sides of the whole mountain were covered with them, but now they are found in only one small hollow on the northwestern slope. These are securely fenced in, but in spite of the great care of the gardener the 200 that now survive will soon die, and the species will become extinct.

Our New Hair Vigor

Ayer's Hair Vigor was good, the best that was made. But Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, is better. It is the one great specific for falling hair. A new preparation in every way. New bottle. New contents. Ask your druggist to show it to you, "the new kind."



## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 22, 1909.

## STATE TICKET.

At the Republican State Convention held in Symphony Hall, Boston, Saturday, Oct. 2, the following ticket was nominated without a single dissenting vote, and the same will be elected by a big majority on Nov. 2 next.

For Governor, Eben S. Draper of Hopedale.

For Lieutenant Governor, Louis A. Frothingham of Boston.

For Secretary of State, William N. Olin of Boston.

For Treasurer and Receiver General, Elmer A. Stevens of Somerville.

For Attorney General, Dana Malone of Greenfield.

For Auditor, Henry E. Turner of Malden.

## GAME OF PETTY POLITICS.

After giving a history of the eight Hour Law enacted by the last Massachusetts Legislature and vetoed by Governor Draper, District Master Workman Thomas H. Canning, Legislative Agent, District Assembly 30, says in the Knights of Labor Year Book recently issued regarding the veto:

"In view of the above it is very evident to me that the other Labor Representatives at the State House did not want this bill to become law, but preferred to play a game of petty politics against the man whom they had tried to defeat for office for four years past and with this in view they were willing to sacrifice the interests of Labor."

We ask for the above statement from one of the most prominent Labor advocates and champions in this State, a careful consideration by the Woburn Knights of Labor.

## GRATIFYING.

It is gratifying to be told that the Republicans of the 20th Middlesex County Representative District are not only solid for Bean and Gowing, but that they are wide awake and putting in effective work for their election on Nov. 2.

It is, also, gratifying to be assured that a large number of Woburn Democrats will vote for Mr. Bean at the approaching election.

Dr. Cook is clearly on the defensive and making poor work of it. When his story about finding the North pole was doubted in high scientific quarters he was going, he declared, to have the two Eskimo boys who accompanied him in his successful "dash" down here to prove the truth of his narrative; but as soon as the testimony of the boys, denying Cook's claim to the discovery was published the matter was dropped and no more was heard about bringing them to New York. Cook has jumped and halted in his proof all the way along since his controversy with Peary began. And now comes the story of the ascent of Mt. McKinley, told by Cook, in which he claimed to have reached the top of that highest mountain peak in the world in a book published by him. A few days since the only person who Cook said was with him when he performed this remarkable feat some years ago, one Barrille, came out with an affidavit in which he affirmed, under oath, that Cook, on that occasion, did not get within 20 miles of the summit of Mt. McKinley at the time he said he reached it—in other words, that Cook lied about it. An editorial in the London (Eng.) Times the other day stated that the explorers and scientists of Great Britain have never believed Cook's story of finding the North pole, and recently won has reached this country that Cook's supporters in Denmark, where he first announced his great discovery, have begun to waver in their faith in him and his North pole story. Cook surely is on the defensive.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement by the Boston Young Men's Christian Association of their new Day School system which started the last of September. This school has the backing and endorsement of many of the leading educational authorities of the State, and includes the following unusual and valuable features: male, college-trained teachers, and all the facilities of the best public and private school systems combined, at a cost about one-third of that charged by the ordinary high-grade private school. There are in addition to the regular courses, athletics, gymnastics, remarkable social facilities and all the accompaniments of a great school system; but most valuable of all, the vocational advice, vocational training and part-time education, which are absolutely new and wholly unprecedented in education. The universal approval of the scheme and large enrollment of the splendid boys from many of the best families in New England have at once brought the school into prominence and successful operation.

The people complain bitterly because the local paper in our town, Boston & Maine Railroad timetables. The complaint is general throughout Greater Boston north of Charles River. A few hundred dollars a year would pay for a continuous publication of the timetable in every suburban paper, and to refuse to publish and pay the printer for it is "small potatoes, and few in a hill." And the Railroad Company, besides refusing to accommodate the public, lose money by their cheap printing. This is the way it works:

"Before the B. & M. withdrew their timetables," said a Woburn lady, the other day to a Journal representative, "when uncertain about it, I always turned to the Journal to find out when the trains go to Boston; but I can't do that now, and so I go by trolley nearly all the time, when I should prefer to go in the steamers." Innumerable people talk the same way. Thus the B. & M. lose passengers and their money, and will until there is a change.

At a convention of the Labor organizations of this State held at Springfield last week a plan of campaign to be carried on in opposition to the re-election of Governor Draper was mapped out in general and detail. It is adopted by the Labor Unions and lived up to, Gov. Draper may experience a close shave on election day.

Captain John L. Parker, Editor of the *Lynn Item*, and Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the G. A. R. did not employ flowers with which to congratulate the Woburn Journal on the safe and pleasant passage of its 58th birthday anniversary last week, but instead thereof, sent a letter, every line of which contained heartiness enough to supply the whole Journal family with it, and have some left over. It was brimful of good things from Editor Parker's head and heart, for which we hope he will accept our best thanks. Living daily square up to his motto: "For Goodness Sake! don't Worry," he is a happy mortal, and to make others the same he "lends a hand" whenever an opportunity offers itself. Yes, Captain Parker wrote the Journal a good juicy epistle on its anniversary, for which we hope he will consider the Journal duly grateful.

President Lucius Tuttle of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company for several years past, one of the ablest railroad men in New England, was elected a Director in the B. & M. and N. Y. N. H. & H. Merger Co. at the meeting of stockholders held last week, and is slated for the office of President of the new Holding Company the election to take place in about a week.

## LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.  
C. A. Jones—Citation.  
L. N. Adams—Reading.  
C. J. Woburn—Election.  
Edison Co.—Electric Show.

Thanksgiving Day comes on Nov. 25 this year, the proper date for it.

It was only 32 degrees above yesterday morning, or just at freezing point.

Type favors duly received per mail from Hon. A. Lieberknecht of Illinois.

Miss Josephine Ellis returned from an extended visit to Europe last Monday.

The first quarter of the present moon is due today, and it is "wet" a moon as one often sees.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give their annual ball on Friday night, Oct. 29.

A grand fair of the Danish Sisterhood in Mechanics Hall last week was a great success socially and financially.

The Choate Memorial is in receipt of a fine large American Flag presented by Charles Bowers Wynn Camp, 66, S. of V.

This question is asked solely for the purpose of obtaining information: What does Woburn want a "Consulting Engineer" for?

The Gaholotte Club are to hold their first meeting of the present season at the Mr. Fred Leathe residence on Francis street this evening.

City Clerk Finn reports the issuing lately of a large number of licenses to our citizens who want to kill partridges and grey squirrels legally.

John D. Gilman, a former well-known resident of Woburn, died of apoplexy at his home in Southbury, yesterday morning, Oct. 21, aged about 69 years.

Tusitula Club of the Trinity Episcopal church are to give a dramatic entertainment at the Parsonage on the evening of Oct. 29. It is to be a buttonholing comedy.

Mrs. Helen C. Hanson of Uxbridge will please accept the sincere thanks of the Journal Editor for his expressions of goodwill recently taken to him by Uncle Sam's public conveyance.

There was a heavy frost hereabouts last Tuesday night, from which fact it is conjectured that warmer weather is near at hand. Everybody hopes so, for it has been uncomfortably cold of late.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give their annual entertainment and cotillion party on Oct. 29. Great preparations are going on to make it the finest society function of the season.

National Apple Day is the third Tuesday of October always. It occurred last Tuesday, Oct. 19, on which date the New England Fruit Association opened their annual exhibition in Horticultural Hall, Boston.

All Saints Day comes on Nov. 1 this year, and plans for Halloween parties and doings are already being thought out. The boys and girls of this old town can be depended on to keep the peach on that night.

McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists of this city, sell the Herbrand safety razor, which has no superior in material and workmanship, and is sold at half the price of other makes. The \$2.50 razor is a clipper and a beauty.

The Choral Society held a rehearsal in the Baptist church vestry last Monday evening. They are still short on male voices, but hope the deficiency will be made up at an early day. Too many of our men prefer dancing to singing.

Angelo Crovo is doing a big business in the fruit line this fall, and all because he keeps, in full measure, the best fruit that can be bought in the market, and charges for it only fair and moderate prices. Angelo knows just how to do it and win.

No prominent Democrat has yet been mentioned for Mayor. Perhaps, Mr. James H. Connolly, who in years past has been a candidate for that office and killed by the "Big Four," may be heard from soon after the city election opens. He is a strong vote getter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blodgett and Miss Esther Bean returned from a trip to Asheville, N. C., yesterday morning greatly delighted with it. The party had much attention paid them at the dedication of the Guastavino church, and they were otherwise honored.

Mrs. Samuel W. Meadum of Arlington Road gave an interesting sketch of her European travels last summer at a meeting of the Ladies Charitable Society, Alliance Branch, of the Unitarian church last week. She is an intelligent lady and says things entertainingly.

## EVERY DAY COMFORT

Depends more on being able to enjoy a few simple, inexpensive necessities every day than on having one luxury occasionally.

## Electricity A Daily Comfort.

That is why people who enjoy Electric Light in their homes and business places, and Electric Power in their factories are sorer of the Daily Enjoyment of Life than those who try to get along without this inexpensive Necessity.

## HELP WOBURN GROW.

The more Electric Service is used in a city or town the more desirable such a community is to live in. It means more in Every Day Comfort. It is safer, cleaner, quieter, brighter, more wide-awake.

## The Electric Show, Mechanics Building, Boston.

November 15 to 25, inc.

will illustrate clearly, practically just how the best Electric Methods can be used cheaply and comfortably.

Telephone us today and one of our representatives will give a free demonstration in your store, office or home of the every day comfort and economy of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner.

## The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.

39 Boylston St., BOSTON.

General Telephone—Oxford 3300.  
Have your calls reversed on Electric Business.

Furnaces, steam and hot water boilers, and stoves have been doing a lively business at the old stand of late by the way, those overprudent people who bought their winter's supply of coal in July and August didn't save any money to speak of—our Woburn dealers haven't advanced the price of late. It is ever thus.

Another big Fitchburg balloon landed on Lexington street, near Wilbur, in this city last Monday afternoon and reported a severe snowstorm high up among the clouds, but none below an altitude of about 3500 feet. The descent was made without accident, and the Phalanx, who were holding a shooting match at Brookside Range, were the first to sight the balloon. It contained two passengers.

It is now just the right season of the year to buy holiday presents, in gold, silver, gems, and red morocco, and nowhere can they be bought to better advantage than at Smith & Varney's store on Main street. These gentlemen are the leading jewelers in this part of Middlesex county, and no fairer merchants to do business with can be found anywhere than Smith & Varney are.

Copeland & Bowser have lately shelved a fine stock of drygoods and kindred wares as that big store of theirs ever before contained. Candidly, now, the women of Woburn have no excuse for going to Boston for goods to clothe themselves with, for they can buy the same kind of fabric for their dresses, etc. at Copeland & Bowser's for less money than they would have to pay the Hub traders. That's a fact.

The Woburn Woman's Club's opening meeting of the season, held last night, was a most successful one. Everybody present was delighted with it. It was a fine gathering indeed of the ladies of this city, and they enjoyed the execution of the nicest kind of a programme wonderfully well. Miss Gertrude I. McQuesten's readings were the star performance of the fashionable occasion. The refreshments gave great satisfaction.

The Democrats are planning to hold a mass meeting in this city about next Thursday or Friday. They talk as though Candidates Vahey, Foster, and some other big Democratic stump orators will appear and make speeches. The Rally is to be held in the interests of Representative Candidate Meagher, who, the *News* says, is likely to push Hon. George F. Bean, the Woburn Republican candidate, who we understand, is not worrying much over Mr. Meagher's candidacy or political prospects.

At the convention of the Middlesex County Christian Endeavor Union held at Lexington one evening last week the First Baptist C. E. Society of this city, of which Mr. Francis A. Partridge, Jr., is President, won the prize banner for the largest attendance of members, 19, and were proud of their victory. The Woburn Society, and the First Baptist Church, of which it is the handmaid, are in a growing and prosperous condition. Young blood and earnest workers are what tell the story of their prosperity.

Considerable doubt exists as to the ability of the movers to organize a Farmers Grange in this city. There seems to be a shortage of the right kind of material for one. Several attempts have been made of late to get a sufficient number of agriculturists together for the formation of a Grange and at the last one but little encouragement was vouchsafed in support of the enterprise. There is not a large number of real farmers in these parts, and those we have do not seem to care very much about Farmers' Clubs, or Granges.

Nearly every morning a considerable number of auto drivers are arrayed in the District Court in this city for running their machines faster than the law allows, and in almost every instance they are fined, as they deserve to be. A majority of the cases come from Woburn where a perpetual warfare seems to be going on between Chief McIntosh and the sporting autoists. The latter love dearly to annoy and pester McIntosh, and nothing suits Mac better than to have Judge Johnson, who isn't at all adverse to doing so, administer big doses of punishment to them.

Officer Thomas Mulkeen has finished this year's Woburn's school census and finds 5,451 under 16 years old, a gain of 119 over last year.

Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., held a regular meeting with Mrs. Charlie A. Jones at her home on Warren avenue last Tuesday, which was addressed by Mrs. Davis of Reading, her subject being "Old Blue Plates." Vice-president Alice Bond Winn presided.

Last Sunday was a cold, cheerless day, and a high N. W. wind didn't help matters any to speak of. The clouds were a hard, wintry appearance, and reminded one more of late December days than the soft ones of Thanksgiving time when the marketmen generally experience so much trouble in keeping their stocks of turkeys from spilling before the Thanksgiving dinner is ready for them.

Last Tuesday, Oct. 19, was Apple Day. We have not heard that any special notice was taken of it in this city, the birthplace of the famous Baldwin apple. The tree on which it grew was discovered standing in Butters Row just over the Wilmington town line, solitary and alone by Civil Engineer Thompson, and afterwards brought to perfection by Col. Baldwin, both Woburn citizens, more than 100 years ago. The Baldwin is today the best and most popular apple that grows on trees.

At the regular monthly meeting last week of the Woburn Cooperative Bank Treasurer John C. Buck reported a sale of shares amounting to \$15,000 during the month, which indicated an improvement in the general business of the city. The officers of the Bank are Mr. James Skene, President, from the organization; John C. Buck, Clerk and Treasurer; and Judge John G. Maguire, Attorney; three financiers under whose personal management the institution has been a notable success from the start.

The Daniel March Baraca Class are to open their series of three entertainments, for the benefit of the Choate Hospital, on next Monday evening, Oct. 25, in Lyceum Hall, with Leland Powers, one of the most popular and famous dramatic impersonators in the country. The price of a season ticket (3 entertainments) is only \$1; but after the first one, next Monday evening, the price will be 50 cents for each. So, if you would save money, buy a season ticket this week. The dates of the remaining entertainments will be duly announced.

Of course, Mr. Frank M. Pusher, the Winn street farmer of this city, will be a guest of John M. Woods, Mayor of Somerville, this evening, Oct. 22, when his Honor is to celebrate the 70th anniversary of his birthday by giving a grand party and reception at his fine home in that city, at which His Excellency, Governor Draper, and other distinguished Public Functionaries are also expected to be present. Mayor Woods has invited the entire population of Somerville (75,000) and part of Boston to attend the celebration.

Mr. Andrew R. Linscott was not obliged to take the Principals of the evening school, but did so because of the interest he feels in it and desire for its success. After many years of good and faithful service as Principal of the Randolph school he retired not long ago from that position with honor and the intention of giving over the task of "teaching the young ideas how to shoot" in our public schools to other hands. But he has strong faith in the utility of our evening school, if properly conducted, that was why he consented to yield to the solicitations of the School Board and accept the management of it this season.

Charles S. Cummings, the Boston note broker who, according to the papers, was arrested last Monday, for alleged connection with the defalcation of the Town Treasurer of Framingham, was the originator and promoter of the Woburn & Lowell Street Railway (the Billerica line), work on which had to be abandoned because the Woburn City Council refused to grant the Company a right of way through the city. He had a long, hot contest with the Council, but was defeated at last, and the road finally fell into the possession of the Boston & Northern Company. Cummings was the slickest talker we ever heard.

Read what Mr. L. N. Adams of Reading has to say in another column about skirts and coats.

The heavy frost of Wednesday night finished up the vines and set the remaining leaves to falling in great shape.

The report failed to show as many prospective pupils for the evening schools at its opening last Monday night as there ought to have been.

We heartily thank Mrs. James F. McGovern of 17 Church avenue for a dish of juicy Sheldon pears, the largest and finest we have seen or tasted this season.

The alarm from box 46 at 2:15 yesterday afternoon was for a fire on the roof of the house occupied by John Mulrean on Central street, Montvale, caused by sparks from chimney.

Mrs. Edwin H. Hobbs of Congress street, Portland, Maine, has been visiting relatives here this week. She forgot to bring her granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Winn Hunt, with her, which was too bad.

On account of sickness among the pupils the Goodyear school has been closed temporarily by order of the Board of Health. No serious consequences are anticipated from the sickness.

A Blizzard comes to town in the shape of Alfred Elson in the Sons of Veterans and Club Show on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17, in Lyceum Hall. Don't forget to come and see him as Christopher Blizard. Good seats can be had of any member, or at F. B. Snell's, 408 Main street, or of Marcus H. Cotton, Buckman's shoe store. Come early.

At the annual meeting of the Woburn Y. M. C. A. held last Tuesday evening the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, C. Bertrand Strout; Vice President, Hubbard Copeland; Clerk, George W. Smith; Treasurer, Thomas Hearz; Directors, Hubbard Copeland, E. G. Preston, Wallace Bullfinch, Leon Dorr, Thomas Hearz, E. E. Thompson, J. R. Carter, C. E. Tripp, W. T. Wilson, C. B. Strout, C. W. Holland, George W. Smith, Edward D. Hart, L. N. Baldwin, William J. DeLoria.

Last Sunday Geraldine Farrar, the famous prima donna who won distinguished operatic honors in the principal European Capitals after graduating from the best of foreign music schools a few years ago, and is now with the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York, accompanied by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Farrar of Melrose, visited her aunt, Mrs. Caroline B. Soles at her home on Church avenue court. Mrs. Farrar, Geraldine's mother, is a sister of Mrs. Soles. Miss Farrar gave a concert in Symphony Hall, Boston, last Saturday which was praised to the skies by the Metropolitan newspapers. She was accompanied by Miss Olga Samaroff, a pianist of worldwide fame.

## ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.

Boston's first Electrical Exposition promises to be the most successful show of its kind ever held in the East. It will be given in the Mechanics Building, Boston, Nov. 15th to 25th. Everything that uses electricity will be exhibited, and people throughout New England will have the first opportunity of seeing the most wonderful developments in the great field of applied electricity.

That the home is the place for the modern application of the electric service will be shown by many labor saving devices. One of the many features of the show will be a furnished house with every device electrical therein. From the yard with the cow being milked by electricity; the tiny electrically hatched chickens and ducks, the laundry with its complete equipment, as well as the kitchen and through the dining room, parlor and boudoir.

There are many more novelties and spectacular features to be introduced which will indeed make it a veritable wonderworld. The lighting and decorative effects will be on a scale never before attempted.

## ELECTRIC SHOW, BOSTON.

An attraction that will draw thousands of visitors to Boston in November will be the great Electric Show which will be held Nov. 15 to 25th. Already hundreds of novelties have been submitted to General Manager Chester I. Campbell, and from present indications the highest attainments and most modern electrical achievements will be represented. In fact, the possibilities are unlimited in making an exhibition of this character of great interest and educational value to the general public. The diversity of exhibits will prove a veritable wonderworld.

Manager Campbell has evolved an entirely new scheme for decorating and illuminating, which will give the exhibition floor, and in fact the whole interior, not only a uniform but extremely harmonious and beautiful aspect. Approximately one hundred thousand incandescent electric lights will be used presenting a sight never before witnessed.

## Post 33, G. A. R. Fair.

On October 27, 28, 29, instant, Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., are to hold a Fair in Grand Army Hall, Main street, for the benefit of their Relief and Burial Fund, in which they are to be assisted by Burbank W. R. C. 84. That it will be handsomely patronized goes without saying, for the Veterans of the Civil War, whose ranks grow less and less, and thinner and thinner, year by year, are honored by the people and generously aided in the support of their society organizations.

The Fair is to be opened by Capt. John L. Parker of Lynn, who is the present Commander of the Massachusetts Department of the G. A. R., and was a charter member of Post 35, on which occasion Gideon's Band of Post 36, Arlington will furnish the music.

Thursday, Oct. 28, is to be Grand Army Night, when Thomas H. Marriam will provide the music; and the Glee Club of Post 66 are to give a concert on Friday, the Military Night.

It is confidently predicted that the Fair will be a great and gratifying success.

## Can't Afford It?

Let's figure it out and see.

How much would you charge to go to the grocer's or the provision dealer's?

How much would you give, on a stormy day, to be able to visit a distant friend?

How much would it be worth, in case your child were taken suddenly ill at night, to be able to summon the doctor at once, and, perhaps, by special instructions from him by wire, to be able to give temporary relief pending his arrival or even to save its life?

The expense of a telephone is not figured by what it costs for a whole year, but by how much it saves each time it is used. Therefore, with all these things in mind, ask yourself—

## Can I Afford to be Without a Telephone?

If you need further details as to cost, ask your Local Manager to send a Contract Agent to see you.



## New England Telephone and Telegraph Company



For Sale by

McLaughlin &amp; Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

## "SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

## THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.50. Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

## McLaughlin &amp; Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

## FOR YOUR BOY

A HIGH CLASS DAY SCHOOL

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR SUBURBAN SCHOLARS  
ASSOCIATION INSTITUTE BOSTON Y. M. C. A.

Over 100 boys from the best families in New England now in attendance.

We will take your boy where we find him; study him carefully, and give him what he needs. Every advantage of the best public and private schools, with many new and improved features at most reasonable rates.

Large corps of male, college trained teachers, small classes, individual instruction and rapid advancement, gymnasium and athletics.

We have also the finest system of evening schools in America.

458 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.  
Telephone, Back Bay 4400  
ARTHUR S. JOHNSON, President

FRANK PALMER SPEARE, Educational Director

GEORGE W. McHAFFET, Vice Secretary

## HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE &amp; CO.,

350 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Don't Neglect That Cough.

It certainly racks your system and may run into something serious. Allen's Lung Balsam will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

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## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, OCT. 29, 1909

## STATE TICKET.

At the Republican State Convention held in Symphony Hall, Boston, Saturday, Oct. 2, the following ticket was nominated without a single dissenting vote, and the same will be elected by a big majority on Nov. 2 next.

For Governor, Eben S. Draper of Hopedale.

For Lieutenant Governor, Louis A. Frothingham of Boston.

For Secretary of State, William N. Olin of Boston.

For Treasurer and Receiver General, Elmer A. Stevens of Somerville.

For Attorney General, Dana Malone of Greenfield.

For Auditor, Henry E. Turner of Malden.

## GET OUT THE VOTE.

To urge Chairman H. S. Riley and his Republican City Committee to get out a full Republican vote next Tuesday would come pretty close to being a piece of impudence on the part of the JOURNAL, for when did he and they ever fail to do their whole duty in this respect?

Of course, Candidate Bean will see to it that the Representative vote leads all others in size, and the only fear we have is that Governor Draper's will fall behind that of Vahney and Eugene Foss.

The Democrats and organized labor are making a personal fight against Draper, which may reduce his plurality in the State, but cannot defeat him. The Woburn Republicans should make it a point to give Gov. Draper a rousing vote.

Senator Crosby and the County ticket will be handsomely supported by the Woburn Republicans.

Bean and Gowing are safe for a big majority. Bean will run away ahead of his ticket in this city, for a host of Democrats have expressed a determination to cast their ballots for him next Tuesday.

## THE ELECTION.

The Massachusetts State election is to be held next Tuesday, Nov. 2. The Democrats have presented a vigorous campaign, especially aimed against Gov. Draper, for whose defeat at the polls next Tuesday they will leave nothing undone. In this attempt they will be materially aided by organized labor.

However, their chances for beating Draper look to be very small indeed. As an issue his veto of the 8 hour bill has weakened a great deal since it was learned, and the fact published, that Eugene N. Foss, the Democratic candidate for Lieut. Governor, wrote a letter to Draper urging him to veto the bill.

With Foss, Senator Lodge seems to be a cheap little issue, but Lodge was alive at last accounts.

On the whole, it looks as though the Republicans would roll up their usual majority next Tuesday.

## VOTE EARLY.

That is another of the stereotyped expressions used by many newspapers on the eve of an election.

In Woburn from where so many voters go to their business in Boston early in the morning the expression really means something.

In old times the Democratic slogan was, "Vote early and often," but the first part of it will answer the purpose of the Republicans here next Tuesday.

—VOTE EARLY.

When Barrill came out in an affidavit a couple of weeks ago flouting Dr. Cook's account of his climb to the top of Mt. McKinley Dr. Cook said he would send reliable parties immediately to Mt. McKinley and have them bring back the records he deposited there when, according to his story, he performed the feat; but he says now that it is too late in the season to do so; that it would be impossible for men to reach the top of the mountain now on account of the ice, snow, and other impediments. And by the way, the delay in furnishing his promised Northpole records?

The Scandinavian Political Club, a live, wide-awake organization of this city, held a rousing Rally last Wednesday evening at which there was a good deal of first-class political oratory. Nearly all of the Swedes, Danes and Norwegian voters in this city are Republican, as they are every where else, and Representative Candidate Bean will get the entire Scandinavian vote next Tuesday, or come mighty close to it—at least, so say common reports. They are a power in Woburn politics, and can always be depended on to promote by their votes the best interests of the community.

The offshooting politician of Boston will vote for Plan 1, Charter Revision, of that city, next Tuesday, if he knows what is best for himself. It is easier and costs less to purchase a convention of a hundred delegates than it does to buy up the entire lot of causes that elected them. As a matter of economy and means of saving trouble Plan 1 is preferable to Plan 2. But it looks as though the latter would win at the polls next Tuesday.

Last Wednesday Governor Draper nominated Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of Woburn to be a Trustee of the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital in Boston, and it was a high honor worthily bestowed.

It is generally believed that the Democratic Grand Rally was pulled off in this city yesterday evening, according to program although it is not creating a great stir on the streets today.

The "1915" Boston Exposition opens at the Hub on Nov. 1. Last week more than 200 exhibits for it were placed in position, and many more were expected. The Exposition is to run through the month of November, and the managers say it is to be a big thing. Its object is to "Boom Boston."

If the reports of a big Democratic landslide to Bean on election day are true, and there seems to be a good foundation for them, when the vote is counted Tuesday night there will exist a doubt in the Democratic candidate's mind whether or not he has really been running for Representative.

The Boston newspapers are urging the city to sell the land in Woburn and Wilmington which it bought several years ago for a "refrigerator," and stop paying taxes on it. Boston paid \$25,000 for this lot of barren waste land that no sensible person would pay \$1,500 for today.

## LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.  
Norris & Norris—Citation.  
J. E. Vane—Mortgage.  
Bentley & Hastings—Citation.  
A. T. Conner—Probate Notice.  
H. Josephine Hayward—Probate Notice.

Leo Sealey went to Philadelphia last Monday for a visit.

Towards Club are arranging for their annual entertainment.

The Goodyear school was to reopen day before yesterday, but it didn't.

Mrs. Priscilla Hobbs left here for her home in Portland last Monday morning.

About the usual number of pupils are attending the evening school as in former years.

What is the name of the gentleman you have picked out for next Mayor of Woburn?

St. Joseph's Parish are to stage "The Joy-makers" on Dec. 9, for which rehearsals are going on.

Rev. Dr. Williams, pastor of the First Baptist church, has been visiting friends in Worcester this week.

Charlie Trull has been elected to a position on the Institute of Technology Freshman Relay Football team.

Elwyn Cotton won honors for an essay on "Joseph" at First Church, meeting for boys last Sunday afternoon.

The North Congregational church are to provide their annual public supper in the vestry of the church on Nov. 12.

Tomorrow afternoon the Ladies Industrial Society of the First Baptist church are to hold a food sale at the Central House.

The Woburn High school and Winchester High football teams will struggle for victory in a game to be played tomorrow at Winchester.

Mayor Bond introduced Leland Powers to the audience in Lyceum Hall in the Baraca Class room last Monday evening, and did it very well indeed.

Representative candidate Meagher is rattling the Democratic drybones of North Reading this week with red hot speeches in favor of the election of Meagher.

Rev. William H. Osmond, Rector of Trinity church, this city, performed the burial services at the interment in Woodbrook cemetery of Mrs. Pippy last week.

As a Fellowcraftsman we are happy to be able to say that Editor Haggerty of the Democratic Organ in this city is a perfect success as a Democratic stump orator.

Thanksgiving Day is only four weeks away and it is high time to be saving up money to buy the turkey with. It is feared that the price for them is going to be steep.

Several Congregationalists attended the Woburn Conference at Wilmington last Tuesday, at which Hon. George F. Bean of this city read a paper on "Christ in Civic Life."

The Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. are to give their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall this evening, Oct. 29. The attendance bids fair to be large.

At the regular meeting on Oct. 21, the City Council killed the proposed appropriation of \$5,500 for almshouse repairs. That was probably the end of the matter for the present.

Dr. Josiah Peet Bixby of N. W. thinks the State Tuberculosis Sanatorium at North Reading is the best one there is going. He found two Woburn patients there the other day.

At the opening last meeting of the Gahatole Club last week Mr. Fred C. Leathe was elected President and Mrs. Dora Andrews Secretary of the organization for the year then ensuing.

Mr. Elwyn G. Preston is manifesting little interest in the election of Mr. Bean and is doing good work to that end, albeit, Bean's election by a rousing majority is a dead sure thing.

Forty years ago at Medford Hill side on the Boston & Lowell Railroad the brakeman yelled "Medford Steps" and at West Medford, "Medford Gates." Names change, as well as other things.

The remains of Mrs. Pippy, widow of a former proprietor of the JOURNAL, who died in Charlotetown, Prince Edward's Island, were brought here and interred in Woodbrook cemetery last week.

Immediately after the State election next Tuesday and things connected with it get righted and straightened out people will be looking for the opening of the Woburn city election campaign, which is more than likely to be a hot one.

For the benefit of the voters of the 20th Middlesex County Representative District Candidate Meagher had his political platform printed last Monday. It contained 7 planks, and, although old, appeared to be Democratically sound.

The annual First Parish supper is to take place in the church vestry on Thursday night, Nov. 11. Mrs. Fred J. Brown and Mrs. A. H. Holland are a committee to have charge of the supper arrangements, which means that the feast will be a rich one.

## The Electric Show

Mechanics Building, Boston, November 15 to November 25, inclusive.

Hundreds of thousands of people crowd into Boston every year to see the Fourth-of-July fireworks. This Electric Show will combine More Brilliance, More Effective and Beautiful Lighting than a Dozen Fourth of Julys.

## Greatest Variety of Exhibits

This Electric Show will include the Greatest Variety of Exhibits; will cover the Most Floor Space ever devoted to such a Display. It will outstrip anything New York or Chicago has yet seen in this line. It will be the Biggest; it will be the Most Comprehensive Enterprise ever seen in this country.

## The Electrical World In One Building.

Everything that is now available in the way of comfort-giving and labor-saving electrical devices will be on exhibition.

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner—its electric—cuts out the labor of House Cleaning and makes the weekly cleaning a play-spell. Phone us for a free demonstration.

## The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.

39 Boylston St., BOSTON.

General Telephone—Oxford 3300—Reverse the charge.

## HELP WOBURN GROW.

Although reports from Bangor say that deer are not quite so plenty in the Maine forests this fall as last, yet there is still good shooting and we hear that some of our Woburn hunters are enjoying these fine autumn days and moonlight nights down there.

Mr. Luke Warren Fowle is at home from the Boston hospital where he has been since the accident. He met with at Symphony Hall in Boston on the day of the Republican State convention, Oct. 2, to which he was a delegate. It was a hard stroke of luck, but he is all right again.

With her violin and piano classes Miss Maude Littlefield has been as busy as a bee all this fall, and the winter season will not be apt to witness any letup in her professional work. Maude is an artist, and as a music teacher she stands at the head of her class.

Mrs. S. Almira Ramsdell, the widow, will, as administratrix, have the settlement of the estate left by the late Mr. Julius E. Ramsdell. Mr. Charles A. Jones, President of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank, of which Mr. Ramsdell, in his lifetime, was a Director, is Mrs. Ramsdell's business adviser.

The First Parish annual supper, with trimmings, is to be taken on the evening of Nov. 11, in the church lecture room. The committee to gather in funds for it are: Hon. E. Thompson, Messrs. Abijah Thompson, George F. Bean, A. H. Holland, H. A. Fallow, J. W. Fox, Fred J. Brown.

It is reported that Mr. Adamson, of the firm of Baader, Adamson & Co., who owned and carried on the East Woburn glue factory for many years, until it was lately removed to Philadelphia, has put a large amount of money into the meatpacking concern which is about to begin operations at Montvale.

Last Tuesday the JOURNAL family had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. George H. Newhall and her daughter, Miss Mary Louise Newhall, of Fairfield, Me. For a week or two previous they had been guests of friends in Boston and Connecticut, and were about to depart for their pleasant home on the Kennebec.

Affairs in the line of amusements appear to be showing up in a satisfactory manner in this city at the present time. In frequency and attendance, of course, dancing parties lead, but church suppers are a close second, and what and 10 pins are maintaining their popularity in a style entirely agreeable to all hands concerned.

It seems that Charles S. Cummings lost whatever money he may have got from Treasurer Lombard of Framingham, if any, in just such speculative schemes, only a deal more hazardous and worse than it was, as the Woburn & Lowell (Billierica) Street Railway one of 10 years, or so, ago, which failed the Company and landed it in the hands of a receiver.

Last Sunday was another bleak one. It was necessary to keep furnaces, steam boilers and stoves at concert pitch all day long, and even then it was not too warm for comfort. It rained copiously nearly all of Saturday night, a part of the Sabbath, and a considerable share of Sunday night; and Monday was a raw, cold day. And so it goes. Better now.

Halloween falls due next Sunday Oct. 31, night before All Saints Day. Now which evening shall we keep, Saturday or Monday? Probably some will choose the former and some the latter; but which shall be devoted to removing front gates, and using apple parings to produce the initials of lovers and prospective husbands.

The movement to revive active work by the Woburn Y. M. C. A. and set its wheels to turning and the machinery to operating again, cannot be too highly commended. It is just what the city wants and the boys need, and it is earnestly hoped that the idea of reviving the Association will be carried out, and the successful work of former times resumed. Years ago, when Hubbard Copeland was President, Thomas Heartz General Manager, and A. H. Whitford Leader of the boys, the Y. M. C. A. here flourished; and it ought to be possible to bring about a return of those days and their prosperity.

The moon, the Hunters, failed yesterday, Oct. 28.

Candidate Michael Meagher says he is proud of Woburn.

Theonigh Club held their first meeting of this season with Miss Annie Skinner last Tuesday evening.

Herodifer rehearsals of the new Choral Society are to be held weekly in Concert Hall in the Savings Bank block.

Reckon Dr. Chalmers will pull through all right—he went gunning in the Burlington woods last Wednesday with his dog.

Word from Mr. Charles H. Dudley, Treasurer of the Hallowell, Me. Savings Institution, conveys the comforting intelligence that he is still alive and kicking.

The L. C. S. and Branch Alliance of the Unitarian Church will meet at the church parlor Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4, at four o'clock. A paper written by Mrs. John W. Day of St. Louis on "Characteristic Forces of the Alliance" will be read. The meeting will be followed by a supper at 6:30 o'clock and an evening entertainment under the auspices of the Lend-a-Hand Club.

The Swedish Evangelical Free church are to give a sacred concert on the evening of Nov. 11, in the church lecture room. The concert will be given by a number of fine singers in that religious society. The concert will, doubtless, be well patronized as the proceeds go for the benefit of the church. By the way, one of their earliest pastors, Rev. Carl E. Carlson of Woodstock, Conn., preached, with great acceptance, in his former pulpit in this city yesterday evening.

It is reported that Mr. Charles M. Strout, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever for some weeks, is no longer on the danger list, but gaining health and strength right along. For some days after being taken down with the fever his condition was desperate and his recovery considered next to impossible; but his friends, of which he has a host, are happy to hear that the crisis is past, and Mr. Strout's recovery assured.

The controversy between the city and the manufacturing company over the pump the company built for the Board of Public Works accepting a new contract from the company, a statement of the conditions of which would not be likely to interest the public very much, excepting perhaps, the single item that the pump is to be in a perfect working condition on or before April 1, next. Com. Kelley refused to sign the new contract.

Mr. William R. Fowle, a brother of Mr. George E. Fowle, the builder of this city, died at his home in Chelmsford last Friday, Oct. 22, 1909, aged 1,000, and better people do not exist on the face of the earth. They are intelligent, moral, industrious, frugal—indeed, in many respects they resemble the good old-fashioned Yankee closer than any other class of foreigners. There are about 5,000 foreign residents of Woburn, and they include nearly every nationality under the canopy of heaven.

The Fair held by the Relief Corps 84 was formally opened Wednesday evening by John L. Parker, Department Commander of the G. A. R. of Mass. Asst. Adj. Gen. Israel H. DeWolf was also present and gave a short address. Remarks were made by Mrs. Lottie A. Green, President of the Corps, and vocal selections by the Village Quartette of North Woburn. The Woburn Brass Band furnished instrumental music. The hall was prettily decorated and the tables were laden with articles both attractive and useful. The Fair will continue to Saturday evening.

Mrs. Lucy A. Champney died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Edward D. Hayden, in Warren, avenue, on Friday afternoon, Oct. 22, 1909, and the funeral was held on Monday afternoon at the Hayden residence, Rev. Albert C. Fiske officiating. Mrs. Champney was 72 years old at the time of her death. She was the widow of Mr. George M. Champney, the husband of the Woburn Public Library, who died in the early winter of 1882, a lady highly esteemed and enjoying the warm friendship of a wide circle of associates during her residence in Woburn, which had been her home since coming here from New Ipswich, N. H., her native place, with her family 20 years ago. Her passing away was the result of extreme old age. The children who survive her are Mrs. E. D. Hayden of this city, and Mrs. Henry T. Renick of Sharon, this State.

Until advances years compelled her to retire from her active participation in social activities, Mrs. Champney, although of a modest disposition, was a prominent and useful member of the community, and as such was respected and esteemed by all who enjoyed the pleasure and advantages of her acquaintance.

The first of the series of lectures in the Woburn Public Library, which were begun last week, was a most successful one. The lecture was given by Mr. John L. Parker, Department Commander of the G. A. R. of Mass. Asst. Adj. Gen. Israel H. DeWolf was also present and gave a short address. Remarks were made by Mrs. Lottie A. Green, President of the Corps, and vocal selections by the Village Quartette of North Woburn. The Woburn Brass Band furnished instrumental music. The hall was prettily decorated and the tables were laden with articles both attractive and useful. The Fair will continue to Saturday evening.

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— Read "A Mistake" in this paper.

— At 7 this morning it was 32 above.

The Woburn Scandinavian Political Club have endorsed the Republican State ticket.

The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for Mrs. Nellie S. Shaw the double house 76 and 78 Eastern Ave. to Margaret Danahoe.

Lyceum Hall was filled to the doors last Monday evening, to hear Leland Powers recite in the first entertainment of the Baraca Class. The next one is to be given on Nov. 15.

Mr. George G. Hart has been at Bath, Maine, this week on a business errand. He is officially and financially interested in the Bath Hardware Co., a flourishing establishment in that smart and thrifty city.

The Ladies' Industrial Society of the Baptist Church will hold a Food and Candy Sale in the Central House Cafe Saturday afternoon, October 30. Step in and carry home some of the good things for which these ladies are justly famed.

The Annual Lend-a-Hand Club supper will be held in the Unitarian Vestry Thursday, November 4th. The tickets are limited, and may be obtained from Club members at 35c each. A very fine reader, Mrs. Alida Donnell White will furnish the entertainment assisted by Miss Beatty, soprano soloist. Entertainment alone 15c.

Mr. and Mrs. William Leggs and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Fowle are making an auto tour of southern New England this week. On leaving here a few days ago they thought it would take them all of a week or 10 days to make connection with the places in the "Wooden Nutmeg" state and others marked in their journey, and they needn't be expected back home until the expiration of that period.

Sad news of the death, in Colorado, on Tuesday, Oct. 26, of Miss Ellen Curran, daughter of the late Ernest P. Curran, Esq., at the age of 27 years, reached here a few days ago. She was born in Woburn, and received her education here, in Cambridge, Mass., and Paris, France. She was a fine painter, skilled, also, in the art of sculpture, eminently popular, and her death is sorely lamented by many friends.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church gave their annual supper and entertainment last Wednesday evening. The supper was in charge of Mrs. James Greydon and proved to be one of the best ever given by the society, excellent in quality and daintily served. The entertainment was in charge of Misses May Armstrong and Lottie Rollins and included readings by a reader from the Emerson School of Oratory, and musical selections, was greatly enjoyed by a large number.

One of the most useful institutions in this city, and one most worthy of a liberal support by our people, is the Visiting Nurse Association. It does a good work every day in the year, and its genuine merit is becoming better appreciated, and its aid more generally sought and highly valued by the sick, constantly. The excellent work of Miss Fielding, the Nurse, increased monthly by month and it keeps on doing so an assistant will have to be permanently employed. From Jan. 1, to Oct. 1, 1909, Miss Fielding made 1831 professional calls as against 813 during the corresponding period in 1908. That tells the story in part of the usefulness and popularity of the services of our Visiting Nurse.

Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., was organized here a few years ago on a basis of membership as non-democratic as anything could well be. A few women—a mere handful—started it and selected the charter members. This was many excellent Daughters were excluded, and the Chapter was very limited in numbers. The test of membership was unfair, illiberal and unpopular. Such exclusiveness was not relished by a large majority of the women, and is the principal reason for so many of them joining Chapters away from home. Of late a change has come over the spirit of Loammi's dream, and at the meeting held with Mrs. Charlie Jones last week it was voted to open the doors of the Chapter wider and let in all applicants worthy of admission.

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## Gods of Joy

In the Comfort of Philip's Strength Jackie Rested Content.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Out through the Doringtons' Japanese garden fled the Little White Lady. There were lotus blossoms on the pond, and two great gray lily-pods, green lighted, guarded the gates. Then came the white driveway and the stretch of dark pines, and in the pines the Little White Lady paused.

"There!" she whispered and laughed deliciously. "I'll never find him. But he did find her, looking like a great ghost in his white linen suit."

"You can't get away from me," he chanted.

The Little White Lady sat down on a log. "If you follow young Jackie into a dark stretch of woods you should bring a chaparron with you," she reproved him.

"Mr. Dorington is asleep."

"Asleep!" Jacqueline said. "Why, it's only a clock!"

He laughed. "Don't let us quarrel any more, Jackie."

"Isn't it who quarrel," she said indignantly.

"Then let us say it is I," he murmured, "and having made of myself the culprit, we will return to the original subject."

"No. You will ask me to marry you again, and I won't."

"And yet you will give me no reason," he said gravely, coming close to her. "If you will say once 'Ith your eyes meeting mine that you do not love me I will promise not to ask you again for a fortnight.'"

Her eyes fell. "I want to be free."

He drew a long breath. "Oh, Little White Lady," he said, "would you feel forced to come to me? I have loved you so long, and you are only nineteen now. I was such a big boy when you used to flutter through the garden next door and peep through the hedge and beg for our roses."

"And even then you called me the Little White Lady," she reminded him.

"Yes, and when I went away two years ago I thought you would give me your heart, Little White Lady. But ever since my return you have evaded every question."

"Father needs me."

That night Philip Walford had a long talk with his host. "Is the father still daft on plant parasites?" he asked.

"Yes, and Jacqueline reads to him every night because his eyes are bad."

"It's a beastly shame," Philip dung out.

When Jackie went home she refused to talk to Philip.

"Of course I saw him," she told her sisters wearily the first morning at breakfast. "And he's just the same old."

"Make love to you?" Minette demanded.

"I hope not," he said. "You know Jacqueline is a beauty."

"I laughed Minette, 'of course I saw him,' she said, 'and he's just the same old.'"

Minette looked at her curiously. "After that defense," she said, "the beast had better watch out for a rival."

The gorgies were turned toward her. "Minette," her father asked in a heavy voice, "whom do you call the best?"

"Von Puttkamer," said Minette saucily.

And now the gorgies were turned on Jacqueline. "My dear, I have given my word to say nothing about this."

Jackie stood up and faced him. "But I-I haven't said that I would, father," she said.

And with that she fled from the room and to the foot of the garden, where there was an old sundial that marked the dividing line between the two places. Beyond was the Walford rose garden, and on a stone bench overgrown with ivy sat Philip sketching.

"Ah, my Little White Lady," he said and made room for her, and then, as he saw her face, "What troubles you, dear?"

"Is anybody happy, Philip?" she asked, and she was very white.

He shook his head. "Who knows?" he murmured. "But all the rest of the world might weep if only I could make you smile."

"Let me sit by you and watch you," she said, "and don't ask me any questions."

With his charcoal he sketched the bench on which she sat, and smiling whimsically, he drew her figure, changing her modern gown of dignity to one of flowing classic lines, and on her head he put a wreath of poppies. Then he drew himself at her feet clad in the leopard skin and laurel crowned, and on her faces was the radiance of love and of youth. And underneath the picture he wrote, "The Gods of Joy."

"There!" he said, "I have showed it to her. 'I have changed the faces so that no one will know. But you must hang it in your room, and when you think that the world is dark look at it and remember that the day you told me you loved me that day will you and I be gods of joy, Jackie.'"

## MOORISH SOLDIERS.

Their Methods in Battle and Their System of Signals.

At fighting on horseback the Moors are adepts and extremely mobile. But they are incorrigibly lazy and seldom indulge in night attack. When they attack in force the horsemen usually give a lift to the foot soldiers who accompany them or assist them to stirrup.

The mounted men then make a charge, wheel round and retire and make way for the footmen, who crawl along the ground, almost invisible, and who rise to the attack they come within striking distance of the enemy.

The Moors prefer to lure detached parties into an ambush or delie and thus inflict heavy loss upon them. The mounted men seldom dismount to fire, and their firing, being of the side, is very inaccurate. Should the advance of the white troops be slow or hesitating the Moors effect a bold combination between horsemen and footmen and generally succeed in inflicting heavy losses on their enemy.

The prime tactics of the Moors are to delay the advance of an enemy as much as possible by mounted rifle fire until they can discern its extent and direction and subsequently to try to envelop the advancing force. The tribes also indulge in sniping, but to a very great extent, and they also fight individually. They do not neglect opportunities for stratagem and can effect some very clever ruses. They have a well-developed system of signals of the white flag in action.

The Moorish intelligence system is an excellent one, and the tribes are seldom without information regarding the movements of an enemy. They have also an excellent system of signaling at night by means of small fires dotted about the hills and ravines, which are obscured and revealed in accordance with an ingenious code of signals known to themselves.—Chicago News.

But she told him, leaving the worst until the last, "I wouldn't marry him only—only father drinks when he is unhappy, and he has his heart set on my marrying Von Puttkamer."

"You are burning for martyrdom," said Philip hotly.

But she was very firm. "I told you so that for tonight I might feel free, and now let's eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we know."

He fell in with her mood, and they went back to the bathroom and danced and laughed, but all the time their hearts were heavy and their eyes were sad. At midnight he left her for an hour, and when he came back he took her to the stone bench. "Listen," he said. "Oh, Little White Lady, you are going to marry me."

"No," she whispered.

"Yes," Philip said, and all at once he smiled down at her. "Oh, Jackie, Jackie," he said, "didn't you tell me long ago, Von Puttkamer was one of my classmates. He is in love with a pretty fraulein, but they couldn't marry because neither of them had a penny. And he gave her up and came to America. He thought that money would mend his broken heart, and so he let your father arrange the match. But now he's going to send for the little fraulein. I have offered him a place on my North Carolina estate, and wedding bells shall ring for both of us."

"But my father!" Jacqueline whispered.

"We will send him down south with Von Puttkamer. Those great old forests will heal all disorders of mind and soul and body, and some day we will follow them and work out all our problems together, dear heart."

And in the comfort of his great strength Jacqueline rested content.

"I am so happy," she whispered, "oh, Philip, Philip, this is the moment of our lives as we really are the gods of joy!"

Student Co-operation.

In every college there are numbers of good upper-class men who are eager to co-operate with the faculty in starting freshmen along the right path, and it is amazing that thus far so little advantage has been taken of their services. Each of these upper-class men should be given a list of from five to ten freshmen whom he would like to take over with them their work and their play, their study, their amusements, their athletics. He would make sure that each, outside of his lessons, was given a sane interest, something to do for the college, whether participation in football or in debating or in writing for the college papers. He would see to it far more effectively than the dean, or even than the advisers, that each was getting his fair chance socially. He would report cases where financial aid was needed or admonition or encouragement. As it is at present, many fellows are lonely. Many, especially from a distance, miss the life of the college and the pleasures existing outside of college appeal as substitutes for what they have missed in college. These tragedies would be far less likely to occur if all members of the class were taken together and nature and conditions facilitated through the provision of upper-class men and advisers.—William R. Castle, Jr., in Atlantic.

Clearing House Operations.

A clearing house is an agency established by the banks of a city to which all checks drawn upon one city bank and deposited in another are sent for payment. Every morning there is a clearance, or settlement, of accounts, in which the checks deposited in each bank and the checks drawn upon each bank are separately summed up and compared. If there is more deposited in a bank than there is drawn upon it the bank receives the difference in cash. If the reverse is the case the bank pays the balance instead of receiving it. The term clearance means either the act of settlement or the sum of all the checks presented for payment.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson V.—Fourth Quarter, For Oct. 31, 1909.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxvii, 13-26. Memory Verses, 22-24—Golden Text, Ps. xxxvii, 5—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

As we hear Agrippa say privately to Festus, "This man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Caesar" (xxvii, 31), we are tempted to feel a pang of regret that Paul had thus appealed, but when we remember that his liberty would probably have meant his death because of the Jews who were watching him, the opportunity to kill him, we are glad that his life is still protected. Paul and other prisoners were committed to the care of Julius, a Roman centurion, and set sail for Italy, Aristarchus of Macedonia (xix, 29) being one of the company. We have no account of farewells, as at other places, though we cannot launch about such words as "farewell," but we have quite a detailed account of the voyage. We note, with gratitude to God, the centurion's courteous treatment of Paul and that when they touched at Sydon, he was allowed to go to his friends and refresh himself (verse 2). We cannot but hope that this centurion ever be parted company with Paul had received Jesus as the Christ and thus become an heir of the inheritance and a joint heir with Christ Himself.

After sailing by Crete they met the storm, as Paul had feared, and for two weeks they were exceedingly tossed by the tempest, saw neither sun nor stars for forty days, and all hope that they should be saved was taken away. A glance at the map will show that they had completed about half the voyage from Syria to Italy before they ran into this storm. I remember a Hindu saying that the sea is a full day in the fall of 1877 we sailed across from Port Said, in Egypt, to Brindisi, in Italy, and we passed close by Crete. I can never forget that most refreshing sail across the Mediterranean Sea, the sea of the East, and the blue Red sea, the captain said, "We have been called red because it was so often red hot. We met no euroclydon, and, though I have given Voltaire the first canto, I have never known anything like this that Paul passed through. Thank God for all who know in storm and fair weather the refuge and rest there are in the Lord Himself and in the consciousness of his love and grace. He is indeed our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, a refuge from the storm (Ps. xlii, 1; Isa. xxi, 4). He was watching over his servant in all this storm and probably comforted him with the assurance, 'The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters—yea, than the mighty waves of the sea' (Ps. xlii, 4). He did the assurance in chapter xxvii, 18. 'Thou must bear witness also at Rome' (xxviii, 16). He is indeed our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, a refuge from the storm (Ps. xlii, 1; Isa. xxi, 4). He was watching over his servant in all this storm and probably comforted him with the assurance, 'The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters—yea, than the mighty waves of the sea' (Ps. xlii, 4). He did the assurance in chapter xxvii, 18. 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WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1909.

(Entered at the Postoffice at Woburn, Mass., Post Office No. 51)

NO. 51

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**Notice To Patrons.**

**Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.**

Change Of Time. Reading &

Arlington Route.

## WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 8, 1907, cars  
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,  
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,  
5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.,  
and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and  
Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:35, 6:50,  
7:00, 7:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until  
11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Arlington 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M.,  
and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,  
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:00, 9:30 A. M.,  
and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then  
12:10 A. M.

## SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,  
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:00, 8:00,  
8:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until  
10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and  
Arlington 6:50, 7:15, 8:20, 8:50 A. M., and  
every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Arlington 7:10, 7:40, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and  
every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

## RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,  
7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M., and every 30  
minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
Arlington 6:30, 6:50, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00,  
8:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until  
11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,  
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:00, 9:30 A. M.,  
and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then  
12:10 A. M.

## SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,  
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Leave Winchester for Stoneham and  
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every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a. m. 2:45, 3:45, 7:30, 8:30 p. m.

From New York direct 7:00 a. m.

From Winchester, Lowell, Boston, and Northern

via Winchester, 10:45 a. m., 2:45 p. m.

From the North, direct, 7:45 a. m., 4:45 p. m.

From Burlington 9:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE

7:00

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Wash-

ington, Western and Southern, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a. m., 2:45, 3:45, 7:30, 8:30 p. m. Saturday

8:30 p. m.

For Lowell and Boston, 7:45 a. m., 4:45 p. m.

For Winchester 7:45 a. m., 2:45, 4:45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7:45 a. m., 2:45 p. m.

Business Routes 7:30, 7:45 a. m., 1:15, 2:45, 4:45 p. m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

4 a. m., and regular carriers delivery.

From 10:30 a. m. from Boston, a lot of Summer

St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7:30 a. m., close 7:30

p. m. Saturday 7:30 a. m., close 7:30 p. m.

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**Printed Every**  
**Friday Morning**  
**At 434 Main Street.**

**Delivered Promptly.**

## At the End of The Summer

The Game of Golf That Richard and Marcia Played.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

Marcia, in a red sweater, made a

bright spot on the other side of the

green.

Richard waved to her, and she waved

back, dropping her bag of golf clubs

and standing on tiptoe so that they

might see her clearly above the bushes.

When he came up to her he said:

"Such energy! It's only 7 o'clock."

"I hoped to be early enough so that

I could go around the course alone."

The words were severe, but her eyes

twinkled.

"You know you'd rather go with me,"

Richard built up a tee of sand neatly

and topped it with his round white

ball.

"I've made my drive," Marcia said,

"and my ball is lost over there some-

where in the bushes. If you please,

I'll follow my nose and find it."

And away she went. And Richard,

putting all his skill into his drive, sent

his ball halfway to the first hole. Then

he picked up his bag and marched in

heavily laden to the clubhouse.

"Found it?" he questioned.

"No."

"That's a woman's trick—to lose a

ball."

She whirled around on him. "Just

as if it is a man's trick to lose his heart!"

he blazed.

"I grew weary. I didn't think

you'd say a thing like that," he said

and turned and left her.

She went running after him. "Oh,

Dick, Dick!" she cried. "I didn't mean

to say that. I was only saying that

you were a little tired."

He came up to him and laid

his hand on his arm. "Really, I didn't

mean it," she pleaded.

He stopped and looked down at her

feet. "I'm afraid it wasn't very

nice of me to make that remark about

the ball," he said. "But there's a dif-

ference between making fun of a girl's

game and making fun of a man's love."

"Yes, there is," she admitted. "And

I'm sorry, Dick."

Of course he forgave her, ever since

that first night when he had been pre-

sented to her in the bathroom of the

big hotel and she had divided his

waist with some one else. But she

had begged pardon so prettily that he

had felt almost as if he were the of-

fender.

"But this is the end," he said sternly.

"Let's have it out right here, Marcia."

"Have what out?"

"All of it. We are going home to-

morrow, and try as I will, I can't get

any more out of you."

"You're not half so good at differ-

ence as you think," he said. "I'm

not going to let you go until you've

made up your mind."

He turned to her eagerly. "Marcia,

you don't love—Dorling?"

She arose quickly. "He is worth a

million."

Richard stood up also. "As if that

would make a lot of difference to

you," he said. "You may have your

faults, Marcia, but I don't believe you

are mercenary."

She was fingering her cheek nervously.

"But—but I am mercenary, Dickie."

he said very lowly.

"He stared at her. 'Marcia,' he said

sharply. 'You wouldn't marry Dorling

for his money?'

She looked up at him suddenly. "Oh,

I don't know—I don't know. I've al-

ways been poor, and I've never had

pretty things, and I want them. I

want to go into the bathroom all in

cliffon and pearls instead of in my old

white dresses and my little chain with

the gold heart. Think of it, Dickie—

I've never had any jewel but that, and

I want jewels. Every girl wants them,

and Mr. Dorling could give them to me."

But Richard was not listening. He

took out his watch. "Marcia," he said

in a practical way, "have you had

your breakfast?"

She looked up surprised. "Why this

game of subject?" she faltered.

"Because you're tired and nervous,

and I don't think you are capable of

saying what you think," he said. "I'm

going to take you over to the Club

and we'll make us an omelet and some

perfect coffee, and we shall have a basket

of white rolls. Will you go?"

"Why, of course," said Marcia un-

certainly. "But it was such a funny

thing for you to think of breakfast—

right after you proposed to me."

"You've heard of bread and cheese

and kisses," said Richard blithely.

"Well, this is a case of adoration and

omelet. Come on, Marcia, now."

"I'm not yours."

"You're going to be," said Richard,

and he picked up their bags and

started.

The inn was a little French place

where delectable meals were served

to those who tired of the regular hotel



## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, NOV. 5, 1909

MASS. AGRICULTURAL  
COLLEGE.

The Massachusetts Agricultural College has recently issued an illustrated booklet which contains a large amount of interesting information about the institution. It is illustrated with about twenty five views which indicate that at Amherst, a spot of unusual natural beauty, there is located one of the most progressive and adequately equipped educational institutions of New England. It is also evident that the College is thoroughly preparing young men for positions of trust and influence in the various agricultural vocations.

One of the noticeable features about the institution is that this fall its entering class numbers 130, and that its total enrollment of four year students is 315; both these figures represent an increase in attendance of over 100 per cent in the last six years.

A copy of this publication may be secured by writing to the President's Office, and asking for the M. A. C. Booklet.

## STATE ELECTION.

Eugene N. Foss, Democratic candidate for Lieut. Governor predicted a landslide in favor of his party on election day, and his prediction proved true. The slide struck the State on schedule time, but it lacked a little of being heavy enough to bury Draper and Frothingham clean out of sight. The following words and figures tell the story of their narrow escape from being teetotally snowed under:

Draper's Vote	190,045
Vahy's Vote	181,663

Draper's plurality 8,382

His plurality in 1908 was 60,156. Frothingham's plurality of 96,207 in 1908 fell to 5,209 in 1909.

In 1907 Gould's plurality for Gov. was about 102,000.

Comment unnecessary.

## A CLEAN SWEEP.

The entire Republican State ticket that has floated at the JOURNAL's mast head for the last month was elected last Tuesday, although Draper and Frothingham, candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor, pulled through only by the skin of their teeth.

## REPRESENTATIVE VOTE.

In the 20th Middlesex Representative District the Republicans gave George F. Bean 1825 votes; and the Democrats gave Michael J. McFaragher 1426 votes, which elected Bean by a plurality of 399.

## FOR REPRESENTATIVES.

George F. Bean of Woburn and James H. Dwyer of North Reading, excellent gentlemen, will represent the 20th Middlesex County District in the General Court next year.

One thing can be truthfully said of Candidate Bean and his supporters and that is that they carried on a highly respectable campaign, and a shrewd one. They kept their own counsel, paid no attention to the other side, moved silently and cautiously and indulged in no misadventure. No candidate for office in Woburn ever conducted a neater campaign than Bean's from start to finish.

The United States Civil Service Commission will hold a special clerk-examination at Boston, Mass., on Nov. 16, 1909 at 9 A. M., for the Woburn postoffice, as a result of which it is expected that one or more appointments will immediately follow and others as the needs of the service may require. For further information consult Miss Nellie J. McCarthy, Local Secretary, at the Woburn postoffice.

The Boston Y. M. C. A. won a glorious victory and announced it at midnight Monday by ringing all the church bells in the city, or nearly all. On Monday morning \$33,000 was lacking to bring the Building Fund up to \$500,000 and to secure the donation of \$500,000, but at 12 midnight the subscriptions amounted to \$514,377, and the victory was won.

The patriotic spirit that prompts the Boston Globe to rush to the defense of Boston's claim to being the Capital of the American Pie Belt, or Zone, whenever it is attacked, as it was last week by a Virginia newspaper, is highly gratifying to every true son and daughter of New England.

Hon. John P. Feeney, a prominent Boston Lawyer, former Mayor of Woburn, who was to have been one of the big orators at the Democratic Rally in Music Hall last week, was very conspicuous indeed by his absence. Fishers for gaudy goods needn't throw books to catch John P. It didn't pay.

"Our respected friend, Editor Hobbs, Dean of newspaper Editors in Eastern Mass., says in the last issue of THE WOBURN JOURNAL," etc. Well, that's news!

Candidate Vahy had no reason for hiding fault with the Democratic vote of Woburn last Tuesday.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Bart-Beattie, C. W. Clark-Citation, E. J. Johnson-Citation, C. H. Bingham-Citation, Edwin Cox-Citation, Russell & Sweet-Citation.

— Fine rain last Wednesday.  
— It was a quiet election day.  
— Goodyear school reopened last Monday.

— Bean was elected—the JOURNAL told you so!

— Watermains are bursting almost daily all over the city.

— Mr. Abijah Thompson, 86 years old, was one of the first to vote in Ward 1 last Tuesday.

## SPECIAL CARS

— TO —

## Mechanics Building, Boston, Without Charge.

Will be run over the Electric Street Railway Lines from any City or Town in the Greater Boston Territory for parties made up to attend the

## ELECTRIC SHOW on City and Town Days

November 15 to 25 (inclusive).

The Edison Company has made special plans to entertain all visitors at its Magnificent Italian Garden where each city and town in the Edison Greater Boston Territory will be personally represented.

MONDAY, November 22, WILL BE TOWN DAY FOR  
CHELSEA, STONEHAM and WOBURN

Any one of the Ten Days of the Electric Show will be as good as another to see the Exhibits and enjoy the special attractions. The town days are arranged simply for convenience in making up parties.

## A Booklet For Each City and Town In The Edison Territory

Illustrating and Describing its Beauties and Advantages has been prepared. These booklets will be given by the Edison Company to each person registering at his Home Section in the Exhibit.

## HELP EACH CITY and TOWN GROW.

Special Button Badges to boost your Town will be given out to all who register during the Show.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE TO BOOST. Come on Your City or Town Day If You Can. Come Any Day You Can. BE SURE AND COME.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,  
39 Boylston Street, BOSTON.

General Telephone—Oxford 3300. Reverse the Charge on Electric Business.

— Read the adv. of Recital in another column.

— It is said that Mr. Samuel Highley has announced his candidacy for Mayor.

— Republican caucuses to nominate candidates for city offices will be held on Nov. 27.

— The Woman's Club are to hold a meeting this afternoon and enjoy literary exercises.

— Woburn Democrats gained 122 last Tuesday over their vote of 1908; and the Republicans lost 146.

— The recital for the benefit of the Home for Aged Women is to be given in Lyceum Hall, Friday evening, Nov. 12.

— With the changes of weather that have been experienced around here of late no wonder so many people feel "poorly."

— Mrs. Lev Reynolds (Carrie Andrus) of Boston visited her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Andrus of Court street, last Sunday.

— The Southerners have organized a political club, which means that Com James H. Kelley of the B. P. W. will be re-elected next month.

— It was 304 years ago today that Guy Fawkes "raised Cain" in London and the people over there are probably celebrating its anniversary, as usual.

— The North Congregational church N. W. Rev. Geo. H. Tilton, pastor, are to give their annual Harvest Supper in the vestry Friday evening, Nov. 12.

— "Vermont turkey" will soon begin to arrive from Missouri and Illinois for Thanksgiving dinners. The "Rhode Island" breed generally come from Kentucky.

— The Weather Bureau records in Boston prove that October was an uncommonly dry month. The rainfall during the 31 days was much below the October average of former years.

— The Highland Trio furnished music for the banquet of the Scots at Young's Hotel, Boston, one evening last week. Maude Littlefield and Mr. and Mrs. John Andrews compose the Trio.

— A letter received from Mrs. Ambrose Bancroft states that her son, Dr. Irving met her when she and Mrs. Moody arrived at Los Angeles, and that she is enjoying her visit with son and grandson.

— Although some people may deem it a work of supererogation to do so, still the JOURNAL regards it as a duty to notify its readers that Thanksgiving Day is due to arrive here four weeks from yesterday, Nov. 25.

— This evening the South End Social Club are to hold their annual concert and ball in Lyceum Hall. It is one of the oldest and most prosperous social organizations in this city. Their party tonight will be a large one.

— Do you mind what the Boston Transcript says in this issue of the JOURNAL about the new packing industry at Montvale? The capital of the Company is \$880,000, so people, who ought to know, have told us.

— No. 23 Pleasant street did nobly on election day by way of furnishing aged voters, to wit: Daniel Hood, 75; D. W. Brown, 77; A. S. Wood, 82; Rev. S. M. Burton, 97; C. H. Taylor, proprietor, 64; total of 395.

— The school children had a great time at the Fair last Friday. Nothing in the world is more commendable than the adoption of means to make the children happy. Nor is the pleasure of it wholly confined to the small fry.

— Mike Meagher has no reason for being a Democrat. For three years the publisher of the JOURNAL was his political and typographical preceptor and, by good rights, he should have been a sound Republican when he got through his apprenticeship.

— No Indian Summer has been seen in these dignities this fall, nor any signs of one. However, there is time enough yet for a good long spell of that charming and delightful season of the year. It has been known to linger to close up to Christmas.

— Some interesting pictures are on exhibition at White's drugstore, and the intervals are brief and few in number when some old prints, or pictorial reproductions, or scraps of enterprising and valuable history, are not found in his windows.

— A goodly number of Halloween parties were held before and after All Saints' Day, Nov. 1, by the young people of this city and it is fair to presume that, in due time, matrimonial events may result from some of them. We should hope so, certainly.

— In our advertising columns may be found, if looked for, some excellent ideas respecting Telephone Extension, which the patrons of the JOURNAL are advised to peruse with care. It is suspected that Mr. Thomas Feeney had a hand in the composition of the piece.

— The grand annual Fair of Burbank Post 33, G. A. R., closed last Saturday evening in a blaze of glory. Nearly the whole evening was devoted to awarding the innumerable prizes won by the patrons. It was a splendid success from the drop of the bat to finish.

— It has been awful dusty on the thoroughfares in this city tributary to Main street nearly all the time since the city ceased watering them. There is greater need of keeping them wet through the spring and fall than in midsummer. But the authorities don't seem to think so.

— Favorable action ought to be taken at the polls on the movement of firemen of this city to secure pensions for those members of the Department who may be permanently injured while in the discharge of their duties. Petitions are in circulation asking for a vote on the question at the approaching city election, which, we understand, is likely to be in favor of the pension plan.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney is preparing to build a dwellinghouse for himself and family in exchange for the one now occupied by them. It is to stand on the site of the old house, 53 Warren avenue and nearer the avenue than his present home. It is one of the best residential lots in the city, from which the view is extensive and delightful.

— Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner of Montvale avenue have been entertaining their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Dow of Birmingham, Alabama, lately. Mr. Dow, son of Mrs. Carrie E. Dow of Arlington Road, has been doing a prosperous business at Birmingham for several years past, and is now building a nice residence in that wide awake and rapidly growing Southern city.

— Last week the Ladies Auxiliary of the St. Charles C. T. A. S. elected the following officers: President, Miss Jennie Goodley; Recording Secretary, Miss V. O'Neill; Recording Secretary, Miss Winnifred Jones; Treasurer, Miss Emma Looney; Financial Secretary, Miss Nellie Doherty; Board of Directors, Misses Blanche Gillis and May Harold and Mrs. Thomas Flaherty.

— At 10 A. M. Nov. 2, the thermometer at the Church avenue railroad crossing indicated a temperature of 69 degrees, in the shade and, besides, there was an unusual amount of humidity in the atmosphere, which produced an effect on the human system similar to that of the "hookworm" on the people of Porto Rico and the Southern States, to head off the ravages of which Standard Oil Rockefeller gave the Southern Doctors \$1,000,000 the other day.

— Miss Gladys Holden, Radcliffe '09, has been elected Secretary of the Graduate Students' Club of 31 members, most of whom are working for Doctors' Degrees. Miss Holden is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua B. Holden. — Boston Journal. The Holdens are prominent in Boston's social society, and it seems that Gladys is studying to make herself useful in it. Hon. Joshua B. Holden is well known in this city.

— The school authorities of Chicago are about to launch what they term the "Chicago plan" for teaching practical things in their schools; and dropping useless studies, like Greek, Latin, Philosophy, etc. from the lists of textbooks. The intention or design of it is to impart useful knowledge, a kind of learning that will benefit the possessor in the discharge of his future work. It wouldn't be a bad idea for the Woburn School Board to investigate the "Chicago Plan," would it?

— The people in this city who left their homes as early as 7 o'clock last Sunday morning for the election, had more quiet a little dirt of snow some hours before, for in useless mounds of buildings' evidences of it were still visible to the naked eye. The ground was not covered with snow, to be sure, or anything like it, nor did the little that came down remain long on the ground; but, all the same, it was the first snowstorm of the season, and made a note out, please.

— At a meeting of the Scandinavian Political Club held last week the following officers were elected: President, J. Anderson; Vice-president, Charles R. Rosenquist; Secretary, C. J. Ringquist; Treasurer, C. Noren; Trustee, C. Carlberg. Messrs. C. R. Rosenquist, S. Madsen and C. Carlberg were appointed a working committee to manage the affairs and take care of the interests of the Club. They propose to take a strong and lively hand in the city election campaign which is about to open.

— Annie B. Phillips, a former highly respected resident of Woburn, and for several years Tax Collector J. G. Maguire's efficient Assistant in that office, left the home of her cousin, the wife of Mr. Eugene N. Foss, recent Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, at Jamaica Plain, and is now visiting the daughter of Mrs. W. V. Kellon of a resident of Woburn, the daughter being Mrs. E. J. Fletcher, and her home 87 Emory street in Portland, Maine.

— Entertainment by the Peak Sisters at First Baptist Church Thursday, Nov. 18.

— If the testimony of their neighbors is entitled to credit, Southern New England was not automobilized last week by a worthier brace of gentlemen than Arthur Fowle and William Beag, both of Woburn, who have just returned from a delightful trip through that region.

— Trouble is always hard to bear, but some people make fun out of it. See Mrs. Margaret Waters as Maria in Sons of Veterans Show on Nov. 17 in Lyceum Hall. Sir Thomas Lipton is in this country. The noted authority on Yachts and Tea. See others of equal note in Sons of Veterans Show on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17th in Lyceum Hall. Hear's Orchestra.

— Rev. Frank Poole Johnson, who has been associated with St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Boston for several years, has accepted a call to become an Assistant to Rev. Edward Worcester of Emmanuel Church. He will enter upon his new duties immediately. He is a native of Woburn, where his father, Mr. Charles H. Johnson, who, for many years, has been a Messenger in the Mass. House of Representatives, still makes his home.

— Two college students were killed last week while playing football, and the other violent deaths have not been reported. It is a brutal, senseless game, at the best, and the sooner it is abolished by schools and colleges the better it will be. We notice that the authorities of Fitchburg have banished it from the schools of that city, and that West Point Military Academy and Annapolis Naval Academy talk strongly of cutting out football from the sports of those U. S. institutions.

— A letter this week from one of the parties interested in probably the largest lumber manufacturing plant on the Kennebec River informs us that the tinkering of the lumber schedule in the recent Congressional Tariff Revision doesn't seem to effect the business in Maine very much. He writes that there has recently been a material advance in the price of lumber, and a notable increase of demand for it; and that their big crew of millhands are kept busy night and day filling orders, the heft of which are received from Boston dealers.

— If the candidates had made the weather themselves, they couldn't have produced anything finer, or more favorable for going out to a full vote, than that of last Tuesday. It was simply superb for election purposes. A heavy fog, or something of the kind, might have developed everything in a mist at 7 o'clock on Monday evening, cleared away by the middle of Tuesday forenoon, and from that time to the closing of the polls at 4 P. M., with an occasional slight sprinkling of rain and much heavier than a summer dewfall, the weather was delightful, and very charming.

— The annual supper of the First Parish of Woburn is to come off in just a week from last night, to wit, Nov. 11, in the church vestry. All of the arrangements for it are in the hands of competent people who have done a great deal of work towards securing its success, and are still busy getting things ready for the eventful evening. The bill of fare will include everything eatable that the most exacting epicure could reasonably demand; and it is expected that the postprandial oratory will be excellent. The Managers of the affair are looking on a very large attendance and demand for food.

— Of course, it is unnecessary to remind the womenfolk of this city that Mr. Charles A. Nichols is still doing expert cleaning and mending at the old stand, because about everybody knows it and patronizes him. This subject was called to our mind by hearing somebody besting a card nearby, which proved conclusively that, after all is said and done, and despite the improved modern advantages for obtaining an education, there still exist in the community, at least, old fogies, and people who behind the times. Ask Mr. Nichols's customers if it isn't so.

— Aroused, possibly, by the JOURNAL's remarks respecting "chucking beans" a couple of three weeks ago to take an interest in that old-fashioned New England custom of spending autumn evenings, we notice that some of our country exchanges have lately been announcing "chuckings" to be, or have been, held among the farmers, from which a revival of the pastime with its work among the cornfields, its fun, its sports, and dances, is on the eve, at least, of a general resurrection. Besides helping the husbandman, the old time "chucking" can't be beaten as an amusement, and, for one, we are glad to welcome its return.

— Last week St. Charles Catholic Total Abstinence Society held their semi-annual election and chose the following officers to serve for the next six months: James F. McGovern, President; Charles A. Meehan, Vice President; Patrick McGonagle, Recording Secretary; Andrew McHugh, Financial Secretary; Slattery Kerrigan, Treasurer; James L. McGovern, Ernest McDonald and Martin Connolly, Trustees. The installation was held Thursday evening. The St. Charles C. T. A. S. is one of the oldest and best temperance organizations in this city. For many years past they have done yeoman's service at the local level, and have, in an ever active, least, of a general resurrection. Besides helping the husbandman, the old time "chucking" can't be beaten as an amusement, and, for one, we are glad to welcome its return.

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## Extension

## Telephones

Saves Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go upstairs or downstairs to answer a telephone call or send a message.

The convenience tremendously outweighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call.)

New England Telephone  
and Telegraph Company

## IMPORTANT DEAL IN WOBURN.

Plans were recorded today at Cambridge, Mass., by the property known as "Hudson, Johnson & Co's" glue plant, comprising more than eighty acres and with twenty-two buildings and up-to-date machinery, at Montvale, Woburn, to the Union Packing and Refrigerating Company.

Recently organized for the purpose of doing a general packing house and refrigerating business, The Company have engaged the services of P. A. Kley of Philadelphia as Chief Engineer with M. J. Palsin, who has charge of the cold storage and refrigeration, and George P. Carver of the American Society of Civil Engineers as Consulting Architect.

The enterprise will be in charge of well known cattlemen and beef and pork packers. European capital is also interested, and the industry bids fair to be one of the most important in this line started in New England for many years.

This plant will be a strictly independent concern. Concrete construction will be employed. The plant will be free from disagreeable or obnoxious features. — Boston Transcript, Oct. 30

The Woburn Vote.				
GOVERNOR.	LIKE	GOV.		
Wards Draper	252	254	114	
2	165	246	248	165
3	165	250	258	154
4	194	209	116	185
5	43	119	118	45
6	170	90	93	168
7	80	77	81	57
Totals	918	1243	1268	888

REPRESENTATIVE.				
Wards	Bean	Campbell	Gowing	McFaragher
1	119	191	106	213
2	170	196	151	213
3	155	179	138	247
4	193	143	181	197
5	51	88	40	96
6	160	61	146	80
7	54	64	51	71
Totals	902	925	813	1147

Woburn	902	925	813	1147
Reading	659	150	640	111
No. Reading	96	41	133	15
Wilmington	126	28	121	19
Burlington	32	18	30	29
Totals	1815	1162	1734	1321

Influence of Sunshine.  
M. Palfrey, an altogether competent authority on the subject, concluded from some experiments he made that the cold of cold external space must be at least 253 of Fahrenheit's scale lower than the temperature of freezing water, that is, further below freezing water than boiling water is above it. Such would certainly be the condition of things upon the surface of the earth in the entire absence of sunshine, and such the earth will eventually become, for it is as certain as anything in the world that the time will come when the heat of the sun will cease—Exchange.

Wise Girl.  
"What? You're going to marry Tom Speed? Why he's awful!"  
"What makes you think so?"  
"I hear he's been blackballed by every club in town."

Trying to Place Him.  
Body: "I have you to know, sir, that I'm not the idiot you think I am. Knox—Oh, I beg pardon. Which idiot are you?—Chicago News."



For Sale by

McLaughlin  
& Dennison  
DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

## "SAFETY" RAZORS

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer, the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in his business.

## THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.50. Your money refunded after using it. If it does not please you.

## McLaughlin &amp; Dennison

of Woburn carry a full line of these goods and in the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

FOR YOUR BOY  
A HIGH CLASS DAY SCHOOLSPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR SUBURBAN SCHOLARS  
ASSOCIATION INSTITUTE BOSTON Y. M. C. A.

Over 100 boys from the best families in New England now in attendance. We will take your boy where we find him; study him carefully, and give him what he needs. Every advantage of the best public and private schools, with many new and improved features at most reasonable rates.

Large corps of male, college trained teachers, small classes, individual instruction and rapid advancement, gymnasium and athletics.

We have also the finest system of evening schools in America.

458 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.  
Telephone Back Bay 4500  
ARTHUR S. JOHNSON,  
President

Preparation for business, electrical, other industries and all Colleges and Technical Schools.  
WANTED: By our School, able-bodied graduates to obtain a technical education during the day, while working during the week, under pay, with some of the best concerns in Boston, thus obtaining education free.

Telephone, write or call for catalogue stating courses which most interest you, or evening schools in America.

FRANK PALMER SPEARE,  
Educational Director.  
GEORGE W. MEHAFFE,  
Gen'l Sec'y.

## HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen  
Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron WorkH. B. BLYE & CO.,  
359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.











# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs.

Office at 434 Main Street.

\$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 8 Cents.

VOL. LIX.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1909.

[Entered at the Post Office at Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.]

NO. 52

## Business Cards.

**Cummings, Chute & Co.,**  
—DEALERS IN—

Flour, Corn,  
Meal, Oats,  
Hay, Straw,  
Coal and Wood.

Agents for the Leading Brands  
of Fertilizers.

9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durand



Choice  
Steaks  
and Roasts

450 Main St., Woburn

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Photographer.

AMATEUR SUPPLIES. All

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Discount of 10 per cent from list.

Landscape, Interior, Machinery, Picture

Copying and Enlarging.

Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of

work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.

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**B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,**

Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals,

conducted on hand.

Office and Warerooms,

No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone.

24 of Telephone.

Residence and Night Telephone 224.

**NORRIS & NORRIS,**

Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

**Notice To Patrons,**

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading &

Arlington Route.

**WEEK DAYS.**

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars

will leave Reading Square for Stoneham

and Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,

5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00

and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,

7:20, 7:50, 8:00, 8:10, 8:20, 8:30, 8:40, 8:50

and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,

6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:40

and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-

ham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,

7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:10, 8:20, 8:30, 8:40, 8:50

and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and

Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:00,

8:20, 8:50, 9:00, 9:10, 9:20, 9:30, 9:40, 9:50

and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10,

7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10, 9:40, 9:50

and every 30 minutes until 12:10 A. M.

**SUNDAY TIME.**

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham

and Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,

8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00, 10:30, 11:00, 11:30

and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50, 9:00, 9:10,

9:40, 10:10, 10:40, 11:00, 11:30, 12:00, 12:30

and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,

8:10, 8:40, 9:10, 9:40, 10:10, 10:40, 11:10, 11:40

and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

**RETURNING.**

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:45, 10:15, 11:30

a. m. 3:45, 4:30, 5:15, 6:00, 6:45, 7:30, 8:15, 9:00

a. m. 12:30, 2:30, 3:45, 4:30, 5:15, 6:00, 6:45, 7:30

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## Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

\$1.50 A YEAR

In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly  
Of Large Circulation  
Among People of Culture  
Live Editorials  
All the Local News, and  
Choice Literary Selections  
Fill Its Columns.

A Family Newspaper  
Read by Thousands  
Of Intelligent People  
Every Week.

Unequaled as an  
Advertising Medium.

Printed Every  
Friday Morning  
At 434 Main Street.  
Delivered Promptly.

## The Magic Carpet

A Thanksgiving Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The committee on repairs walked down the aisle and wagged disapproval at each pew.

"It never struck me before how unattractive it was to have every pew carpeted different," wheezed Miss Lee importantly. "They look just like folks' houses. Jeremiah Little's is a good piece of his parlor carpet spread on it, and it needs a basket of wax flowers to make you think you're sitting in his front room at a funeral."

The other members of the committee cast surreptitious glances at their several pews, each with its gayly colored floor and fat, carpeted hassocks. Then they looked at Sarah Lee's own pew, with its neat red floor covering that exactly matched the carpet in the aisle.

"We ain't all agents for a carpet store," remarked Hannah Smith dryly. "Miss Lee reckoned, 'That's neither here nor there,' she said humorously. 'The facts are these: Daniel Merton has sent us \$1,000 for the church repairs. Dr. Long says \$500 will be needed for repairs to the building and belfry. The other \$500 is to be used by the ladies of the committee to redecorate the inside and for a new carpet to cover all the pews.'

She looked narrowly at Serena Webb in the background.

"My pew will remain as it is," said Serena calmly.

The committee drew a unanimous breath of dismay.

"That's the old Merton pew," protested Miss Lee.

"I know it," replied Serena. "I should think that when a man makes enough for the old church he was baptized in to send \$1,000 for repairs it would be a delicate attention on the part of the committee to refurbish his old family pew," said Dr. Long's wife bitterly.

"Perhaps Mr. Merton would prefer to see the old church restored rather than redecorated. He must have tender recollections of the old pew with his mother's carpet on the floor and the same old hassocks he kept in the pew when he was a boy. I am sure he would rather see the church restored to its old time-beauty rather than done over in the latest fashion," said Serena Webb eagerly.

"Rubbish!" sneered Sarah Lee. "A man as smart as Dan Merton—a man who left Redbush a poor young man and is today a millionaire—must be up to date. He ain't no back number!" she ended, with a triumphant relapse into slang. He'd admired to see his millions be put to some good purpose.

The other ladies nodded approval of this statement, all save Serena Webb, who was gazing wistfully at the dim and faded frescoes in the chancel.

"So, you see, Miss Webb, Dan Merton would be pleased enough to have his old family pew done over new. We're planning to have it all done by Thanksgiving, and then invite him down and have a regular Thanksgiving over the bull thing," said Miss Lee persuasively.

"My pew will remain as it is," said Serena firmly as she turned toward the door. "I have paid for it."

"Very well," returned the other bl



## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1909

The thrifty owners of Maine woods began last week to harvest their annual crop of Christmas Trees for the Boston and New York markets. The gathering season is of brief duration; but the yield of evergreens is abundant, and the cash receipts from the sale of them are large. Miss Clara N. Fogg, a former student at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, daughter of Mr. Tyng Fogg, a retired Moosehead Lake and Sagadahoc lumberman, wrote from Canthace Landing at the head of Sheepscot Bay on the Maine Coast, to the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, on which she is a reporter and writer of special articles, as follows:

"How do you like Christmas Trees in great demand, and four carloads have been ordered this week from this Sagadahoc town. Down on the Bay Road, near the Furbush lot, the work of cutting the trees has begun. John Baker of East Bowdoinham is in charge of the work in this section, and it will be three weeks before the trees are ready for shipment. They will be shipped to New York right after Thanksgiving.

Possibly presuming that Ald. Sam Higley will be the Republican candidate for Mayor, and feeling that he would be a weak votegetter, the Democracy are shelling out aspirants for the office of Mayor in great shape. The last ones, so far as heard from, to announce their candidacy, or friends for them, are Hon. Lawrence Reade, who filled the Mayor's chair very acceptably a few years ago; and Mr. Edward E. Lynch, who is President of the present City Council. Mr. Reade comes out, and will run, as an Independent candidate, wherein he acts wisely, for he has many personal friends among the Republicans who will support him at the polls. Under what sort of a banner Lynch will prosecute his campaign has not yet been publicly announced. But there is no certainty that Higley will get the Republican nomination, and those who are banking on his success at the caucuses may find their "craze all drough."

If any voter in this city lays "the flattering unction to his soul" (see Shakespeare) that Ald. Sam Higley's campaign for the Republican Mayoralty nomination isn't going ahead and "cutting ice," he simply don't know. Other candidates, if there are any, will do well to keep a sharp eye on Higley, or the first thing they know he'll get there safe and sound. Why, he has even turned temperance lecturer to get the Antislavery vote, and it is said that the W. C. T. U. are inclined to act kindly towards him and favor his move for the nomination. What do you think of that, and he a License advocate only last year? Higley is in the fight to win.

The genial and esteemed Editor of the Boston Courier was informed last week by the Charles River Basin Commission, a State body of three prominent citizens, of which our good friend, Hon. Joshua B. Holden, of Boston, is a member, that the Charles River Improvement, a gigantic work on which the Commission have been continuously engaged for the last 4 or 5 years, is progressing finely and rapidly nearing completion. The September number of the *Motorboat*, a New York publication, contained an interesting paper, entitled "The Charles River Basin," which was handsomely illustrated with river views and land escapes on the Improvement.

Last week the American Geographical Society, the highest scientific authority in the United States, approved of Commander Peary's report of his discovery of the North Pole, and, at the same time, awarded him a gold medal for his splendid work. The New York publishers who have secured Peary's manuscripts for publication have agreed to pay him for them 30 percent more than President Roosevelt received for the story of his African hunting adventures. Last week, too, the U. S. Navy Department refused to ask for the privilege of examining Dr. Cook's report to the University of Copenhagen, as requested.

The way Woburn political affairs are shaping themselves it is quite safe to conclude that Com. James H. Kelley will succeed himself as Democratic candidate for the B. P. W. The Southenders, it is said, are enthusiastically and strenuously in favor of his nomination, and the usual Democratic quarrels are not in evidence this year. It certainly looks as though Com. Kelley would find smooth sailing to success at the caucus of the Undertaken to be held a fortnight or three weeks hence.

Last Friday's issue of the *Lynn Item* contained an article on "Making Heels and Leather," having particular reference to, and a description of, the "Woburn Heel" and its manufacture here many years ago. It contained a good deal of history of a former Woburn industry, which town, before the Leather Trust (American Hide & Leather Company) struck it, was one of the principal leather manufacturing centers in the country. The article must naturally prove interesting reading for elderly Woburn people.

Messrs. William Ware & Co., of Boston, its publishers, have kindly sent one copy of the "Old Farmer's Almanac" for 1910, for which they will please accept our thanks. Because he failed to receive a 1909 copy the Editor of the *JOURNAL* has not felt as chipper as usual, nor so much like digging right into hard work, all through the year, as otherwise might have been the case. The 1910 issue is the same old F. A. — pictures, poetry, prognostications, and all.

Samuel O. Upham of Waltham, who was born at Sudbury on Jan. 21, 1824, and had been Commissioner of Middlesex county since 1886, died last Wednesday of pneumonia. He was re-elected County Commissioner on Nov. 2, and in a week later passed away. He was a faithful public officer.

## ELECTRIC SHOW

NEXT TWO WEEKS

November 15 to 25 (inclusive).

MONDAY, November 22, WILL BE TOWN DAY FOR  
CHELSEA, STONEHAM and WOBURN

Any one of the Ten Days of the Electric Show will be as good as another to see the Exhibits and enjoy the special attractions. The Town days are arranged simply for convenience in making up parties.

HELP YOUR TOWN GROW

Don't Miss This Chance To Boost.

Come On Your Own Town Day Anyway. Come Every Day You Can.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Co.,

39 Boylston Street, BOSTON.

General Telephone—Oxford 3300. Reverse the Charge on Electric Business.

At a meeting held at the Free Home for Consumptives, 428 Quiner street, Dorchester, Miss Elizabeth A. Power, President, presiding, it was voted to hold a one day sale in Horticultural Hall corner of Massachusetts and Huntington Avenues, Saturday, December 11, 1909, from 10 A. M. until 11 P. M. It will be known as "St. Nicholas Chimney Corner" and will be a veritable gittishop. A splendid place for one to go to do Christmas shopping.

Chief Justice Aiken of the Superior Criminal Court has appointed Major General Hugh Bancroft of Cambridge, son of Major William A. Bancroft, President of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, Senior Counsel for Mrs. Mary Kelleher, who is under indictment for murder and is to be tried at East Cambridge. He was formerly Prosecuting Attorney for Middlesex County, and is classed by Bench and Bar as an able Lawyer.

As confidently predicted by the *JOURNAL* some weeks ago, and denied by all the Boston papers, Charles S. Mellen, President of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, was a few days ago, elected President of the Boston & Maine Railroad Co. from which position President Lucius Tuttle now retires, and the merger is perfected. It is suspected that other changes in high B. & M. official circles are imminent.

Is Mayor Bond a candidate for reelection, or is he not? The *JOURNAL* asks for information.

## LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.  
Edison Co.—Electric Show, City of Woburn—Registers Notice.

First Parish held their annual supper last evening.

The Danish Brotherhood are to enjoy a smoketask this evening.

Don't forget the date of the S. of V. dramatic entertainment—Nov. 17.

A forty hours devotion service has been held at St. Charles church this week.

Democratic caucuses to nominate candidates for city officers are to be held on Nov. 26.

Their great Fair last week netted Post 33, G. A. R. \$550.00, and they deserved every cent of it.

J. E. Boutwell and his famous foxhounds have returned from a successful hunting expedition up North.

The annual meeting of the Phalanx Associates is to be held this evening at 8 o'clock and officers elected.

The Woburn High School Football team beat the Reading High last Monday 46 to 0. Our boys are doing finely.

President Edward E. Lynch of the City Council has come out flat-footed for the Democratic Majority nomination.

Maude Littlefield entertained the Gaholote Club in fine style the other evening. She is an excellent and very popular hostess.

Mr. Joseph W. Hammond of Bow street, is a member of the "Committee of 100" of the Massachusetts Nolicense League.

Mrs. Helen Kimball of Chicago and New York City, who is visiting friends in Boston this week, gave the *JOURNAL* family pleasure last Tuesday by calling on them.

Mr. Abraham F. Morrill of Church avenue, who was born at Newburyport in 1820, celebrated his 89th birthday last week.

The annual concert and ball of the Telephone Linemen Association is to be held in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 19.

The High Schools of Woburn, Stoneham, Reading and Arlington have organized a new baseball League for the season of 1910.

Miss Annie B. Soley of 7 Lawrence street has joined the Methodist Chapter, D. A. R. Several Woburn women are members of that Chapter.

The Park street cemetery, the oldest in Woburn, founded in 1642, contains the remains of the ancestors of three American Presidents—Harrison, Pierce, Cleveland, and Garfield.

Mrs. Peter Carlson of Sherman Place was a leader in the formation of the Danish Sisterhood here several years ago. Until that time she was an active member of the Boston Sisterhood.

Mayor Bond was one of the 5000 people who attended, by invitation of the Trustees, the opening reception at the magnificent new Boston Museum of Fine Arts last Tuesday afternoon.

Hon. Joshua B. Holden of Boston, will please accept the *JOURNAL's* thanks for telephoning the Roosevelt rumor to it last Friday noon just the same as though it had not, fortunately, been untrue.

Last Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock thermometers in this city showed the outdoor temperature to be only 24 degrees above, which could properly have been pronounced pretty stiff winter weather.

If Alderman Samuel Higley is as economical in his quest for voters as he is in the distribution of the illustrated campaign circulars which, it is said, he has issued, we fear he will fare slim at the caucuses.

The other day "Woburn eggs" were 55 cents a dozen in Boston, at which figure cutstardie and eggnog must needs be pretty scarce on Thanksgiving Day. But let us all hope and pray and keep a stiff upperlip.

Mr. J. J. Grothe is manufacturing to order and shipping street railway snowplows this fall, as usual. His plows have the best kind of a reputation all over the country, and there is a brisk demand for them every winter.

At the annual meeting of the Moonlight Club held last week Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue corner was re-elected President for the ensuing year. The meeting was a pleasant and interesting one, and fully attended.

Mr. F. Percy Lewis tells the *JOURNAL* that the new Choral Society are getting on in the finest kind of shape. Their Monday night rehearsals are well attended, harmony prevails, and everybody thinks highly of the Society.

Rightfully the Democratic nomination for Mayor this year belongs to Lawyer James E. Feeney; but they say, Mr. Murray, son of ex-Mayor Hugh Murray, has been selected by the Democratic managers as the gentleman who is to receive it.

An excellent story of the meeting held by the Woburn Women's Club in Lyceum Hall last Friday, written and forwarded to the *JOURNAL* for publication by Miss Grace M. Bryant, was received too late to be printed in this issue; and, besides, we haven't room for it.

Thus far November has been cold, too. To be sure there has been a plenty of sunshine since it came in, but the air has been frosty most of the time and the winds have been cold and penetrating. And, mind you, it is 18 days to the advent of the first winter month.

Abijah Thompson of Court street informs the *JOURNAL* that his nephew-in-law, Mr. Charles M. Strout, who has been dangerously ill of typhoid fever for the last few weeks, is rapidly gaining health and strength, and will soon be able to go back to his business in Boston.

The Woburn City authorities have taken steps that will insure an early reuniting of the Waterworks, which ought to have been done a dozen years ago. The system is now on to 40 years old, and has become a nuisance and highly dangerous to private and public interests.

The Methodist Episcopal Church devotes next week to a series of Evangelistic meetings. Rev. Mr. Frank K. Stratton of Melrose will preach next Sunday, morning and evening, and nightly during the week following. A cordial invitation to attend these meetings is extended to all.

Charles S. Cummings, the Boston stock broker and street railway promoter, once well known in Woburn from his connection with a street railway here, has been indicted by the Middlesex grand jury on the grounds of his alleged participation in the Treasurer Lombard of Framingham case.

The Woman's Missionary Society of First Church are to hold a meeting at the residence of Mrs. Maria R. Bickford, 62 Mr. Pleasant street, in the Highlands, at 3 o'clock this afternoon. The subject for consideration is to be "Gospel in Italy, the Land of the Papacy, and Home of the Waldenses."

The great Boston fire that threatened the total destruction of the city began on Nov. 9, 1872, or 37 years ago last Tuesday. The great fire caused by Mrs. Leary's cow, while being milked, kicking over the lamp, and nearly blotted Chicago from the map of North America, began on Sunday evening, Oct. 8, 1871.

Two weeks from yesterday we cherish some hope of having turkey, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie for dinner. It may not turn out that way, but Alexander Pope, the Poet, said, a good many years ago, that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and we rather think Alack knew what he was talking about.

What stand do the Woburn Christian Scientists occupy in the controversy now going on between Mrs. Stetson, former first reader at the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of New York, and Mother Eddy, head of the church? It is a hot contest they are waging against each other, which may work serious harm to the organization.

Mr. Charles A. Burdett of Burdett College, Boston, has resigned from the Woburn Board of Cemetery Commissioners, on which he has done good work for several years. His resignation, which private business compelled him to send to Mayor Bond, is generally regretted, for he was a highly competent and useful member of the Board. But the business of Burdett College is increasing at such a rapid pace that Mr. Burdett found that he must give his whole time and working ability to it.

The recital this evening in Lyceum Hall is to be given for the benefit of the best kind of a cause—the Woburn Home for Aged Women—therefore, it is to be hoped that the big Hall will be crowded with people from pit to dome. And, besides, the concert is to be given by artists, and the tickets to it are mighty cheap at 50 cents apiece.

Rev. George H. Tilton, Mr. B. F. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Hammond, and Hon. W. E. Blodgett, all of Woburn, attended the third annual banquet of the Nolicense Workers held in Boston last Wednesday evening, at which Mr. Blodgett made an excellent speech in favor of Nolicense. Mr. Joseph W. Hammond is a member of the League's Committee of 100.

Current work of the squirrels and some other wild animals which is reported indicates that the people of this section of country have a long, cold winter immediately before them. That of 1908-9 was a mild one, comparatively speaking; but the winter months of 1909-10 will furnish all the zero weather that anybody, even the coal dealers, can reasonably ask for, else, the squirrels don't know their business.

Col. G. 5th Reg't, M. V. M., elected a new Captain the other night in place of Capt. Thomas McCarthy, one of the best Commanders the venerable and highly respected Company ever trained under, who recently resigned to accept a more lucrative, but no more honorable, military position, and G. Edward Graham was the lucky candidate. Fred E. Keane was chosen First Lieutenant, and W. H. Mobbs, Second Lieutenant.

The Towanda Club's Ladies Night last Monday was the most brilliant society function of the present season, and the entertainment was as superb as anything possibly could have been. The attendance was larger than ever, and the richness and elegance of the female attire and jewels that flashed and glittered around might easily compare with that seen at the opening of the new Boston Opera House the other night.

As near as can be figured out, the Woburn city election is to be held on Dec. 14, or 4 weeks from next Tuesday. If that is the correct date for it, candidates will have to do a heap of "fall" hustling to get good and ready for the final contest. Not a great deal of interest has as yet developed in the canvass, but there is still time enough for it, and it would not be at all surprising if the contest should become a hot one yet.

By courtesy of Geraldine Farrar, the famous opera singer, Mr. Leland B. Sales of Church avenue court, a salesman at Bulfinch's market, and Miss Mulkeen, daughter of Mr. Michael J. Mulkeen of Pleasant street, attended the Farrar rehearsal at Symphony Hall, Boston, last Friday evening, which was one of the most brilliant musical events of the season. Mr. Sales is a cousin of the distinguished prima donna.

Marion Althea Burt, a young violinist and pupil of Edmund Severin, made her debut under pleasant auspices at the Severin studios, Monday night. There was a fine audience to enjoy the music. Miss Burt made an excellent impression and showed by her playing that she is prepared to enter the professional ranks. Miss Burt is in great demand as a soloist in western Massachusetts. — *Musical Courier*. Miss Burt is the star in the H. F. A. W. Recital tonight.

Mr. Charles H. Dudley, Treasurer of the Hallowell, Maine, Savings Institution, calls the *JOURNAL* "an excellent paper," which shows that his head is as level as was when principal salesman in the Thompson hardware store here 20 years ago. By the way, we came pretty near being the Editor of a newspaper in Hallowell, Raymond's *Northern Lights*, 10 or 20 years ago—that is to say, we came as near to it as the Irishman said, he did to selling his pig—he asked Larry O'Toole to buy the pig one morning, and Larry said he didn't want it. Well for all that, Hallowell is a fine old town to live and do business in.

The feelings of Stoneham and Winchester are excited to a boiling pitch over the proposed packing establishment at East Woburn by the Union Packing Company, who are about to expend a large amount of money in buying land, putting up buildings on the glue factory site, and in otherwise preparing for a big business. These towns have appealed to the Woburn Board of Health to put a stop to this outrage on their tender sensibilities by preventing the Union Company from exercising the rights granted them by the Woburn City Council, and veto any further move of the Company towards creating what, they say, will be a tremendous nuisance, and prevent the future growth and prosperity of Winchester and Stoneham, if the projectors are suffered to carry out present plans. It would be a pity to have the work go on against the protest of a people who have the most delicate olfactory nerves of any under the sun, and the Woburn Board of Health ought to give the subject careful and candid consideration.

## Electric Lights.

Michael McDonald has just opened a shoe store at 393 1/2 Main street, where he is using the electric lighting service of the Edison Company.

George Durward has just opened a market at 307 Main street, Woburn, where he will use electric incandescent lighting on the Edison Company's service.

Gustaf Anderson has recently improved his house at 78 Middle street, Woburn, by the installation of electric wiring, and will use the Edison service for electric lights.

The residence of Samuel Dean, at 727 Main street, is now lighted by electricity, Mr. Dean having recently improved his house by the installation of electric wiring.

## Mother Gray's Sweet Powders For Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Fevers, Coughs, Croup, Teething Disorders, colic and regulates the Bowels and Stomach. Worms. Over 10,000 testimonials. They never fail. At druggists, 25c. per box. F. L. Allen, Allen S. Olinette, LeRoy, N. Y.

Extension  
Telephones

Saves Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go upstairs or downstairs to answer a telephone call or send a message.

The convenience tremendously outweighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call.)

New England Telephone  
and Telegraph Company

For Sale by

McLaughlin  
& Dennison

DRUGGISTS

WOBURN, MASS.

## "SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.

The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

## THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.50. Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

## McLaughlin &amp; Dennison

of Woburn, carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

## HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen  
Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE &amp; CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

## RECITAL

For the benefit of the Old Ladies  
Home, in

LYCEUM HALL

FRIDAY, Nov. 12, 1909

At 8.15 P. M.

Miss Marion Althea Burt,  
Violinist.

Mr. Charles Anthony, Pianist.

Tickets 50 CENTS  
At Whitcher's Drugstore.L. N. ADAMS  
OF READING.

informs his Woburn customers that he has the agency for the custom made Skirts of the Wm. B. Jennings Co. of New York City. The line comprises a choice of about 200 selections from staple and fancy goods in latest patterns.

Priestley's Cravettes and Utility Coats for men and women. Made to order.

## Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,

Piano-forte and Violin

INSTRUCTION

79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Mrs. A. S. LEWIS Pianoforte  
Mr. F. P. Theory Organ

Consult, Unit. Vestry, Sat. 10-12, 24.

Address, Winchester, Mass.





MAZALL

Toasted Corn Flakes

5 cts. Pkg.

The consumers appreciate a package of Cereal which they can buy for

5 CENTS

Boston Branch  
Tea and Grocery House,  
FRED. STANLEY

351 Main Street.

TELEPHONE 1428.

Build Houses! Boom Woburn!

I have 14,080 square feet of land suitable for two house lots on Mishawum Road FOR SALE. Best location in Woburn. Within two minutes' walk of Elevated Electric.

Enquire of A. W. WHITCHER, 379 Main St., Woburn.



"DON'T BE UPSET"  
by a pig. It isn't dignified. The pig though is all right if it has passed through our shop and we have cut it up for roasts, chops, etc.

ANY KIND OF MEAT IN THE MARKET  
we supply. You don't have to go elsewhere to find choice cuts, as we always keep them. Our meats are fresh, wholesome, properly cured, and cheap. Buy them and live long and be happy in your advice.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone 814-1

Borton &amp; Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 6.45, 8.15, 9.45, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 4.45, 6.15, 7.45, 9.15, then every hour until 11.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45 P. M. to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6.45, 8.15, 9.45, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 4.45, 6.15, 7.45, 9.15, then every half hour until 10.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45 P. M. to Stoneham.

The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule:

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.00 A. M., and every 80 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 80 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

Sunday Time.  
Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8.45 A. M., and every half hour until 10.45 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.15 P. M. to Melrose.

Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 8.45 A. M., and every half hour until 10.15 P. M.; then every half hour until 10.45 P. M. to Stoneham.

Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8.00 A. M., and every 80 minutes until 9.30 P. M.

Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6.00 A. M., and every 80 minutes until 10.00 P. M.

For Real Estate call on Griffin Place at 416 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., street floor.

EAMES & CARTER,  
—DEALERS IN—  
Coal, Coke and Wood  
335 Main Street.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

# Crawford

## Cooking-Ranges

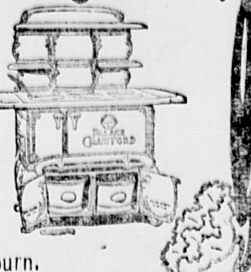
### Our New Range a Winner!

The new range that we introduced last year has won all heads. The old End Hearth is gone—there is more room on top—the ashes fall into a hod far below the fire, making their removal easy and the grate to last longer. The Ash Hod when emptied is returned full of coal. Three sizes, "Palace," "Castle," "Fortress."

All the famous Crawford features are present: Single Damper, Patented Grate, Cap-Joint Oven Flues, Asbestos Backed Oven, Improved Oven Indicator. "Booklet free."

Made by Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31-33 Union St., Boston.

For Sale by E. CALDWELL, Woburn.



### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

#### MIDDLESEX, ss.

##### PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of William H. Harmon, late of Woburn in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, Arthur W. Blake, administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of said deceased has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell as private sale, in accordance with the order named in said petition, or upon such terms as may be adjusted by the court, the real estate of said deceased, for the purpose of distribution.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of November, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested, who can be found, by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

#### MIDDLESEX, ss.

##### PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of David C. Barry, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Ellen F. Barry, widow of said deceased, in said County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of November, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

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W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

#### MIDDLESEX, ss.

##### PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Edward Patton, late of Baltimore in the State of Maryland, deceased.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, in said County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the eighth day of November, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

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W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

#### MIDDLESEX, ss.

##### PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Mary Ellen Allen, late of Wilmington in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Alfred Morton Allen the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-fifth day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

### Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

#### MIDDLESEX, ss.

##### PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of John Allen, late of Wilmington in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George Cole, late of Wilmington in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on her bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-third day of November, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

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W. E. ROGERS, Register.



LILLIAN RUSSELL in the "Widow's Night," at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston.

### Boston Theatres.

#### KEITH'S.

Albert Chevalier, the English character comedian, will be the principal attraction at Keith's next week.

The popularity of Chevalier in this country as well as abroad is something remarkable and he has become identified with songs that are now classics.

His "My Old Dutch" is sung the world over. He has been singing it for years and cannot get away from it. Audiences are demanding it no matter how long his repertoire may be. He is now engaged in a campaign for the benefit of aged couples in English Workhouses.

#### THE BOSTON.

Well into the second month of an engagement of unparalleled prosperity at the Boston Theatre, "Three Twins,"

Joe M. Gaites musical comedy production, continues to be the most sought after entertainment in town. In the five weeks that the show has been before the Boston public, it has been seen by over 100,000 people.

There is something to laugh at all the time as Charles Dickson, in making the adaptation of "Three Twins," filled the book chuck full of bright, witty lines, and in devising the situations, considered well the comic possibilities of every one.

#### CASLE SQUARE.

"The College Widow" will be given at the Castle Square next week, by the John Craig Stock Company, and the name of George Ade as its author is sufficient evidence both of its humor and its entertaining qualities as a play.

Mr. Ade during the past ten years has had an astonishing success both as a dramatist and novelist, and also as a writer of his famous "Fables in Slang" and "College Widow" contain all the elements of the comic that might well be expected from him. Its scenes are laid in the Middle West and the scenes and incidents are based upon the rivalry between two small colleges, Atwater and Bingham.

#### HOLLIS STREET.

Lillian Russell will pay her annual visit to Boston for a limited engagement of two weeks commencing Monday night, Nov. 15, at the Hollis Street Theatre. For this period the famous American beauty will be seen in a new comedy of contemporary life called "The Widow's Night" it is by Edmund Day, the author of "The Round up," and kindred successes.

For his latest effort Mr. Day has turned to the social and financial circles of New York City as a locale for his action. In these surroundings he has planted a story that is unusually appealing in interest, and especially happy in its refined and delightful comedy.

For her limited stay at the Hollis Street Theatre, Russell will give a special Thanksgiving matinee Thursday afternoon and the customary one on Saturday of that week, also.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

AT 12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.—Services at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M. Preaching by Rev. E. S. Briggs, pastor.

AT 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker.

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### HIS MONEY TROUBLE.

He Gained a Dime and Then He Figured Up the Loss.

The next time Lionel, whose other name doesn't matter, gets his optics on an untroubled dime he'll look the other way.

For Lionel is all peevish over an adventure that had a dime for its foundation and for which he ran blame on one but Lionel. He rehearsed his money trouble thuswise:

"In a Broadway way I saw it—the dime that was hoodooed. It lay upon the floor of the car unclaimed and unpossessed. No one seemed to care to take it in and give it a welcome, so I did. But even as I reached for the bit of silver the trouble drama opened. My suspender snapped with the strain—for, as you can see, I'm not built on the stunner garden plan as regards avoidulps. Thereupon I reached back to gather the frayed ends of the busted suspender, still feeling for the chunk of white metal with the other hand. My watch, not to be shoved out of the drama without a chance to do its little part, dropped out of my pocket, making a decided hit. The crystal broke into 7,800 pieces, not counting the one that I got in my finger later. The works mingled with the dirt and shattered glass, and the case tumbled gaily into a corner. Just to show it was also interested, a perfectly good silver dollar bounced out of my waistcoat pocket and did the vanishing act—where, I know not. A fountain pen, self-framed up with gold bands, followed suit. By this time I was giving the rest of the passengers the show of their lives, and nobody coming across with anything but the giggle and. And I couldn't voice my feelings because there were ladies present. Holding on to my wretched raincoat and carrying my assorted ruins as well as I might, I hurried myself off that car at the next corner. Then I lost it for a friendly retreat and loaded up the sack. The sack had set me back \$41, but I had the dime!" Cincinnati Times-Star.

A PRISON NATION.

Most of the men who think the world is maddest there are so insignificant that the world has never noticed them.

THE CITY OF WOBURN.

RAN THE BLOCKADE.

Putting Through a Risky Piece of Business at Santiago.

Some naval officers at a dinner party the other evening were discussing the efficiency of the Cuban blockade in 1898. That many vessels ran the blockade at Havana, Cienfuegos and elsewhere was admitted.

"But only one vessel ever ran the Santiago blockade," said one of the speakers, "and that was one of our own vessels, the little Gloucester."

He then described how the Gloucester ran the blockade, while commanded by Dick Wainwright, then lieutenant commander, who had previously been executive officer of the Maine when it blew up.

"We had been sent down to Assensadero to communicate with the insurgents," said the raconteur, "when on the Gloucester at the time. Upon our return it was quite dark, and we were proceeding slowly to our station on the inside line of the blockade when the electric signaling apparatus broke down. We could not give a signal, particularly the private identification signal of the night. Had we been discovered by one of the blockading vessels it would at once have flashed the signal, and if we did not immediately respond it would have promptly opened fire. We would have been blown to pieces in a minute."

"It was a risky piece of business, but Dick Wainwright was perfectly cool, and the Gloucester actually picked its way without being discovered through the whole blockading net, took up its station on the inside line, under the Morro, and as soon as the signaling apparatus was repaired reported its arrival. It was a clear case of blockade running, but it was mighty ticklish while it lasted."—San Francisco Call.

An Intelligent Cow.

A few nights ago a citizen went home and found a cow in his yard. He drove her out. He then went to the house and later heard the animal in the yard again. He drove her out the second and third times. The citizen's son came home later and found the animal in the yard and drove her out.

The citizen then went on an investigation and found the cow got in by wading around the fence on the river side. He hung up a lantern to deceive the cow as she came in, and the next morning, so he says, he found the cow in the yard with the lantern hanging on her horns, using the same to hunt out the best grapefruit in his grove. Say what you please, but that was an intelligent cow. And the story is true—of course it is.—Fort Myer Press.

Well Stocked.

"Could I sell you an imported Persian cat for \$1,000?" ventured the cat and dog fancier.

"What?" exclaimed the multimillionaire in surprise. "Why, I just bought a \$5,000 bulldog from you the other day."

"Yes, but I thought you'd want a \$1,000 cat for that swell bulldog to chase. You surely wouldn't allow a \$5,000 bulldog to chase a common cat, would you?"—Pittsburgh Press.

The Chestnut Horse.

There is an ancient tale of a band of Arabs being pursued by their enemies who means up their theory about a horse's color. Among the fleeing band was a man with unusually keen eyesight, and from time to time he would describe to his leader the horses ridden by the enemy.

"What manner of horses do they ride?"

"Black horses."

"Then there is no need of haste."

At the noon halt the leader again asked, "What manner of horses do they ride?"

"Bay horses."

"Then we must ride harder."

A few hours later the leader asked, "Are they horses again?"

"They ride chestnuts."

"Then we ride for our lives."

Italy's Rest Days.

Under a law which went into effect Feb. 8, 1908, all industrial and commercial concerns throughout Italy must grant their employees a weekly rest of not less than twenty-four consecutive hours. It does not apply to public utilities, transportation lines or places of amusement. The general sense of the law is that Sunday shall be the rest day, but it is provided that freedom from work may be given on any day other than Sunday in the case of restaurants, photograph galleries, pharmacies, etc.

Clarence A. Smith, Executor.

34 Bromfield Street, Somerville, Mass.

October 1918, 1909.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of

Lucy J. Carter, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and has taken upon herself that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are hereby required to call the same, and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

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## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, NOV. 19, 1909

## A GENEROUS DONATION.

When the Choate Memorial Hospital was prepared for the admission of patients last summer Mary Ella, wife of Judge F. F. Putney of Putney, Ga., daughter of Mrs. Abbie W. Dimick, and sister of Mrs. Fred J. Brown of Arlington Road in this city, generously fitted up and furnished with every modern appliance the West Ward of the institution in memory of William Simonds Whitford; and now comes the news of a gift of \$25,000 from Judge and Mrs. F. F. Putney in behalf of a hospital at Albany, Georgia, or rather, two of them, \$18,750 for one for whites, and \$6,250 for one for the Negroes.

Last Friday morning Mr. Fred A. Flint of this city received a copy of the Albany (Ga.) Herald which contained a full account of the noble gift of the Putneys, and the correspondence that passed between the Judge and the Ladies Hospital Association of Albany, who were the recipients of it. It makes interesting reading, especially, for the good women of the Association.

Judge F. F. Putney is a leading resident of Georgia, where he has been successfully engaged in business many years, and by the inhabitants of which he is held in the highest esteem; and his wife has good friends, and many of them, wherever her lot is cast. She visits relatives and friends in the North every summer, and is generally accompanied by her husband, the Judge, both of whom meet with cordial welcomes when they come.

They did splendidly by the Albany Hospital Association, the ladies of which, according to their response to Judge Putney's communication, duly appreciated and were grateful for the generous gift.

## NOLICENSE.

We consider it of vastly more importance that this city should again vote on Dec. 14 next to prohibit the legal sale of intoxicating liquors within its borders than the election of this, that or the other man to the office of Mayor.

With this idea in mind, and a lively appreciation of the benefits of the Antilicense policy now in successful operation here, it is the opinion of intelligent observers that the liquor party will be defeated at the coming election by a larger majority against them than last year, even.

The "Big Four" are no longer in the saddle—indeed, that combination of license leaders and principal financial supporters no longer exists, and with the loss of that power the rum party cannot hope to win.

Mayor Bond and Chief of Police McDermott and his force of capable officers have done good and effective work this year and increased the popularity of the Antilicense regime, which will be felt at the polls next month.

And more and better than all, the feelings and opinions of our people respecting the license question have undergone a change in the last two or three years which insures a continuance of the present desirable Antilicense system for a long time to come. In that period the traffic has become unpopular, and men of sound sense and decent morals no longer regard it with favor, or in a spirit of tolerance.

## DOING GOOD WORK.

Rev. James J. Keegan, Rector of St. Charles church, at the Masses last Sunday, gave the voters in his audience good, sound, advice respecting their duty at the ballotboxes on Dec. 14.

No clergyman or layman has done more, and only a few of them have done nearly as much, towards promoting and maintaining the cause of "No license" in this city as Rev. Fr. Keegan, and his early and earnest entry into the campaign to secure a continuance of our present antilicense rule is a guarantee of its success at the polls.

In doing temperance work he ignores politics and bases his opposition to legalizing the rum traffic in Woburn solely on moral and economic grounds, which, no doubt, accounts, in a great measure, for the good fruit his labors yield.

In closing Rev. Fr. Keegan said in substance:

It was the vote of the young men who have seen the ravages of drink that gave the city antilicense with such a large majority this year and he hoped that there would be an even larger majority next year for there was no reason why the city should have license.

## CITY ELECTION.

The Woburn annual city election is to be held on the first Tuesday after the second Monday (why not second Tuesday of December, and be sensible about it?), which means Dec. 14 this year. It will doubtless result in the choice of a Republican Mayor, and a heavy majority for Antilicense; but it may be that the Democrats will elect a majority of the Aldermen, as that would give them the city officers which are dearer to them than the Mayor.

For the Board of Public Works Commissioner James H. Kelley, Democrat, is more than likely to succeed himself, if he concludes to be a candidate.

Harvard Eleven administered a severe beating to Dartmouth Eleven on the grounds of the former last Saturday. The game was witnessed by thousands of people. By the way, football captured another victim last Saturday in the person of a young man by the name of Christian, a member of the Virginia University Eleven, who was killed while playing a game at Washington.

A petition, with the required number of signatures, having been duly filed with the City Clerk, the question of whether, or not, firemen of this city who may become permanently injured while in the discharge of their duty shall be pensioned will be decided by vote at the city election on Dec. 14. There may possibly be reasons why an adverse vote should be cast, but we haven't seen or heard of them.

# —NOTHING LIKE IT— DON'T MISS IT THE ELECTRIC SHOW

## Mechanics Building

### Open Through Thanksgiving Day, November 25.

The Most Wonderful Exhibit of  
Everything Electrical in the World

See the Harvard-Yale Football Game  
At the Electric Show Saturday

Afternoon, November 20th. Every Play  
Reproduced Exactly by Electricity

### We Invite You To be Our Guests at Our Beautiful Italian Garden.

## The Edison Electric Illuminating Company,

General Offices—39 Boylston Street, BOSTON.

General Telephone—Oxford 3300. Reverse the Charge.

## SERIOUSLY, NOW.

Alderman Samuel Higley is a believer in, an advocate of, and worker for, licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors in Woburn.

Ninety percent of the Republican party in this city are opposed to that policy and will vote "No" at the election on Dec. 14.

How, then, can Ald. Higley reasonably expect to secure the Republican nomination for Mayor?

And how can any temperance Republican consistently vote in caucus for his nomination?

## NOT A CANDIDATE.

Word has reached the JOURNAL from what it considers a reliable source to the effect that Mayor Bond absolutely declines to be a candidate for reelection.

Such being the case, Mayor Bond out of the race, other aspirants for Mayorality honors and emoluments are stepping to the front, and, in the language of the late lamented Isaac Watts, in one of his immortal hymns, make their wants known.

Last Saturday morning, commenting on the great Electrical Show which opened last Monday in Mechanics Building, Boston, and closes on Nov. 25, the Boston Journal had this to say concerning the part taken in it by Mr. Gibbs, a gentleman well and favorably known in Woburn newspaper circles: In the lecture hall at intervals, such electrical experts as L. D. Gibbs of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company will deliver talks on "Electricity in the Home," "The Past, Present and Future of Electricity," "Store and Window and Sign Lighting and Electric Power."

The only mill in the world that manufactures pieplates from woodpulp is located on the Kennebec River in Fairfield, Maine. Its present annual output is 150,000,000 plates, but when their addition to the mill now being made, is completed its capacity will be doubled, and the number of plates will be increased to 300,000,000 a year, or 4 for every man, woman and child in the U. S.

To prove that he is entitled to the Democratic nomination for Mayor, Mr. Edward E. Lynch presents his record as an Alderman, and says, "there it is, Gentleman, honest and able," for the exercise of which official virtues the Democracy, as a party, care but very little. Mr. Lynch is making a fairly good President of the City Council this year, and would average fairly as Mayor, no doubt.

Governor Draper issued his Thanksgiving Proclamation last week. It had a rich roast turkey flavor very much like that which Secretary of State Olm always writes, and would average fairly as Mayor, no doubt.

The Governor says it is with a grateful heart that he issues the Proclamation, and hopes the feeling is fully shared by everybody in this Commonwealth.

## LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements  
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale,  
Edison Co.—Electric Show.

Democratic caucuses Nov. 26.  
Republican caucuses Nov. 27.

Thanksgiving, turkey and pumpkin pie next Thursday!

Registration for the city election begins this evening.

There has been considerable summer weather this week.

The Phalanx Associates are to hold a meeting tomorrow evening, Nov. 20.

The Woburn Choral Society have decided to give their first concert on the evening of Jan. 17, 1910.

The great parade of Sunday School scholars in Boston last Sunday was attended by several Woburn people.

The work of putting down new steel rails on the Woburn Loop of the B. & M. Railroad is to commence next Sunday.

Murray, son of the ex-Mayor, is not making much noise over his candidacy for Mayor, but they say, he is "sawing wood," all the same.

The Sunny Career Class of the M. E. Church will hold a Christmas Sale and a Baked Bean Supper in the Central House Cafe on Saturday, Nov. 27.

Mr. Michael J. Mulken, the Conveyancer, Notary Public, etc., of this city, who was taken suddenly ill at Lowell last Saturday, is all right again.

An apportionment of the corporation tax by the State gave Woburn \$5,111.58 in 1908; this year it is \$7,715.61, a gain over last year of \$2,604.23.

The football season is drawing to a close. Winter, with its snow and ice and aerial blasts, will soon be upon us, and football will be laid up in ordinary for a long time.

Mrs. Heber B. Clewley entertained Loomis Baldwin, Chapter D. A. R., at her hospitable home on Pleasant street last Tuesday afternoon. Everybody enjoyed the meeting.

All the latest styles of fabrics for female clothing are on sale at Copeland & Bowser's store in this city. Any woman can satisfy herself on this score by simply calling and examining the goods.

It is whispered that Reade and Lynch are to enter into an arrangement which the party vainly hope will lead Lynch in the Mayor's office. Perhaps, however, there is no foundation for the suspicion.

The annual entertainment and sale of Trinity church, which began yesterday, will continue this afternoon and evening. It has been handsomely patronized so far, and well worth attending.

When Mr. B. F. Kimball was offered the Republican nomination for Mayor the other day by competent authority he said he would not accept it if it were presented to him on a solid silver platter.

The Orthodox church members of Montvale are to give a supper, and entertainment on Nov. 27. The church, Rev. Henry P. Cutter, pastor, is getting on fine. The ladies have held successful sales lately.

Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, conducted the religious exercises at the funeral of William R. Bartlett last Monday at which there were many members of the fraternal clubs and the deceased belonged, and the funeral contributions were beautiful.

Angelo Crovo is bound to have a big trade in fruit for Thanksgiving dinners, for his store will be filled plentifully of the best of everything that can be bought in the market. Crovo prides himself on his ability and success in furnishing fruit for Thanksgiving dinners.

A considerable delegation of Woburn's sporting gentry went to Cambridge last Saturday to see the Harvard University Eleven beat the Dartmouth College Eleven, among them were a sprinkling of Harvard graduates. Dartmouth graduates are not numerous in Woburn.

According to his report to City Clerk Finn, it cost Mr. Bean only \$30 to be elected a Representative to the Legislature. At that low price Elliott Wilson of the Winchester Star, and Charlie Parker of the Advertiser, may be able, some day, to squeeze into the House.

Next Monday, Nov. 22, is to be "Woburn Day" at the Electrical Show now in full and successful operation in Mechanics Building on Huntington avenue in Boston, which they say, is the biggest thing that ever came over. No fear but that Woburn will be there in full force bright and early.

The Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston will please accept the JOURNAL's thanks for "comps" to their Electric Show in Mechanics Building, now in full bloom, and to close on Nov. 25, kindly forwarded by Mr. L. D. Gibbs, Assistant Advertising Manager of said Edison Company.

When distributing his campaign card and portrait Mr. Higley oughtn't to discriminate against good men the way he did the other night by visiting for voters two houses and skipping a third, which is occupied by one of the best and most stalwart Republicans in Woburn. If he persists in going on in this most reprehensible manner, he'll run mighty short of votes at the caucus.

Mr. L. Houghton Allen of Flushing, N. Y., formerly a respected resident and businessman of this city, visited friends, relatives and oldtime neighbors here last week. He was born in Woburn on Nov. 3, 1828, and although 81 years old, past, Fred Flint said he was as smart and chipper as a boy.

Attendance on the preaching of Rev. Dr. Frank K. Stratton at the Methodist Episcopal church this week has been large and encouraging. The meetings are held all the week, and at the evening services the church has been filled. Rev. Mr. Herrick, the Pastor, and his flock are taking a deep interest in them.

Mr. Augustus R. Bixby, born at Norridgewock, Me., on Dec. 17, 1832, died at his home in Pasadena, California, a few days ago. Norridgewock was the home of the Bixbys, as the subject of this notice was a near relative of Dr. Josiah P. Bixby of North Woburn, whose father was born and bred there.

Second only to the ability of the "Old Vets" themselves to draw big crowds to shows is that of their worthy successors, the Sons of Veterans, as was fully demonstrated at their highly entertaining and admirably presented play in Lyceum Hall last Wednesday evening. A great crowd attended it. The word is: "Everybody patronizes the S. of V."

It is reasonable to conclude that business will be very brisk indeed at the provision markets in this city next Wednesday, day and evening, Nov. 24. The purchase of numerous Thanksgiving dinners will doubtless be delayed until then, when those who have neglected to buy their turkeys earlier will be obliged to encounter a crowd and a rush. Go early and avoid both.

Fred Percy Lewis and Mrs. Annie Lewis, whose joint professional card appears in the JOURNAL, have full classes of piano pupils this fall both in Woburn and Winchester. They are prime teachers. A couple of years ago, they closed a long term of musical study at a celebrated school in Leipzig, Germany, and before going abroad had acquired a thorough musical education here at home.

Thanksgiving Day, the great New England festival which has become general in all the sovereign States, will compose this glorious E. Pluribus Unum of ours, comes next Thursday, Nov. 25, for the arrival of which we hope every reader of the JOURNAL may be duly and abundantly prepared. It may not be that everyone of them will sit down at high noon to turkey and corn, but corned beef and cabbage, generously garnished and trimmed with gratitude to the Great and Merciful Giver of all good and perfect gifts, has been known, in many times past, to be considered and enjoyed as a most excellent Thanksgiving dinner. Why not this year for those at whose table the turkey fails to put in an appearance? Try it.

# Extension Telephones

- ☛ Saves Time—Energy—Patience.
- ☛ Convenient for the aged.
- ☛ Comforting to the invalid.
- ☛ Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.
- ☛ Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go upstairs or downstairs to answer a telephone call or send a message.
- ☛ The convenience tremendously outweighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call.)



## New England Telephone and Telegraph Company



For Sale by  
**McLaughlin  
& Dennison**  
DRUGGISTS  
WOBURN, MASS.

## "SAFETY RAZORS"

are now used the world over. They have become a necessity to every man.  
The clean shaven face by the laborer or the merchant is not only desired, but is profitable in their business.

### THE HERBRAND CO.

of Fremont, Ohio, have made it possible for every man to have his own "Safety" at a price suited to every man's pocket, and also to have the best the world affords.

Their prices are \$1.00, \$1.25, \$2.50. Their guarantee: Your money refunded after using it 30 days if it does not please you.

### McLaughlin & Dennison

Woburn carry a full line of these goods and invite the attention of every man that shaves to inspect them and prices.

## HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen  
Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

### H. B. BLYE & CO.,

359 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.  
MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.  
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Thomas Edward Patton late of Middlesex in the State of Maryland, deceased.

WHEREAS a petition has been presented to said Court by Emma Louise Wyman, with certain papers purporting to be copies of the last will and testament of said deceased, and of the probate thereof in said State of Maryland and duly authenticated, representing that at the time of his death, said deceased had estate in said County of Middlesex, and interest of administration with the will annexed thereon granted to her, the executors thereof, inasmuch as said deceased died on the 10th day of December, A. D. 1909, and cause if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing the citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Advertiser, a newspaper published in Woburn, the first publication to be on the day of the date of said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of December, A. D. 1909, and show cause if any you have why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing the citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Advertiser, a newspaper published in Woburn, the first publication to be on the day of the date of said petition.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTYRE, Judge, First Judge of said Court this second day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

This Is An Easy Test.

Sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in one shoe and none in the other, and notice the difference. Just the thing to use when rubbers or overshoes become necessary, and your shoes seem to pinch. Sold Everywhere, 2c. Don't accept any substitute.



MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,  
Piano-forte and Violin  
INSTRUCTION  
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION  
Mrs. A. S. LEWIS Pianoforte  
Mr. F. P. LEWIS Theory, Organ  
Consult, Unit. Vestry, Sat. 10:12, 24.  
Address, Winchester, Mass.







## A Personally Conducted Case

Molly's Advent In Court and Her Efficient Ally.

By WAYNE S. BORROW

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Oh, if only I were a man," cried the girl as she threw out her arms passionately. "I'd show them! I'd— But I'm not, only just a girl." Her arms dropped listlessly to her side; then suddenly her slight form stiffened. "I'll do it anyhow," she added bravely— "anyhow. It's all right, and that is enough."

But she shrank from telling her purpose to the family. Girls were cured for in the aristocratic, conservative town. Character was popular, late hours disreputable, strangers were quarantined for rigid introduction and scrutiny, girls did little work and only of the domestic kinds in their own homes, and the few who aspired to some period of their lives for higher education or careers or independent ways were speedily reduced to lady-like deportment by the general disapproval.

On the eventful morning, however, mindful of this superstition and its possible consequences, she announced bluntly: "I'm going over to the courthouse this morning, mother. Our case comes up today, you know."

Her mother stared, but the girl's face was pale, her lips firm, and they all knew what that meant. Molly would have her way now if she had to break through a stone wall to get it.

"To the courthouse? Oh, Molly! Ladies never go there, and you are only a young girl!"

"I'm the one who must look out for the family now, mother," determinedly. "You know that. You're not strong enough, and Elsie and Tom and Bess are too young. If father were here he would do it. Now, I must take his place. And you know this case involves even the possession of our home."

"But into the courthouse?" faintly. "And it couldn't do the least bit of good. Judge Garner will take his record for his interests. He was your father's friend."

"But he's second cousin or something to the other side, and you know what partisans the people are here. And all the lawyers have business or the connection of some sort with the Thompsons. That's why I advised you not to engage any of them to represent our case. They couldn't be disinterested. If they tried and would want a big fee and then do more harm than good."

"Judge Garner will have regard for our interests," her mother repeated doubtfully. "He wouldn't dare to go against an unjust decision. And you presume?"

"Wouldn't help the case any, you think," interrupted Molly curtly. Well, perhaps not to the prejudiced. But I shall make the experiment, and some of those who have business in a woman's having an opinion shall be forced to hear mine."

"Not speak—in the courthouse? Oh, Molly! You'll be disgraced forever!"

"You can't tell Molly anything," said seventeen-year-old Ben sourly. "She's making herself the talk of the town already with her tomboy business. But she can't lose me."

"Better for you if she could!" cried Elsie, who was two years younger. "Molly's the finest girl in this town, and her tomboy business is saving this family, and that's straight. If you had a little more tomboy and a little less cigarette in your makeup, Ben, you might be willing to do some of your own natural duties that you are now shifting to Molly's shoulders. I say she's a brick, and I'm going to the courthouse with her, and if anybody looks a snort at her I'll punch his head. And I'd do all the speaking if I could, only I don't know enough. I'm not afraid. Can't I go, Molly?"

"Of course you can, dear," with pleased relief in her voice. "I shall be glad to have company, for I've never been inside the courthouse. And it's time now for us to start, I think."

Thompson versus Fraser was the first case on the docket that morning, and before Molly had time to get frightened at the curious faces turned toward her the case was called and Judge Garner went up and read the record for the defense. Molly rose quickly.

"I will conduct the case myself," she announced clearly. "I am entitled to the privilege, I believe."

"You are entitled to counsel, of course," irritably. "There are several disengaged lawyers here either of whom I think will undertake your case."

"I will conduct it myself," Molly repeated. "All the lawyers here are friendly toward Mr. Thompson. I understand they have said as much outside. That disqualifies them for me."

There was a perceptible stir through the room. Several spectators who were not of the Thompson faction interceded. Before the stir subsided the plaintiff's lawyer was on his feet commencing his argument.

Molly listened attentively, her increasing indignation keeping her from realizing her position and making her forget the judge had not given any formal permission for her to conduct the case. As the lawyer finished and sat down she was on her own feet, her face flushed, her eyes scornful.

"I wonder if there is one person in this room who really believes that, even the lawyer who declared it?" she said slowly. "Most of you know my father and how punctilious he is about meeting his obligations. He is a man of honor. Is it likely that he would sign a note for \$10,000, just about enough to cover his property, and not give a hint of it to us? And almost his last words were of satisfaction that he had left us provided for, even though modestly. Is it reasonable that my father gave Mr. Thompson's hired man a note for such an amount and, if so, that the man would keep on working instead of trying to realize from it? But it is odd the hired man should owe his employer just this amount and that he should give the note up so willingly? I demand that the man particularize and prove the indebtedness for which he alleges my father gave him the note and that his employer prove the right to the ownership. They can't do it."

Fitch Thompson is a—

"I protest!" cried the opposing lawyer. "Miss Fraser must be more circumspect in her speech," admonished Judge Garner. "We are all very sorry for her, but the law knows no sentimentality, and the note is declared genuine."

Molly swept her eyes over the room. "Is there any one here," she called, "who is a good judge of handwriting, one whose name is not Thompson, I mean, and who has not married into the Thompson family and has no business relations with them? Is there such a person in the room?"

Again there was a wave of indignation through the room, in the midst of which a young man rose and came forward quickly.

"I have done a little expert work in that line," he said frankly, "and shall be glad to render what assistance I can. And I may add that I am becoming interested in the case. You wish me to examine the signature?"

"Yes," Molly answered. "Here are some of my father's letters. I want you to compare them carefully with the signature on the note."

The young man bent over the papers for some minutes. When he looked up his face was scornful.

"The note is a forgery, as even a tyro might see," he declared. "It was meant to be a clever imitation, but the little eccentricities of style were overlooked."

"You are not qualified," began Judge Garner, when the young man threw back his head.

"Careful," he warned. "I am a lawyer myself and of some little reputation. I think I know of what I speak. I happened to be traveling in this vicinity and came in here today through curiosity. If you decide this case unjustly I shall advise Miss Fraser to carry it to some other court where there will be no influence. She has that right, and I will add, sternly, that I shall be glad to represent her if she desires. But I warn you, Judge Garner, his voice beginning to cut, "not to go against your conscience here. It might have serious consequences to you and a few others in the room than mere local reputation."

That evening the young lawyer sat at the dinner table in Mrs. Fraser's pleasant home. He was looking across at Molly.

"I shall be in the neighborhood several days," he said, "looking up some old records. I hope I may be permitted to see more of you."

"Of course," Molly answered quickly. "You must come in as often as you can. I shall be so glad to see you—we will all be so glad, I mean."

And then for the first time that day perhaps she was self-conscious, for she flushed suddenly, and the lawyer, across the table, sat and colored a little too. But her flush and the crossed glances changed his plans entirely. His stay should not be counted by days.

**A Lake of Ink.**  
In Mexico there exists a most remarkable natural phenomenon. Amid a volcano straddled district lies the "lake of ink," covering about an acre of ground.

A body of water or ink, or what ever it is, is so covered with the ash from the adjacent volcanoes as to appear a part of the surrounding ground. The ashes are only a thin veil for a dark, blackish-green liquid of one consistency in this molasses, only black as shoeblack.

At first the party of pioneers who discovered the lake inclined to the theory that it was but a mire hole, but the condition of the clothes of one of their party who fell into it quickly disproved this, for the dirt left an indelible stain. It was called ink forthwith, and as it blended readily with alcohol one of the draughtsmen of the party took the occasion of supplying himself with a good, cheap quality of drawing ink.

Where this liquid comes from, what its chemical properties may be and how extensive the supply is are matters of conjecture.

**Attempting a Diagnosis.**  
Mrs. C. was overhauling a lot of old clothes, and her little daughter Rebecca, aged four, was an interested spectator. When one garment was brought to light the little girl asked what were the "green speckles" on it. Her mother explained. Some days later a friend called whose little girl was somewhat frocked. After their departure Rebecca was thoughtful for some time and then inquired, "Mamma, was that little girl's face milder?"

—Woman's Home Companion.

**A POWERFUL PRAYER.**

It Brought the Judge's Kind of Light to the Farmer.

"The late Judge Underhill," said F. D. Browne of the engineering department of the Southern Pacific, "was perhaps one of the greatest characters that ever entered the service of a railroad. It was his faculty of prayer that led to his being appointed right of way agent by the Southern Pacific."

"Underhill was all things to all men. The railroad called him a reckless blade, the learned called him one of the elect, and the good character declared that the pulpit would have had one of its brightest ornaments if he had only heard the call."

"He was the most successful right of way getter that the company ever had. Underhill was sent up against a tough proposition. There was a farmer whose land lay right in the path of the road, and he was coy about selling. Underhill was sent to see him. They were out driving when the farmer turned to Underhill and said:

"I want to do the right thing, judge. I have prayed all night for guidance in this matter, and I have not been given light."

"I will pray for light right now," said Underhill, and, getting on his knees, he made a fervent prayer for the farmer to sell his land to the Southern Pacific.

"Awestruck, the farmer listened on his knees to that powerful invocation of the judge, and when Underhill resumed his seat in the buggy he said: "I have been given light, judge. I'll sell the land at the figure you name!"

—San Francisco Call.

**Her Doings.**  
"His wife made a fool of him." "What reason have you for saying that?" "I have his own word for it." "Get out!" "I have. He says that he is he owes to his wife!"—Houston Post.

**Same Thing Now.**  
"You know woman was once the head of the family," she said. "No need to speak of that in the past tense," replied her husband meekly. —Philadelphia Ledger.

**FISH THAT WALK.**

Climbing Perch Travel Over Land From Water to Water.

It may seem absurd to speak of fishes as walking. The flying fish is well known, but its flight looks much like swimming in the air. We naturally think of fishes as living always in water, as being incapable, in fact, of living anywhere else. But nature maintains no hard and fast lines of distinction between animal life which belongs to the land and that which belongs to the water. If we believe the accounts of naturalists, there are fishes that traverse dry land.

It is reported that Dr. Francis Day of India has collected data of several instances of the migration of fishes by land from one piece of water to another.

A party of English officers were upon one occasion encamped in a certain part of India when their attention was attracted by a rustling sound in the grass and leaves. Investigation showed it to be caused by myriads of little fishes that were making for one direction and were passing slowly on. There were hundreds of them moving by using their side and small fins as feet, now upright, now lying flat, now squirming, bending, rolling over, regaining their funny feet and again pressing on.

These fishes were the famous climbing perch, and they were passing over the country to avoid a drought. When the stream in which they have been spending the season dries up they scale the banks and, directed by some marvelous instinct, crawl to another—Pearson's Weekly.

**A HOPEFUL POET.**

Failure to Recognize His Genius Didn't Dampen His Ardor.

Paddy Quinn, a type of bohemian found only between the covers of a cheap novel, was sentenced by Justice Samuel C. Hyde, congressional representative for Washington during territorial days, to serve ten days on the rock pile after confessing that he had worked only seventy-five minutes during his stay of two months in Spokane. Asked by the court to explain how he earned a living, the prisoner said:

"I am a poet, but there is no use explaining to you that which would be unintelligible to your mind. I will recite some of my poetry instead. I will read a few stanzas from my masterpiece."

Before Quinn could give voice to the second line of his latest work the court had imposed sentence and the sweet singer was on the way to the city jail, where his tattered garments, oxford shoes and flesh-colored hose were exchanged for overalls, jumper and homelined brogans. His long black hair and flowing beard were also trimmed for hygienic purposes, and, armed with a six-pound hammer, he started for the rock pile, mumbling as he left the station:

"The muse got an awful jolt that time at the hands of an unsympathetic judge; but, then, there's hope. Recognition will come some time. It must come. Ofter, please see that Pegasus is properly cared for until I return!"

**NOISES IN VENICE.**

The Way They Crash Upon The Normal Quiet of the City.

With all the water traffic and with not a horse or a cab or a wagon to wake the echoes, the utter silence of Venice is the thing that first impresses the traveler. Yet because there is no undertone of city noises in which occasional noises may merge the Grand Canal at Venice seems to the stranger at night the noisiest place in the world, for every little noise crashes into one's sleep, and the most wakeful hours of our six weeks in Italy were spent on the Grand Canal in Venice.

The bells of the churches pealed out, not this louder nor more frequently than they ring in other cities, yet because Venice is so still these bells clang through the night like the alarm of a continuous and ever increasing noise. The law of a locomotive engine, a cart carrying home three drinks and a throbbing brake, a noise that may be heard by the attentive listener any place on earth after 11 o'clock, in Venice becomes insistent and demanding. The bells of the churches pealed out, not this louder nor more frequently than they ring in other cities, yet because Venice is so still these bells clang through the night like the alarm of a continuous and ever increasing noise.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Nov. 21, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Cor. xi, 21, to xii, 10.—Memory Verses, 24, 25.—Golden Text, II Cor. xii, 9.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The topic of this lesson is "Paul's Story of His Life," and yet that seems to be a very old story. It is told in the Bible before Agrippa in chapter xxvi, or even in his address from the castle stairs in chapter xxii, or more fully in putting these records together. The verses as related to us for today's study are rather a resume of his sufferings, with special reference to his being stoned to death at Lystra and his marvelous escape at that time. With such a record as that in chapter xi, 23, who is there today who has anything that can begin to compare with it in the matter of suffering for Christ's sake? At the time of his conversion the Lord said to Ananias, "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my sake" (Acts ix, 16), and this seemed in our eyes as if he had filled the bill quite fully. Let us understand a little more fully the service of suffering as set forth in Rom. v, 3; Phil. i, 29; Col. i, 24; I Cor. xii, 10, and elsewhere. It is made manifest in plain that in the suffering of Christ in our stead, as our sin bearer, all who receive Him are made meet to be partakers of the sufferings of Christ, and in return, inheriting, having in Him redemption because of His death, the forgiveness of sins (Col. i, 12, 14).

There is, however, another phase of the suffering question in Heb. ii, 10, where it speaks of bringing us to His glory and of Him as the captain of our salvation. He is our high priest, through sufferings. He is our high priest, who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, for He was in all points tempted like as we are (Heb. ii, 18). Now, having by His sacrifice made us his priests and kings, we are to reign with Him on earth (Rev. i, 5, 6; i, 10). We must remember that to be fitted to reign with Him we must have Him (I Tim. ii, 12), by His atonement made fit for His presence, but by our suffering with Him here as His redeemed ones made fit to fill the place in His kingdom which He is preparing for us while He prepares us for it. Hence we have a little light on the great mystery of the believer's sufferings as seen everywhere in greater or less degree.

If by His grace we are patient under all our trials we are winning for ourselves a sure crown of glory of life (Jas. i, 12; Rev. ii, 26), which we shall have to cast at His feet in that day. And not only so, but the power of Christ is seen upon us to His glory, the patience under trial as it could not otherwise be seen. Paul, therefore, says, "Most gladly will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me" (xii, 9). This is something like Phil. i, 20, where he says, "I shall be glorified in my body, whether it be life or death."

While Paul had unusual fellowship in suffering, he had also some unusual revelations. Not only was his conversion unique, but the various manifestations of the Lord to him after his conversion were very remarkable. He was also the revelation of the "mystery" of which he so often speaks. He tells us that, lest the abundance of the revelations should unduly exalt him, there was given him a thorn in the flesh, the herald of Satan, to buffet him. He tells us that he asked the Lord three times to deliver him from it, but the answer was, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness" (verse 1). I do not know how we can be quite sure as to what this thorn in the flesh was, but Paul himself shall make good tell us if it is best for us to know. Some one has said that we are not told what it was in order that if any one has a burden or trial he may find a bit of comfort in supposing that that was just what Paul had. This certainly is true; that if any believer has a physical infirmity and cannot get it removed by prayer or by the physician's skill, let him answer to Paul and be accepted and the Lord trusted for grace to bear it meekly for His glory, for, while these words were said to Paul, they were written for us.

As to the special vision and revelation of our lesson, it seems to have been about the time that Paul was stoned to death at Lystra, and it is quite probable that while Paul's dead body was being dragged out of Lystra (Acts xiv, 19), he was in the third heaven, or paradise, where he learned the secrets, and saw and heard things that he could not put into earthly language. We have no record of anything that Lazarus of Bethany said when he came back from the dead, probably because he could not utter it. The best thing I have ever read on these heavenly realities is "The Trance of Rev. William Tennant," once a minister at Freshford, N. J., who was dead for three days and after a peculiar journey, for many years, in the land of the spirits. It is a little tract published by Miss M. E. Munson, 77 Bible House, New York. The foundation of all that is beautiful in this lesson is to be able to say, "I know a man in Christ who are certainly lost, but being in Him all is well for time and eternity. Then to be able to say truly 'Christ liveth in me' (Gal. ii, 20), as is the privilege of every true believer, is the manifestation of His life in us."

**Why Women's Minds Are Weaker.**  
"Of course women should vote," he said. "Women deserve the suffrage as much as men, more, because their minds are purer and clearer."

"Cleaner?" cried the sweet young thing he had taken to dinner. "Of course they are, ever and ever so much cleaner. Now do you ever know that?"

"Because their church officers," said he solemnly.—Exchange.

**In Doubt.**  
Mrs. Meadow (at Paris hotel)—Ooo! There's a fly in this soup!

Mr. Meadow (who had traveled a little)—Hush, Miranda! Don't speak so loud! No use expending our ignorance. This bill of fare is all in French, and maybe we ordered by soup.—London Tit-Bits.

A fearful type of man is the so-called "white death" of Alaska. This is a foe in which the whole air becomes full of minute particles of ice. It is thick beyond belief, and exposure to it for any length of time in the open means certain death to human beings.

**EARNED HIS BOARD.**  
Sir Thomas Lipton's Experience as a Hotel Runner.

"During the early part of my business career," said Sir Thomas Lipton in the London Strand Magazine, "I began as a hotel runner. I was then a young man, and I was very ambitious to prosper quickly in America, and at the age of sixteen I left home and started for the United States. I had not dared tell my father and mother, so they only knew of the great step I had taken when I had gone. Had it not been for the kindness of one of my fellow passengers my journey would have been very miserable, and once or twice, I confess, I lost heart."

"I had no money nor any one to go to when I arrived in New York, and before we landed I received my brains as to what I was to do. As the steamer drew alongside the pier I took up my few belongings and rushed away to the nearest hotel before any one else had left the vessel."

"As I found a clean, well kept place I asked to see the proprietor and told him that I could get him forty patrons, provided he would board and lodge me for a month. To this he consented. I made my way back instantly to the boat and was just in time to catch my fellow passengers and persuade them to go to this hotel, where I assured them they would get excellent accommodation. And they did."

**LONG LIVED OLIVE TREES.**  
Groves That Have Been Productive For Many Centuries.

The longevity of olive trees is extraordinary. In Syria have been found some remarkably ancient olive trees whose ages are established beyond question. A trust deed exists which relates to an orchard covering 400 acres near Tripoli, less well known, but having been issued in the year 1140.

Though the trees looked aged, they still bear fruit of fine quality in abundance and are likely to maintain their productivity for many hundreds of years. An olive grove near Beirut is admitted to be the third largest olive farm in the world. Syrian fruit farmers are extending olive culture with much zeal and effect.

Under European systems of culture the Syrians make the olive tree bear each season, while in the old days one crop in three years was thought to be all that the trees could produce. The low cropping capacity of the trees was due to the native method of thrashing the fruit from the branches with sticks, which seriously injured them.

The methods of grinding the olive for oil and picking the fruit are peculiar. Neither the grinders nor pickers receive wages, but are paid on percentage. The pickers receive 5 per cent of the actual fruit picked, and the grinders get 10 per cent of the fruit sound.—Dundee Advertiser.

**Let the Doctor Beware.**  
Briggs—A safe conversation rule is, When in doubt talk of the weather. Briggs—Safe nothing! I met my tailor yesterday, and on my speaking of the weather he replied, "Yes, it is unmet," and that reminds me of a little bill of yours."—Boston Transcript.

**LOVE FOR TITLES.**

The Way the Average German Burger Lengthens His Name.

The average German burger's love of titles is a source of never ending fun to the rest of the German population and of continual ridicule to the rest of the world. Any one entering to see how far some people of the fatherland will go in this direction need only have a look at a hotel register at a summer resort. He will see added to the name of the guest the most curious combinations of appellations drawn together to form a title. He will, for instance, find:

"A. Technischen Provinzial-Hausbau-Ingenieur," in technical provincial fire insurance inspector.

"A. Geheimen Expedierenden Sekretär im Ministerium der öffentlichen Arbeiten" (meaning a special sort of secretary at the ministry of public works).

A. to continue in English as well as possible, "Vorsteher, president of the Royal Saxon railways," a "royal railroad sub-director."

The ladies are not better. "Frau Verwaltendestenercontrollorin" is quite usual and means "Mrs. Widowed Superior Collector." Then there are the "Mrs. Secretary and Calculator" and "Mrs. Widowed General Agent." The best of all, however, is a title which a lady entered in the register of a hotel at which I recently stayed. It read, "Mrs. Prison Warden and Children."—Pall Mall Gazette.

**TAMING A BIRD.**

Teaching a Feathered Pet to Trust You Is Not Difficult.

No creature is more pliant or sensitive than a bird. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and that without starving him or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him in a good deal.

There is one danger near you on your desk or work table, and retain his closest duty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon, if you are patient and do not discover him by fixing your eyes upon him.

After this he will more readily take it from your lips, and then when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call to which you have accustomed him, and accept the dainty from you while free.

As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him or try to take away his food or interfere in any way with his liberty he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you. He will pull your hair, pick at your eyes and give you as much of his company as you desire.—New York Press.

**A Lost Opportunity.**







**The Woburn Journal**  
Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.  
FRIDAY, NOV. 26, 1909.

## HARRY W. CLARK.

People who know him say that Harry W. Clark of Ward C, who is likely to receive the Republican nomination for Mayor tomorrow evening, is of good Majority timber, and a competent Campaign Committee have endorsed that opinion by adopting him for their standardbearer at the Republican and Antislavery caucus.

He is a young man of excellent business ability, square in his dealings, posted in general affairs, not an office-seeker, commands the respect of his neighbors, and would make a good, reliable and popular Mayor.

That Mr. Clark will be nominated for Mayor by the Republicans tomorrow evening, with little or no opposition, is a foregone conclusion.

And he will be elected.

## OFFICE SEEKS THE MAN.

Harry W. Clark and William F. Davis are not pushing themselves forward to capture the nomination respectively for Mayor and member of the Board of Public Works, but in each it is a case of the office seeking the man, or candidate.

Neither of them seeks the nomination, and consented to run only after appeals made by duly empowered members of the Campaign Committee.

Because they do not seek it, and because of their dual consent to make the canvass, and work for its success, Messrs. Clark and Davis are entitled to nominations tomorrow evening.

## NOLICENSE.

Every sign points to an overwhelming victory for the Antislavery ticket at the polls in this city Dec. 14.

The friends and advocates of legal rum-selling in Woburn this, or any other year, might as well throw up the sponge voluntarily now as to be compelled to do so after the vote.

Woburn is a "Nolicense" city.

From present appearances no effort, worth mentioning, will be put forth to get out the rum vote on next election day here.

## THE COMMITTEE.

Harry W. Clark's Campaign Committee consists of 28 of the most prominent and influential voters in this city.

How Ald. Samuel Higley, who is a good fellow, honest and upright, can political the faintest hope, smart and a cheerful hustler though he be, of gaffling on to the Mayoralty nomination tomorrow night, is a thing we don't pretend to understand.

## B. P. W.

The Committee were fortunate in securing the consent of Ex-Mayor W. F. Davis to accept a nomination for the B. P. W. No better choice could have been made for that important office.

Public opinion and sympathy for the unfortunate former Chairman of the Board of Public Works, and in favor of Harry Clark, it would seem to be wise on his part for Ald. Higley to tell the voters that he had concluded not to run for Mayor.

He ought to realize that Clark, with a campaign committee of such size and political strength back of him, cannot be defeated for the Mayoralty nomination.

With such men in his own Ward as William W. Hill, Andrew B. Lincoln, D. W. Bond and H. F. Kimball opposed to his nomination, and in favor of Harry Clark, it would seem to be wise on his part for Ald. Higley to tell the voters that he had concluded not to run for Mayor.

Commissioner Jimmy Kelley thinks he is sure of a reelection to the B. P. W. The boys are solid for him, and every voter at the South end will cast a ballot for Jimmy on election day, and two, if necessary.

Not only remember, but be sure to attend, the sale which the good sisters of the Methodist church are to hold in the Central House cafe tomorrow. It will be worth your while, and please the Sunny Corner Class.

Glady's Holden, Radcliffe '09, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Bennett Holden, is on a committee for a debate on suffrage and anti-suffrage at the next meeting of the Radcliffe Suffrage Club.—Boston Journal.

Mr. James Skinner who takes a deep interest in our High School athletics, and has, in the past, contributed liberally to their support, and the Athletic Association is soon to present sweaters to the H. S. Football team.

At the annual meeting of the Phoenix Association held last Saturday evening, George W. Willard was elected President; Samuel W. Mendum, First V. P.; Philip D. Gambell, Second V. P.; M. Littlefield, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Woburn Board of Health have replied to the Stoughton rumor against the opening of a pack-hatch at East Woburn saying they have no power in the matter, and Stoughton and Winchester are as mad as hens hung in the fence.

Chairman Herbert Riley of the Republican Ward and City Committee hopes the voters of his party will come out in full force tomorrow evening and do the business of making nominations up in the best of style, and to the satisfaction of everybody interested in it.

Ald. Harold Johnson reported at the last meeting of the City Council that Supt. Myers of the Woburn Div. of the B. & N. Railway had assured him that the Winn street transfers from the North Woburn to Burlington cars would go into operation about Dec. 1.

Ex-Mayor Fitzgerald is the choice, by a large majority, of the Boston Democracy for Mayoralty candidate. He is sure of the nomination, and tolerably certain of election.

The Frances E. Willard Settlement are planning for a unique Festival and Sale at the Club House, 38 Chambers St., Boston, Dec. 2, 3 and 4 from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. The different rooms are to be made very attractive. The gymnasium becomes a Mother Goose market and Mother Goose with many of her retinue will be in attendance. Light lunch will be served in Sanborn Hall, which is to be a Japanese Tea Garden. On Saturday Pearson Hall will be a place of delight for the children. It is hoped the Sale will be a great success, and that \$5,000 may be realized. Admission 10 cents.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Unitarian Parish—Fair, Dr. George—Orthopedic, S. W. Mendum—Caucuses, John E. Eaton—Mort. Sale.

City election Dec. 14.

Republican caucuses tomorrow evening.

Christmas comes in just 4 weeks from tomorrow, Dec. 25.

And still the breaking of the watermain goes bravely and successfully on.

Full moon tomorrow. Considerable wet weather may be calculated on during its wane.

The Indian Summer season has come and gone, and there was but mighty little of it.

Mayor Bond couldn't see his way clear to sitting through another term in the Mayor's chair.

"Woburn eggs" sold in this city at 60 cents a dozen last week. They were 65 in Winchester.

Last Sunday was an unusually hot day for late November. It was followed by more hot days.

The Democratic caucus tonight will probably result in the nomination of one candidate for Mayor and two for the Board.

It is rumored that several members of the present City Council would, voluntarily and involuntarily, go out of commission on Jan. 1, 1910.

Now we, all of us, will find out which has the larger number of friends in Ward 6, Higley or Clark. Tomorrow evening will tell the story.

Last week the J. J. Grobe factory and Smith & Wallace forwarded another big snowplow for the Public Service Corporation of Newark, N. J.

Many Woburn people attended the great Yale-Harvard football game at Harvard College last Saturday, and most of them were sorry that Yale won.

Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church, preached a good Thanksgiving sermon at the union religious services in the Baptist meeting-house yesterday.

The football season closed officially last Saturday, Nov. 20. Now let us get ready for the next baseball season. School and college sports have the right of way.

Do you mind, Mr. Republican Voter, that Mr. Harry W. Clark of Elm street, N. W., is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Mayor? He is a good man.

Don't fail to go to the North Cong. church next Sunday evening and hear an up-to-date pastor of an up-to-date church lecture on "Nolicense."

Mrs. Hannah Davis, who died last week Wednesday, was 85 years, 4 months and 4 days old at the time of her death. The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20.

Dr. Robert Chalmers is again visiting and heading sick people just as he has himself hadn't been at death's door lately. He had a narrow escape, but is now all right.

A large number of colleagues, master and female, took Thanksgiving dinners with their families here at home, and stayed over a few days afterwards to let the dinners settle.

Ward 6 has two candidates for Mayor, and the returns are not all in yet, either. That stalwart Republican Ward is never bashful about presenting candidates for official posts; always good ones.

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Now that cold weather has come, and snow covers up their food sources, it behooves softhearted and right-minded people to "Feed the Birds!"

Rev. James J. Keegan of Woburn wants to see a larger Nolicense vote in that city in December. He says: "Nolicense poorly enforced is a thousand times better than license strictly enforced." It will probably be a long time before Woburn again becomes a license city.—Winchester Star.

The Woburn boys who are in the Boston Journal's schoolboys' country run today are all pupils of the High school, and their names are: J. Edward O'Connor, Patrick H. Tenney, Elton R. Given, James E. Murray, Sherman Parker, Dana Hubbard. We hope they will capture all of the highest prizes.

Considerable curiosity is felt in Woburn concerning the forthcoming report of the Railroad Commissioners on the petition of Butler Ames, et al., for a right of way, or permission to build, his proposed Interurban Rapid Transit Street Railway from Lowell, through this city, to Boston.

A favorable one is doubted by a good many people.

Dr. Staples and lady of Franklin Falls, N. H., were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor of 23 Pleasant street. They were treated to the nicest kind of a turkey dinner, and relished it keenly.

Dr. Staples and Mrs. Hortense Taylor are relatives, and their immediate ancestors had their homes in Wells, York County, Maine.

The first real snowstorm of this season came during the early part of Tuesday night, Nov. 23, 1909. True, the fall was not sufficient to make sleighing, and Mr. E. A. Hartwell's first sleighbells of the winter were not heard on the streets, and the melting of it soon left the roads bare, but it was the real thing and the first of the season worthy of the name.

It looks at the present time as though Ald. Higley would have done better to have gone in for another year on the Board of Aldermen rather than for the office of Mayor. It is reasonable to conclude that he could have been re-elected Alderman without any trouble, but to capture the Mayoralty is another question. But Ald. Higley knows his own business best.

Last Sunday morning Miss Annie McDonald, an estimable young lady, after an illness of a few weeks, died at the home of her brother, Mr. James W. McDonald, the well-known piano dealer and tuner of No. 7 Broad street, this city, by whom her passing away is deeply lamented, as well as by her brother Alexander of Concord, N. H., and other relatives and friends.

The funeral was held at St. Charles church on Tuesday, Nov. 23.

Rev. George H. Tilton of the North Congregational Church is a wideawake, active, aggressive, Nolicense champion and is doing a splendid work for the cause of temperance in Ward 6. He is greatly aided and abetted by an equally wideawake church, whose influence will be felt in the city on election day.

On next Sunday evening Rev. Mr. Tilton is to lecture in the church on "The Evils of License," illustrated by stereoscopic views.

Mr. Abraham F. Morrill, a notice of whose 80th birthday anniversary appeared in the Journal a few weeks ago, died at the home of his niece, Mrs. A. S. DeLoria, on Church avenue last Tuesday morning, Nov. 22, 1909, and the funeral is to be held this afternoon. The deceased was born at Newburyport on Nov. 7, 1820, and after following the sea for some time, came to Woburn 65 years ago, and has since resided here. He was a good citizen, and highly respected in this community.

Mr. Charles A. Lewis, of New York, manager of the Harbor and Gateway of New York, Chicago and London (Eng.), and his daughter, Mrs. Mary Lawson of Chicago, brother and niece of the Business Manager of the Woburn Journal, ate their Thanksgiving dinner at the Journal's well-laden table, which was graced by a fat turkey as a centerpiece, flanked by as fine an assortment of et ceteras as one would wish to see, or aid in demolishing, with dessert to match. Their visit was enjoyed.

Dr. Fred Gowling, D. O., of this city, member of the Boston Medical Club, gives a free lecture and demonstration of healing by laying on of hands in Hall 219, Huntington Chambers, Boston, at 3 o'clock P. M. every Thursday. The Boston office of Dr. Gowling is at 428 Huntington Chambers, where he has a fine practice as a Magnetic physician and Doctor of Osteopathy, for which he passed a successful examination by the State Board, and was duly registered as an D. O. by that body.

The New England Woman's Press Association celebrated their 24th birthday anniversary by holding a Thanksgiving breakfast at Hotel Vendome in Boston on the morning of Nov. 17, at which the distinguished Boston journalist and author of books, Mrs. Elizabeth Gosse was the Guest of Honor. Two original poems were read and several speeches delivered at the banquet table eulogistic of Mrs. Gosse, and among the latter was one by Miss Marian Hosmer, a lady who has, for several years, filled the office of Reporter-at-large on the Woburn Journal.

There is more trouble at the city pumping station, which might have been avoided if the business of procuring a new pump had been done right on the spot. Consulting Engineer Harbord has now got around to the opinion that the city had better rent a pump of Smith and Platt (why Smith?) to serve until Platt & Co., the contractors, get the new one ready for use, and very likely that is what will be done. The addition of a few more boxes of the Water Department would, no doubt, compel, in a short time, the inhabitants to return to their old wells and cisterns for water. Spencer and Pollard could manage this water supply, including new pump and main, all right, if allowed to do so. They know just what is needed and the best way of getting it. The first thing we know there will be a big bureaup at the station.

# Extension Telephones

Saves Time—Energy—Patience.

Convenient for the aged.

Comforting to the invalid.

Invaluable to the business man who regards his time in money equivalents.

Indispensable to the housewife who may have to go upstairs or downstairs to answer a telephone call or send a message.

The convenience tremendously outweighs the cost. Ask your neighbor who has one, or, for further particulars call up the Local Manager. (No charge for such a call.)



## New England Telephone and Telegraph Company

### Republicans of Woburn:

Your Caucuses for the nomination of a ticket for the City Election will be held

Saturday Evening, Nov. 27.

We present to you as a candidate for nomination

### For Mayor, Harry W. Clark,

Leather Manufacturer of North Woburn, and ask you to attend the Caucuses and vote for him.

He is a staunch supporter of

### NO LICENSE

and as Mayor can be depended upon to enforce the law, and give to our City a progressive, business like administration.

We vouch for his character, his fitness, and his availability, and earnestly appeal to every Republican to support the cause of

GOOD GOVERNMENT and NO LICENSE

in Woburn by attending the caucus and voting for

### HARRY W. CLARK FOR MAYOR.

The following have been chosen as a Committee to present his name:—

WILLIAM F. DAVIS  
WILLIAM BEGGS  
ELWYN G. PRESTON  
GEORGE F. HILL  
GEORGE E. BETHRELL  
FRANK E. WETHERELL  
J. FRED LESLIE  
EDWARD F. JOHNSON  
LUKE WARREN FOWLE  
EVERETT P. FOX  
CHAS. R. ROSENQUIST  
FRED C. KEAN

ANDREW R. LINSKOTT  
B. FRANK KIMBALL  
DANIEL W. BOND  
FRED J. BROWN  
WILFORD D. GRAY  
SAMUEL W. MENDUM  
WILLIAM E. BLODGETT  
FRED J. SHATTUCK  
CARL EVERBURG  
PARKER T. POOLE  
ALVAH BUCKMAN  
E. E. THOMPSON  
L. F. BALDWIN  
FRED H. BURDETT

SAMUEL W. MENDUM, Secretary,  
16 Arlington Road, Woburn.

## HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen  
Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

### H. B. BLYE & CO.,

350 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

Mrs. Shaw.  
Mrs. Jane E. Shaw, widow of the late Marcus M. Shaw, Superintendent of the Woburn Iron Foundry, died at the home of her son, Mr. Stillman Shaw, in Newton, on Friday, Nov. 19, 1909, after a brief illness of pneumonia. She was 67 years old, and is survived by two daughters and a son.  
She was an excellent woman, a Christian, always faithful to her church duties, and enjoyed the respect of a wide circle of friends.  
She expected and had planned to spend the late winter in Philadelphia but was taken ill soon after attending the annual First Parish supper in this city lately and died but a few days later.  
The funeral was held at the home of her friend, Mrs. Maria R. Hinkford, 42 Mt. Pleasant street, on Monday after noon.

### ANNUAL FAIR FIRST UNITARIAN PARISH WOBURN

DEC. 2, 3, 1909

Free Admission to Fair  
THURSDAY, DEC. 2

Fair Opens at 4 P. M.  
Supper served at 6.30

Tickets 35 Cents  
FRIDAY, DEC. 3

Fair Opens at 4 P. M.  
Vaudeville Entertainment 8 P. M.

Many interesting attractions  
Including

MISS KATE RYAN  
Of the Castle Square Theatre Co.

MISS ILMA STEARNS  
Whistling Soloist

Tickets 25 Cents

## HIS OWN MEDICINE.

The Dose That Was Handed to the Persistent Agent.

He was a sewing machine agent of the most aggressive type. For twenty minutes the body of the house had been awaiting an opportunity to say that she already possessed one.

At last he pushed, only long enough, however, to thrust a card into the lady's hand.

The bit of pasteboard was certainly a novelty.

"My name is Sellen," it read, "of the firm of Blank & Co., sewing machine manufacturers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madness to defer purchasing one of our unequalled machines."

After a long description of the machine came the following:

"You are pleased that you are unable to work a machine. I will remove that objection in fifteen minutes or in three lessons. Will call next Wednesday."

When the agent called again a six foot man opened the door and blandly remarked:

"You're the sewing machine man, I suppose?"

"Yes, I called last week, and"—

"Yes, I know," interrupted the big man. "You don't know me, I suppose. My name's Butts of Butts & Keopson, undertakers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madness to defer purchasing one of our unequalled coffins."

The agent began to edge away.

"You may plead that you are scarcely qualified for a coffin," the big man went on. "I will remove that objection in ten seconds."

But the agent simply tore from the house.—London Tit-Bits.

## WHAT TO DO.

Hints on First Aid to Everybody on All Occasions.

When a man rushes into your office hurriedly and says:

"By Jingo, Dawson, I hate to speak of it, but I need \$500 like the very old dickens today!"

Answer—"What a singular coincidence, Hinks! I do too!"

When the lovely young maiden at the seaside to whom you have been paying court all summer shakes her head violently and says:

"No, Mr. Hinksters, I cannot imagine any circumstances under which I could be induced to marry you."

Answer—"Thanks, Miss Jones. This is a great relief. I was afraid you had misconstrued my attentions and, of course, desired to live up to my implied obligations."

When you run face to face with your tailor upon the street and he turns a cold, bony eye upon you and says:

"Excuse me, Mr. Bump, but what have you to say about my little bill?"

Answer—"I don't think I have met your little bill, Mr. Supperton. Indeed, I didn't know you had any children at all."

While he is recovering from this jump into a taxi and proceed to break the speed laws.—Carlyle Smith in Harper's Weekly.

## Relative Strength of Arms.

As a result of some very interesting experiments made at Washington with a view to determine the relative strength of right and left limbs it has been ascertained that over 50 per cent of the men examined had the right arm stronger than the left, 16.40 per cent had the arms of equal length and strength, and 32.70 per cent had the left arm stronger than the right.

Of women 43.90 per cent had the right arm stronger than the left, and 24.50 per cent had the left stronger than the right. In order to determine the average length of limbs fifty skeletons were measured, twenty-five of each sex. Of these twenty-three had the right arm and left leg longer, six the left arm and right leg, while in seven cases all the members were more or less equal in length.—Exchange.

## Disadvantages of Poverty.

"We're going to move again in a month or two," said the little girl on the back porch. "We move into a new house every year."

"We don't," said the little girl in the adjoining yard. "My papa owns this house."

"And you don't never move into any other one?"

"No."

"My, my! It must be awful to be as poor as that!"—Chicago Tribune.

## A Reliable Plan.

"Whenever I don't like a man very well," remarked the cynical person, "I give him a tip on the nose. I don't care how much it costs for him."

"But suppose it wins."

"Then he's unhappy because he didn't bet more."

"And if he doesn't bet at all?"

"I keep on giving tips until one does win, and then he feels as if he has missed the chance of his life!"—Washington Star.















## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1909.

## Republican Ticket.

The Republicans of this city to the small number of 700 met in caucus last Saturday evening, Dec. 1, 1909, and nominated the following ticket to be voted for and elected in this city on Dec. 14, 1909, and a most excellent one it is.

FOR MAYOR, Harry W. Clark.  
FOR BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, William F. Davis.

## FOR ALDERMEN AT LARGE.

Gustaf O. Anderson  
John W. Fox  
Nathan W. Frye  
Harold P. Johnson  
S. Walter Marion  
Charles P. Pollard  
Fred W. Shattuck  
Harry H. West.

## FOR WARD ALDERMEN.

Ward 1, Harry A. Fellows  
Ward 2, Charles A. Greenleaf  
Ward 3, Nathan W. Frye  
Ward 4, Harry A. Jones  
Ward 5, Thomas J. Wright  
Ward 6, William H. Cullen  
Ward 7, John W. Cummings

## FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

John G. Maguire  
Samuel W. Mendum  
Grace L. Norris

## THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

The names of the citizens who were chosen at the Republican caucuses last Saturday evening, Dec. 1, 1909, to be elected on Dec. 14, are printed in an outer column of the JOURNAL this week. It is as good a list as the voters of this city could reasonably ask for.

There was but one contest, that for Mayor, in which Harry W. Clark received 407 votes, and Aldermen Samuel Hightley 302 votes, giving Clark a majority of 105.

Special attention is asked to be given to the difference in the character and intellectual caliber of the two Aldermanic tickets. The men on both are well known, therefore we forbear further comment on the subject.

We repeat the assertion that the Republicans were fortunate in gaining the consent of Hon. William F. Davis to be their candidate for member of the Board of Public Works. They should not in extra work to secure his election, for Jim Kelley is popular as a Democratic leader, and a great votegetter. Gentlemen, put in your best bids for Davis.

Only one new name appears on the Republican School Board ticket, that of Judge John G. Maguire, and, as he is the candidate of both parties, his election is sure to come on Dec. 14.

## SCHOOL BOARD.

This section of the ticket leads all others in importance. Careful consideration of it by the voters is respectfully solicited.

Being a candidate of both parties, Hon. John G. Maguire will be unanimously elected, of course. A better selection could not have been made.

Judge Maguire has a clear business head, is well educated, and interested in the education of the young. He knows the Public School; knows its needs and how to supply them; its defects and how to remedy them; its merits and how to employ them. To nominate him was a good thing to do. Mendum and Norris are present and efficient members of the Board. This is Miss Norris's 4th term, and their case is one merely of reelection.

The JOURNAL hasn't a word to say against the Democratic nominees of the Board; Miss Mulken and Mr. McColgan are excellent people, and amply qualified for the office, except in experience, on which score the Republican ticket should be elected.

## MURRAY AND KELLEY.

The Woburn Democrats held caucuses on the evening of Nov. 26 to nominate candidates for Mayor, member of the Board of Public Works, Aldermen and School Committee. They had a large attendance, and the utmost harmony prevailed all along the line. As was expected, Hugh D. Murray was nominated for Mayor. The vote stood: Murray, 645; Lynch, 242; Reade, 99.

The vote for member of B. P. W. was: James H. Kelley, 710; Feeney, 292; and Kelley is regularly nominated for the fourth term, and has filled the office 9 years already.

The nominees for the School Board are Hon. John G. Maguire, Adelaide Mulken, daughter of Mr. Michael J. Mulken, and Neal J. McColgan. They are good candidates, worthy of any party's vote, and we are puzzled to find out how the Democrats happened to make such nominations for School Committee.

## CITY ELECTION.

The Woburn city election is to be held on Dec. 14, or one week from next Tuesday. The new city government will be ushered in a couple of three weeks thereafter.

That the incoming municipal administration will be Republican and anti-liquor from head to foot hardly admits of a doubt, judging from present appearances. It is barely possible that the Democrats may elect a majority of the Aldermen, but while possible it is not probable.

It is admitted on all hands that the Antiliquor ticket is much the stronger of the two.

Convincing evidence of the growth of temperance sentiment in this city, and increase of opposition to the legalized sale of spirituous liquors, is found in the records of the Fourth District Court. During the year ending Sept. 30, 1909, there were 390 arrests for drunkenness, while during the year before there were 594, and the searches, seizures and prosecutions for illegal selling were equally convincing of an improved condition of the business, and the rise and progress of a healthier public sentiment respecting the liquor traffic, in this city.

Wellman, the Journalist, who did not abandon his hunt for the North pole until he heard that Peary had found it, said last week that Dr. Cook's story of his discovery of the Pole is "A Counterfeit," and then proceeds to prove it.

We did not suppose there was a citizen of Woburn so shortsighted as to favor the absorption of the Woburn postoffice by the Boston office, but it seems there is one, he, however, can't know what he is talking about. Woburn should mean to keep as far away from "Greater Boston" and the Metropolitan Commission as possible. Representative George E. Fowle saved our Waterworks from being gobbled up by Boston; John W. Johnson, Esq., did by our Sewer System; and efforts to get our postoffice hitched onto the Hub have thus far been thwarted. Woburn is capable of doing its own business now, and hopes to be able to do so for some years to come.

Hon. William E. Blodgett, ex-Mayor, a gentleman of ability, and a fast friend of moral reforms, is in demand as a speaker at Noliensse meetings and rallies in different parts of Massachusetts, and enjoys a creditable reputation as a temperance advocate. Complying with a request of the temperance people there, he delivered an address at a Noliensse meeting in Taunton last Sunday afternoon, the recording of which fact reminds us to suggest to our people, especially to the W. C. T. U., that a few Antiliquor speeches by Mr. Blodgett in the present Woburn campaign would be of decided benefit to the cause, and make votes for it on Dec. 14.

The State Board of Agriculture will hold their annual winter meeting, for lectures and discussions, at Grange Hall, Dracut, just out of Lowell, on December 7, 8 and 9. These meetings have been held every year from the beginning of the work of the Board and were the first instances in this State of vocational instruction outside of educational institutions. The programme for this meeting promises to be the best and most interesting ever furnished.

They say it can be proved by unimpeachable North Woburn testimony that Harry W. Clark is worthy of the high honor the Republicans of this city bestowed on him by selecting him as their standardbearer, or candidate for Mayor, in the present city election campaign. It is claimed that he is eminently fitted for the office, and the odds in favor of his election in Ward 6 to 10 to Nothing. He is sure of it.

Perhaps, Judge John J. Maguire of the Fourth District Court, and John W. Johnson, Esq., President of the Woburn National Bank, both Middlesex County Lawyers of good repute, began to realize, while attending the Annual Banquet of the Middlesex Bar Association at Young's Hotel in Boston last Wednesday evening, that "Age, Old Age, comes creeping on," for nearly all of the 100 gentlemen present were on the shady side of 50.

Charles R. Saunders, Esq., one of the ablest Lawyers and Republican politicians in Boston, formerly Chairman of the State Board of Election Commissioners, gave Mayor Hibbard sound advice when he told him the best thing he could do for himself and the city, would be to withdraw from the Mayoralty contest there. Hibbard can't come anywhere near being elected.

Dr. Cook's worriment now is over the possibility of somebody stealing his Northpole records sent to the Copenhagen University for investigation by the Danish scientists of that institution the other week—just as if anybody cared enough about his records. Cooked up for the occasion, to steal them!

The November 27 issue of *Practical Politics*, published in Boston, contained an excellent portrait of Representative elect George F. Bean of Woburn, and an interesting sketch of his school, college and professional career as a Boston Lawyer, and official services in Woburn.

## LOCAL NEWS.

S. W. Mendum—Citation.  
J. W. Johnson—Citation.  
City of Woburn—Election.  
Woburn National Bank—Report.

Slight flint of snow Thursday morning; temp. 28.

B. & N. St. R. transfers at Winn street began on Dec. 1.

The Choral Society are to give their first concert on Jan. 17.

Hern's Tremont Orchestra played for the Co. G dance at the Armory last night.

Editor Haggerty of the *Times* would poll more votes for Mayor than Murray will.

Mrs. Jennie Greenleaf of North Berwick visited relatives and friends here last week.

Christmas comes in 3 weeks from tomorrow. Time to be getting the presents ready.

Business is brisk in the South End leather factories. They are all working fullbanded.

The Boston Post thinks that people who are "living regardless of cost" ought to be happy.

Mrs. William C. Lawson left here last Tuesday for her home in Chicago via New York City.

Mrs. Chester Holland entertained the King's Daughters at her home on Cleveland avenue last Tuesday evening.

Entertainment at the Unitarian annual Fair this evening runs from 7:30 to 8:30, and admission is only 10 cents.

Mrs. Anna B. Phillips has returned from a pleasant visit with friends at Portland to her home at Littleton.

Did any of our readers sit up nearly all last Friday night to see a total eclipse of the moon Saturday morning?

Ald. Hightley would have done better to have taken the JOURNAL's advice and gone in for another election to the Aldermanic Board.

Miss Annie Skinner entertained the Gablette Club at her home on Montvale avenue last Tuesday evening. She is a delightful hostess.

There was a fine rainstorm here last Monday morning, but it failed to carry off the patches of snow that are still to be seen in shady spots.

It was only 18 degrees above zero, or 14 below freezing, here last Wednesday morning, which was a fair sample of close winter weather.

Organist Daniel N. Hood of First Church and Mrs. Hood ate their Thanksgiving turkey and fixings with a daughter and family in Boston.

The Law office of Samuel W. Mendum, Esq., is 18 Tremont street, Boston. We hope to see him adorn the Mayor's chair one of these days.

To fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Harold Soles, Miss Mildred Penney has been chosen President of the First Church Y. P. S. C. E.

McLaughlin & Dennison, druggists, are selling dead loads of the Herbrand Safety Razor. They go like hot biscuits well buttered everywhere.

The alarm from Box 212 at 9:25 last Saturday evening was for a fire in the Sulphite of Soda building of the Merrimac Chemical Co., at North Woburn.

Our High School boys who were in the Boston Journal's Schoolboys' Country run last Friday, did very well indeed, considering their lack of training.

At the Methodist Episcopal Church, next Sunday morning, the pastor, Rev. A. H. Horrick, will preach a sermon with reference to the noliensse question.

It ought not to be a difficult task for ex-Mayor Davis to beat Kelley for the B. P. W. at the polls. If the Republicans rally strong Mr. Davis can be elected hands down.

At the close of the registry last week there were on the list the names of 3,267 Woburn voters, although there has evidently been a small increase of population during the year.

The wife of Pastor Williams of the Baptist church conducted an exceedingly interesting exhibition by the L. T. L. at the church last Sunday. She did it very nicely indeed.

One of the hardest rain and snow storms that has visited these parts for some time began on Tuesday night and continued until Friday morning. It did a great deal of damage to shipping on this coast.

Ald. Samuel Hightley's drugstore is having a new modern front put in, which will improve its looks and enhance its value. It is the property of Mr. Luke Warren Fowle, and a valuable business location.

William R. Greenleaf, 45 years old, an employee of the Buckman & Keen department Co., was prostrated by a paralytic stroke on Tuesday morning when going to his work and died Wednesday morning.

Miss Elina Fowle has gone back to her daily task of "teaching the young ideas how to shoot" in the delightful old town of Fitzwilliam in New Hampshire. Miss Emily Godfrey, teacher, returned with her.

Commissioner Kelley of the B. P. W. threatens to show up things in City Hall, if he is reelected, in great shape. His critical eye is on the Water Department more especially. He'll do it—if there is anything to show up.

The Woburn city election campaign started out in fine leather last Monday morning, Nov. 29, 1909, on which date both parties buckled on their armor, shied their castors into the ring, and sung out to each other "Come on, My Hearties, we're ready for you."

It is surmised that ex-Mayor Larry Reade is in the city this year. His vote at the caucus seemed to warrant that belief. While there is no question but that Clark will be elected, we would be glad to have Reade stay in the fight just for the fun of the thing.

The officers of the new Woburn Noliensse League are: President, B. Frank Kimball; Vice, James F. McGovern; Treasurer, Theodore G. Bouette. It is destined to become a powerful promoter of the cause of temperance in this city. Earnest men are at the head of it.

The Schenectady, N. Y. *Gazette* of Nov. 17 contained a commendatory letter from Mr. A. H. Whitford, General Secretary of the Buffalo, New York, Y. M. C. A., who was born and raised in Woburn, and is one of the most prominent temperance workers in this country.

Secretary Wilson's report now ready for Congress informs us that the wholesale meat dealers of Boston clear 36 percent profit on their sales; and that in 40 of the largest American cities the average profit is 38 percent. How's that for high?

This is the first month of the winter of 1909-10, although we are taught to believe by the almanac that official winter does not begin until Dec. 21.

That theory does not militate against the certainty of plenty of winter weather, some of it of the zero brand, before that date.

Harry M. Call, who carried on a job printing establishment here a few years ago, a good printer and honest man, is now Superintendent of the mechanical department of the Twin Falls, Idaho *News*, the leading paper in a town of 5,000 people built up on a tract of land that was a howling wilderness 5 years ago.

We hear that owners have already begun to stallify the "Christmas Goose" in order to have it fat and in good condition for the joyous holiday which the Post said, "comes but once a year." And now the important question returns to the JOURNAL's mind: How many of its lady friends (bless 'em!) really know how to cook a goose and prepare it for the Christmas dinner?

The Gasvino Tile Company, whose fine factory is in this city, and of which Hon. W. E. Blodgett of Methuen is General Business Manager, have sent Mr. William H. Slater, the artistic manipulator of pen and brush, to Washington, D. C., to exercise his genius in that line on the new National Museum, in the construction of which the Company have a tile contract.

At the annual meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society held in Boston last Wednesday, Mr. William Richard Cutter, late Librarian of the Woburn Library, was elected Recording Secretary of the Society, a high and well deserved honor.

It is gratifying to see the name of Harold P. Johnson, Esq. again on the Republican ticket for Alderman at Large; and another candidate whose election we particularly desire is Mr. Charles P. Pollard, formerly of Pollard & Grothe, one of the best and most popular citizens of Woburn.

"Charlie" will get there, for there is not a person who knows him in Middlesex county who is not his true and genuine friend.

The opposition call the Republican Ward and City Committee a "Machine" and Chairman Riley, the Chief Engineer. Well, he keeps things moving, and the machinists busy all the time. Last evening a good sized Republican Rally was held at the headquarters, at which sound speeches were made and enthusiasm aroused.

Every man present felt absolutely sure that Hugh D. Murray and his associates on the Democratic ticket would be snowed under for all intents and purposes on Dec. 14.

The Antiliquor party should work just as hard to carry off the election as the pro-liquorists. The enemy are cunning and must be watched; and there will be no "whom" to their efforts to win on election day. The friends of temperance, sobriety and good order in Woburn must work, and work hard right up to the closing of the polls; get every Noliensse voter out, and saloonists and their friends will be so deeply snowed under at the election that they won't be able to make up their minds whether there has really been an election.

Miss Ruth Coburn, one of the Woburn students at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, made a public appearance at one of the Saturday recitals on the afternoon of Nov. 27, playing Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor with the technical proficiency that is required for representation on the programmes of the oldest and largest institution of musical education in America, and gaining commendation from a large and appreciative audience. These recitals at the Conservatory have been remarkably well attended during the present season.

Mr. Charles M. Strout of Montvale avenue informs us that his mother Mrs. Mary G. Strout, is dangerously ill at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Lombard, in Belfast, Me., which has been her home for several years past. Her son Oscar of Boston was with her last week, but when her son Howard, formerly of this city, in response to a summons, reached her bedside from the British provinces, she was unconscious and failed to recognize him. Mrs. Strout is 93 years old, and has many friends in Woburn, and husband many years previous to his decease. She is an honored member of First church, this city.

Christmas is due here in three weeks from tomorrow, and its coming is mentioned this early in these columns for the purpose of advising, in good season, the readers of the JOURNAL to buy their holiday presents here.

At home, and not go to Boston for them. Likewise inform them that Smith & Varney, the leading Woburn jewellers, will have the largest and richest stock of Christmas gift goods that they have ever offered to the public, some of which are already being unpacked at their popular store.

Woburn seekers for Christmas presents can save considerable money by trading with Smith & Varney, and be sure that what we sell is the latest and best. Call at their store and see if the JOURNAL isn't giving the public "straight goods."

Cheering Words.

Twin Falls, Idaho, Nov. 21, 1909.

My Dear Mr. Hobbs:

I notice in the columns of the JOURNAL, which is forwarded to me each week by the patient and loving partner of my joys and sorrows, that you still have the "Hope that springs eternal" of having turkey cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie for Christmas dinner. I could not resist the temptation to extend to you my most hearty wish that you may not prove vain, but you may have all the good things of this life as long as the Great Creator shall bless the people of your community by allowing you to remain among them.

This is indeed a wonderful town. Five years ago it was a sagebrush desert, the home of the jackrabbits and the coyote. Today it is a town of over 5,000 inhabitants, fine homes and residences, a \$150,000 Court House in course of construction, all steel bank buildings, four fine high school buildings, one costing \$65,000, one \$45,000, and others about the same. They have just bonded for a very much larger one that will cost when completed \$250,000, but only one portion, \$100,000, will be put up this year. They are paving the streets and are planning new structures in the bound to be a Boston of the West.

Wishing you all the good things the Gods can give, I remain, Harry M. Call, (formerly of Woburn.)

Electricity.

L. W. Thompson is now using Tungsten electric lamps on the Edison Company's service in his hardware store at 337 Main street.

Mr. Arista Leighton has just arranged with the Edison Company for electric lighting in his new house at 18 Merrimac street.

Gleason L. Archer has recently moved his residence on Forest street by having it wired, so that he can use electric lights on the Edison Electric Illuminating Company's system.

The E. C. Fisher Company has recently installed a 15-horsepower electric motor in its leather factory at 6 Munroe street in order to take care of the remarkable increase of business. The Edison Electric Illuminating Company will furnish the electric power service.

At the annual meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society held in Boston last Wednesday, Mr. William Richard Cutter, late Librarian of the Woburn Library, was elected Recording Secretary of the Society, a high and well deserved honor.

It is gratifying to see the name of Harold P. Johnson, Esq. again on the Republican ticket for Alderman at Large; and another candidate whose election we particularly desire is Mr. Charles P. Pollard, formerly of Pollard & Grothe, one of the best and most popular citizens of Woburn.

"Charlie" will get there, for there is not a person who knows him in Middlesex county who is not his true and genuine friend.

The opposition call the Republican Ward and City Committee a "Machine" and Chairman Riley, the Chief Engineer. Well, he keeps things moving, and the machinists busy all the time. Last evening a good sized Republican Rally was held at the headquarters, at which sound speeches were made and enthusiasm aroused.

Every man present felt absolutely sure that Hugh D. Murray and his associates on the Democratic ticket would be snowed under for all intents and purposes on Dec. 14.

The Antiliquor party should work just as hard to carry off the election as the pro-liquorists. The enemy are cunning and must be watched; and there will be no "whom" to their efforts to win on election day. The friends of temperance, sobriety and good order in Woburn must work, and work hard right up to the closing of the polls; get every Noliensse voter out, and saloonists and their friends will be so deeply snowed under at the election that they won't be able to make up their minds whether there has really been an election.

Miss Ruth Coburn, one of the Woburn students at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, made a public appearance at one of the Saturday recitals on the afternoon of Nov. 27, playing Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor with the technical proficiency that is required for representation on the programmes of the oldest and largest institution of musical education in America, and gaining commendation from a large and appreciative audience. These recitals at the Conservatory have been remarkably well attended during the present season.

Mr. Charles M. Strout of Montvale avenue informs us that his mother Mrs. Mary G. Strout, is dangerously ill at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Lombard, in Belfast, Me., which has been her home for several years past. Her son Oscar of Boston was with her last week, but when her son Howard, formerly of this city, in response to a summons, reached her bedside from the British provinces, she was unconscious and failed to recognize him. Mrs. Strout is 93 years old, and has many friends in Woburn, and husband many years previous to his decease. She is an honored member of First church, this city.

Christmas is due here in three weeks from tomorrow, and its coming is mentioned this early in these columns for the purpose of advising, in good season, the readers of the JOURNAL to buy their holiday presents here.

At home, and not go to Boston for them. Likewise inform them that Smith & Varney, the leading Woburn jewellers, will have the largest and richest stock of Christmas gift goods that they have ever offered to the public, some of which are already being unpacked at their popular store.

Woburn seekers for Christmas presents can save considerable money by trading with Smith & Varney, and be sure that what we sell is the latest and best. Call at their store and see if the JOURNAL isn't giving the public "straight goods."

## Boston Theatres.

## REITH'S.

Next week at Reith's will be one of unusual interest in Boston, from the fact that it will introduce for the first time here in vaudeville Elmer Gordon, formerly leading lady of the Boston Theatre stock company, who during the two seasons she played there won a popularity attained by few actresses in vaudeville for a week, in fact, she has been successful in securing one of the very best short comedies written in years, and she has made a tremendous success with it throughout the west. It is called "Taps on Taps," and was written by the famous author Edgar Allen Wolf. Her support includes that well known actor, Joseph Sullivan.

## THE BOSTON.

One of the greatest successes of the present season is Klav & Erlanger's big spectacular production of "The Circus Man," the current attraction at the Boston Theatre. There are many reasons for this. In the first place it is a dramatization of a widely read book, Holman F. Davis, "Squire Phin" which has to do with the down east folk. In the next place the star is Melvyn Arbuckle an actor who has a loyal following in New England and particularly in Boston as his success as Jim Harker in "The County Chairman" and "Squire Phin" have shown. "The Circus Man" (Nobody loves a fat man) attests. The play offers the best and most consistent, clean, theatrical treat imaginable. Judged from any view point it is a splendid piece of playwriting.

## CASTLE SQUARE.

The triumphant success of Hamlet at the Castle Square a few weeks ago showed that the John Craig Stock Company possesses a remarkable versatility and the praise showered upon its production from all sides, has emboldened Mr. Craig to give another Shakespearean play during the coming week. In order to offer a contrast, he will turn from tragedy to farce, the play chosen being the merry and lively "Taming of the Shrew," which is one continuous laugh from beginning to end. It has been usual in times past to give this play in an incomplete version, but Mr. Craig will produce it in its entirety, including the preliminary introduction in which appear Christopher Sly and his companions, and following the memorable arrangement of the play that Augustin Daly and Ada Rehan gave such a vogue to a dozen years ago.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The Publishers of THE AMERICAN BOY have every reason to be satisfied with the December number of the magazine. From the handsome Christmas picture (in color) which adorns the front cover to the last item, the magazine is filled with entertaining stories and instructive matter. Two of the larger serials, the Queen's Mole skin Clock and The Young Continentals at Lexington are concluded in this number; Red Treasure is continued four more chapters, and a new serial entitled Hol's Prize War is begun.

Among the many short stories are: The Boy Who Wanted to Be a Soldier, a first class Christmas story; The Lie, a fine story of a boy's sinning and repentance; The Tenth Question, telling of a boy's sense of honor; The Man With the Meat Axe, describing how a boy found his level. His Colors Honorable, inculcating true modesty, and Tim Eganman, Her The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

## Mrs. Buchanan.

Mrs. OLIVE J. BUCHANAN passed away at her home, 101 West 12th street, in this city, on Friday afternoon, Nov. 26, 1909.

She was the wife of Mr. George Buchanan, one of the oldest and most highly esteemed residents of Woburn, and had many friends in this city, to whom she was well known and loved. She was a devoted mother and a most successful business woman. Her passing was deeply mourned, and by none more so than her own neighbors.

Miss Olive J. Lowell, daughter of William and Olive Lowell, was born in South Woburn, Mass., on Dec. 24, 1831, and was united in marriage with Mr. George Buchanan in 1857, since which period Mrs. Buchanan has been her constant and happy home. Besides her husband and two sons, Leon and B. H. this city, and Frank G. Buchanan of Canton, Mass., survive her.

The funeral was held on Monday afternoon, Nov. 29, at the residence on Bennett street, superintended by Rev. H. H. Bennett, the Rev. clergyman who conducted the religious exercises was Rev. H. C. Parker, pastor of the Unitarian church; and the Rev. Quartet sang two appropriate selections. A great many friends and acquaintances attended it, and it was a most beautiful service.

The pallbearers were six nephews of Anselm Buchanan, the burial was in Woodbrook Cemetery, this city.

## Mrs. Bryant.

On Thursday, Dec. 2, 1909, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary L. Bryant, nee Buchanan, died at her home on Fairmount street. She was 78 years of age. She was the wife of Mr. Albert S. Bryant, who died in 1881. She was born in Boston on Dec. 5, 1831, and was married to Mr. Albert S. Bryant on April 30, 1857, from which date she was a resident of Woburn. She died at her home, 101 West 12th street, on Thursday, Dec. 2, 1909, at the age of 78 years.

Mrs. Bryant is survived by her husband and two daughters, Bertha L. and Edith L. Bryant, who are the only survivors of the family. She was a devoted mother and a most successful business woman. Her passing was deeply mourned, and by none more so than her own neighbors.

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WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1909.

Entered at the Post Office at Woburn, Mass., as second-class matter.

NO. 4

VOL. LX.

## Business Cards.

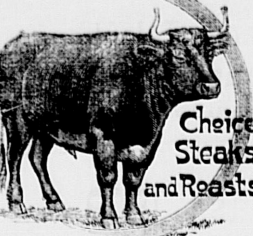
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**NORRIS & NORRIS,**  
Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,  
NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

**Notice To Patrons.**

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.  
Change of Time. Reading &  
Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars  
will leave Reading Square for Stoughton  
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,  
5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A.M.  
and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoughton for Winchester 5:40,  
Arlington 5:20, 5:30, 5:45, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,  
7:20, 7:50 A.M. and every 30 minutes until  
10:30 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,  
6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A.M.  
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P.M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,  
7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A.M. and every 30  
minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Stoughton and  
Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05,  
8:20, 8:50 A.M. and every 30 minutes until  
11:50 P.M.

Leave Stoughton for Reading 6:40, 7:10,  
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A.M., and  
every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M., then  
12:10 A.M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoughton  
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,  
8:30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until  
10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoughton for Winchester and  
Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A.M. and  
every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,  
8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A.M., and every 30 min-  
utes until 11:10 P.M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stone-  
ham and Reading 7:30, 8:30, 8:50, 9:20,  
9:50 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30  
P.M.

Leave Winchester for Stoughton and  
Reading 7:50, 8:20, 8:50, 9:20, 9:50 A.M.  
and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P.M.

Leave Stoughton for Reading 8:10, 9:10,  
9:40, 10:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes  
until 11:40 P.M., then 12:10 A.M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Supt.

**Boston & Northern St. Railway**

The following new timetable for the  
Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry.  
is the result of the arrangements which  
went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15,  
1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House  
for Winchester, Medford and Elevated  
at 5:12 A.M., then every 15 minutes until  
9:27 A.M., then every 30 minutes until  
12:27 P.M., then every 15 minutes until  
1:27 P.M., then every 30 minutes until  
5:27 P.M. Cars leave Woburn Car House  
for the Elevated, Winchester, Medford,  
and North Woburn at 6:17 A.M., and  
then every 15 minutes to 10:30 A.M.,  
then every 30 minutes to 12:02 P.M.,  
then every 15 minutes to 3:32 P.M., then  
every 30 minutes to 12:02 P.M., then  
every 15 minutes to 10:02 A.M., then  
every 30 minutes to 12:02 P.M., then  
every 15 minutes to 10:30 A.M., and  
then every 30 minutes to 12:02 P.M.

The through car from Lowell which  
has been run from Merrimack Square,  
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester,  
Woburn and Medford Square, will be  
discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of  
this route the new schedule provides  
for cars to run from Merrimack Square,  
Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Win-  
chester, Woburn and Medford Square,  
Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester,  
Woburn and Medford Square, then  
on and leaving where direct con-  
nections can be made for through cars to  
Boston, Lowell, Lynn, Peabody and Salem. Those wish-  
ing to go to Wilmington, Tewksbury,  
Seaboard Square, and other places  
will leave North Woburn car house for  
Wilmington at 6:17 A.M., and  
connect with Lowell car at Wilmington.  
Cars leave No. Woburn car house for  
Wilmington on the even hour and re-  
turning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington  
for No. Woburn on the half hour.

## WOBURN POST OFFICE.

### MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after July 1, 1908.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE

POST OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7:00, 7:40, 10:10, 11:30

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## Woburn Journal.

Established in 1851.

\$1.50 A YEAR

In Advance.

A Clean, Neat Weekly  
Of Large Circulation

Among People of Culture  
Live Editorials

All the Local News, and  
Choice Literary Selections

Fill Its Columns.

A Family Newspaper  
Read by Thousands

Of Intelligent People  
Every Week.

Unequalled as an  
Advertising Medium.

Printed Every  
Friday Morning

At 434 Main Street.



## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1909.

## Republican Ticket.

The Republicans of this city to the small number of 700 met in caucus last Saturday evening, Nov. 27, 1909, and nominated the following ticket to be voted for—and elected—in this city on Dec. 14, 1909, and a most excellent one it is.

FOR MAYOR, Harry W. Clark.  
FOR BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, William F. Davis.

FOR ALDERMEN AT LARGE, Gustaf O. Anderson.  
John W. H. Jones.  
Nathan W. Frye.  
Harold P. Johnson.  
C. Walter Martin.  
Charles P. Pollard.  
Fred W. Shattuck.  
Harry H. West.

FOR WARD ALDERMEN.  
Ward 1, Harry A. Fellows.  
Ward 2, Charles A. Greenleaf.  
Ward 3, Thomas J. Wright.  
Ward 4, William H. Curtis.  
Ward 5, John W. Cummings.  
FOR SCHOOL COMMITTEE.  
John G. Maguire.  
Samuel W. Mendum.  
Grace L. Norris.

## B. P. W.

We opine that the hottest fight at the polls in this city next Tuesday will be that over the election of a member of the Board of Public Works to succeed Commissioner James Kelley, who is the Democratic candidate for reelection. The real contest of the day will be between him and Hon. William F. Davis, the Republican and Antislavery candidate, with the chances, we think, largely in favor of Davis victory.

Still, it should be borne in mind that there are no factional fights going on in the Democratic ranks this campaign, as is usually the case, and that the party are solid for Kelley; there is no split on his nomination, and his friends are working politicians all the year round.

Now, this means that the Republicans must put in extra work for ex-Mayor Davis. They could not have made a better choice of a candidate for the B. P. W., or one who, we believe, could command greater strength at the ballboxes.

But there are more Democrats than Republicans in this city, therefore, more and harder work for Davis.

## KEEP AT IT.

Because Clark and Nollencense are sure to win a big victory at the election next Tuesday there ought not to be any pause or slackening of work by their friends to accomplish that result. Keep at it—work for Clark and Nollencense early and late and often.

By work is not meant platform oratory alone, but individual effort, heart-to-heart talk, personal missionary labor, house, store and shop visiting.

A day's visit to voters and quiet, confidential talks with them, will make more converts than nights and days of long distance oratory or newspaper broadsides. Try it.

Call on your neighbor and see to it that he is all cocked and primed for Clark and Nollencense. See that he takes his son along to the polls with him.

Brothers, keep right on working for Clark and Nollencense just as earnestly and vigorously and determinedly as though they were in actual danger of defeat and needed your talk and work and vote to save them.

## WILLIAM F. DAVIS.

It isn't necessary to tell the voters of Woburn who ex-Mayor Davis, the Republican candidate for member of the B. P. W., is, or what he is, or how he will conduct himself when he gets to work on the Board, for he is too well known to require such information to be given.

No resident of this city is more universally and highly esteemed than W. F. Davis. For 30 or 40 years he has been officially connected with the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, one of the largest institutions of the kind in this country.

He is honest. He has the courage of his convictions. He is a mortal foe to graft. He is familiar with Woburn's municipal affairs. He is a candidate who stands before the voters of this city on his own merits.

What more would the voters have or ask for in a candidate?

Mr. Davis will be elected.

## A GOOD LOSER.

Alderman Samuel Hogher was one of the leading and best speakers at the Republican ratification meeting at Headquarters on the evening of Dec. 2. In his speech he proved himself to be a manly man, of full intellectual stature, and politically sound.

Ald. Hogher frankly told the meeting that in a two-to-one fight for the Mayoralty nomination, he was fairly and squarely beaten by Harry W. Clark, and now he said he had stripped off his coat and rolled up his sleeves for Clark and the election of the whole Republican ticket.

That is the kind of loser people like to see.

Hogher will be Mayor of Woburn one of these days just as sure as he lives.

## HARRY W. CLARK.

The Republican candidate for Mayor Mr. Harry W. Clark, a business man and respected resident of Ward 6, is too well and favorably known to the people of Woburn to need boosting by the press in his campaign. He is a Republican, opposed to legalized liquor selling—clean, intelligent, upright gentleman. He is thought well of by everybody; enjoys the respect of his neighbors; is a successful manufacturer, deeply interested in the welfare of our city; and will make a first-class Mayor. It is expected that he will beat Candidate Murray bad.

Hugh D. Murray announced publicly last year that he was a friend and advocate of License. He is the same this year. Now, a man can't vote for him and antislavery at the same time and be consistent. Have the Nollencense voters thought of this?

## THEN AND NOW.

A year ago, when campaigning for the office of Mayor, Mr. Hugh D. Murray was the candidate of the License party; received the solid vote of that party; and was beaten on that issue by Mr. D. W. Bond.

Where does Mr. Murray stand on this question in the present campaign? His declaration of principles issued last Monday is silent concerning it; but there is no proof that he has met with a change of heart, or does not still believe in the License policy for Woburn.

Can any true Antislavery man consistently vote for Mr. Murray for Mayor?

## FOR ALDERMEN.

Far be it from the JOURNAL to indulge in invidious comparisons, or deal unjustly by anybody, but, all the same, we would like to have the thinking voters of this city institute a comparison between the Republican and Democratic Aldermanic tickets and report the result of their investigations at the polls next Tuesday.

Better candidates for Aldermen than those comprising the Republican ticket could not have been chosen. How about the Democratic nominees? Comment is unnecessary.

## THE SCHOOL BOARD.

If favorable weather prevails next Tuesday, it is expected that the female vote for members of the School Board will be much larger than common.

Judge Maguire is assured of the full vote of both parties, and Mendum and Norris will, no doubt, be elected by large and gratifying majorities.

But the Republicans must put in their best work and make sure that their School Board ticket wins at a gallop next Tuesday.

## FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD.

John W. Johnson, Esq., Lawyer, President of the Woburn National Bank, a Harvard University and Law School graduate, has been placed on the Democratic ticket for School Committee in lieu of Mr. McColgan, declined. Of course, everybody knows that Mr. Johnson would be a valuable member of the Board, if elected.

Everybody ought to lend a helping hand to the Boston Journal in its noble work of cheering the hearts of Boston's little ones by presenting them with Christmas presents. The kind people of Greater Boston are responding splendidly to the Journal's appeal for first and second-hand dolls and animals and Noah's Arks—well, for everything in the toys line, and is Woburn doing its part?

Let us see. The Boston Journal's list of discarded toys and send them to the "Toy Editor of the Boston Journal," and Lamprey, Manager of the local American Express Co., will forward them free of cost. Be sure and deliver them before 9 o'clock next Tuesday morning. And please don't forget that the "Toy Editor" of the Boston Journal will accept gifts of money to buy Christmas presents for the poor children of the Hub.

Speaker Joe Cannon of the National House of Representatives is doing more to prevent the dissolution of the Republican party than any other man in it. His speeches of late on the political situation have been masterpieces of clearcut and vigorous English, and the way he is lashing La Follette and his following of Insurgents, and showing them up, is causing those Westerners to stop and think. Really, Speaker Cannon has got the whole bunch of kickers under his thumb and will keep them there until they promise to behave themselves. He is a truckle, straight-up and down Republican; and that's all that ails "Uncle Joe."

That "Political Deal," by which the Democrats were to give Murray votes to Clark in exchange for Republican votes for Kelley, was squelched so promptly and effectively that it is not probable the author of it will launch another such silly story during the present campaign. Political yarns of that kind are better fitted for the ears of the Marines than for those of intelligent people.

One of the most earnest supporters of Clark and Nollencense is Mayor Bond. He says he don't see how a man can vote for Nollencense and, at the same time, vote for Hugh D. Murray, who is an outspoken advocate of License—that he thinks, would be grossly inconsistent, and, for one, he isn't going to do it.

The Boston Globe of Dec. 8, announced that the Charles River Basin has been converted into the finest skating rink in N. E. The day before, Hon. Joshua B. Holden, one of the State C. R. B. Improvement Commissioners, viewed the work from a launch and was delighted with it. It is a great scheme for skaters.

## LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.  
A. M. Perdreux—\$25.00.  
City of Woburn—Antislavery.  
Edward Johnson—Mort. Sub.  
National Bank—Antislavery.

Vote for Clark and Nollencense.

A vote for Murray and Nollencense don't match worth a cent.

Clark and Nollencense will be the winning card next Tuesday.

It was only 18 above zero yesterday morning at 7 o'clock.

Attend the Grange meeting in Post 161, G. A. R. Hall this evening.

There has been a great deal of elegant winter weather here this week. Not so in the West.

Towards Club are to give their annual entertainment on Feb. 2. It is to be a musical show.

Jimmy Kelley's effusions in the public press indicate that he is the boss tsk-tsking in this city.

Towards Club held a delightful smoker last Monday evening. Fred Gridley was the entertainer.

It is good to see Mr. Jonathan Elia in the fight for Clark, Antislavery, and a clean municipal administration.

A. M. Perdreux of Beacon street Brookline, offers \$25 reward for the recovery of a fine Boston terrier. See ad.

The women will make sure that the Republican candidates for the School Board are elected high and dry next Tuesday.

George W. Copp, the staunch old Republican Warhorse of Ward 7, has the finest, fairest and juiciest apples in North America.

We advise our people not to think of such a thing as going to Boston for their Christmas presents. Buy them at home every time.

The rain fell copiously last Tuesday night, but a prettier or balmy winter morning than that of Wednesday was never seen.

Mr. Leon L. Dorr introduced Senator Crosby to the audience at the M. E. Baraca Class meeting at the church the other night.

Buckman & Keon, the enterprising and prosperous patent leather makers, are occupying their new factory, and doing a big business.

Keep an eye on the real issue of the campaign—Clark, Nollencense and lawabiding administration or Murray License, and the liquor traffic.

Mr. Charles A. Burdett having resigned, Mr. Herbert S. Dickinson has been appointed a member of the Board of Cemetery Commissioners.

The Young Peoples Society of the Swedish Evangelical Free church are to hold their annual meeting and elect officers next Tuesday evening.

Copeland & Bowser are arranging for the largest and finest exhibition of Christmas goods that ever filled their store. Leon Dorr says so, and Leon knows.

We were just now wondering why nothing has been heard about the opening of the season's course of Burdett Free Lectures. It is about time to begin, isn't it?

On Tuesday, Dec. 7, 1909, Marian Huserer picked in her garden on Pleasant street, this city, a large, fine nosegay composed of pansies, dandelions and mustard.

The next entertainment of the Baraca Class is to be given in the hall next Monday evening. The Class is in a flourishing condition, and doing a great deal of good.

Last Monday Tony De Angelis, a section hand on the Boston & Maine Railroad, Southern Division, was struck by a train and instantly killed at Walnut Hill, Woburn.

We learn, with no pang of envy or jealousy, that Publisher Haggerty of the Woburn Times is doing a good deal of typesetting for suburban newspapers on his new Linotype.

If the Democratic Board of Aldermen are elected Bernard J. Golden, Lawyer, is to be City Collector of Taxes, but John C. Back will continue to fill the office of City Treasurer.

Ald. Higley himself says that Harry W. Clark is one of the best and most popular men in Ward 6. That is pretty good testimony from a Ward 6er, and late candidate for the Mayoralty nomination.

There is a remarkable revival of basketball all along the line, so the sporting papers say. It is to be the leading sport of the present winter, and is already in full swing in some places. Is Woburn doing anything in the basketball line?

Senator Crosby delivered a fine address before the Baraca Class of the M. E. church last Monday evening. It was attended by the Daniel March Baraca Class, and Baptist Young Men's Bible Class.

Woburn is having serious trouble with its cement lined water mains. They are worn out after having been in service more than the allotted time. The cement mains in our town have been practically replaced with cast iron.

One good thing about the present campaign in this city is that there is no politics in it. The real issue is: Shall Woburn return to the License policy, with its baleful and destructive consequences, or shall it not?

From a weather point of view last Sunday was about as near a perfect day as they make them this year. It was simply charming; fumes and stoves were nearly unnecessary to comfort. Perhaps, it was the aftermath of November's Indian Summer.

Because Messrs. B. A. & C. E. Tripp, undertakers, had four funerals on their hands at once, that of Mrs. Stevens had to be postponed to Monday, when it was held and largely attended. There were many mourners over the death of this excellent lady.

Grace L. Norris, Lawyer, Junior member of the firm of Norris & Norris, Counselors, etc., is a popular young lady, else she wouldn't now be a candidate for a fourth election to the School Board. As usual, about every body at the polls will vote for her next Tuesday.

Last week Div. 3, A. O. U. H., elected the following officers: Patrick Brown, President; Thomas E. Foley, Vice President; Michael H. Burke, Financial Secretary; John F. O'Brien, Recording Secretary; Michael Connolly, Sergeant at Arms; and Patrick Flaherty, Janitor.

Has the advice of the JOURNAL been heeded, and the grand stock of jewelry and other goods been examined that Smith & Varney have bought to supply this community with presents, and saved our people the trouble and expense of going to Boston for them? If not, do so at once.

We are told that Rev. Rev. Keegan and his clerical associates of St. Charles church are putting in a heap of good work for the success of Nollencense at the polls next week. They are strong with their parishioners and will do much towards swelling the Antislavery majority.

Rev. A. H. Herriek, pastor of the Woburn M. E. church, is doing strong and effective work for Nollencense the results of which will be found in abundance when the election returns are all counted next Tuesday night. He is one of the most forceful temperance advocates in this city.

Do your Christmas shopping early.

Next meeting of L. T. L. at 4 p. m. Dec. 17 in Baptist church.

Help the postoffice people by mailing your Christmas presents early.

The W. C. T. U. are to hold a prayermeeting in First church parlors from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M. next Tuesday, for the success of "Nollencense" at the polls that day.

Mr. Edward L. Shea of Salem street is a guest of William Sawyer at his farm in Hancock, N. H. It is generally thought that Ned will do some shooting up there among the Granite Hills.

Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of this city, Treasurer of the R. H. White Company of Boston, at a meeting of the retail merchants of the Boston Chamber of Commerce held last Wednesday, was elected a member of the Board of Government, and on accepting the office made a capital speech on "Minor Mercantile and Commercial Difficulties of Boston."

Angela Crovo tells his great army of customers not to worry one bit, for he is going to have even a bigger stock of those luscious Malaga grapes, and other fruit to match for Christmas, than he has ever had in all the years of doing business. But he prays to be excused for advising them to come early.

A debate is to be held this month by H. S. classes A and B on the question: "Is the Treatment of the Philippians as unjustifiable as the Treatment of the Americans by the English?" The disputants are Helen Sylvester, Henrietta Walsh, Edward Wall, Edwina Mary, Lucy Carywell, Edward O'Brien, and Earl Severns, negative.

They tell us that business is picking up and looking brighter, and more encouraging in this city. More leather is being made this winter than in any corresponding season for some time past, and trade at the stores and shops is fairly good with the prospect for improvement in the immediate future clearly apparent.

At the annual meeting of the Nickel Club held at the residence of Mr. C. A. Nichols last week the following officers were elected: President, H. F. Higgins; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Henry L. Andrews. It is the design of the Club to distance all competitors in the line of parties (on Pink Teas), suppers, dances and general jubilation this winter.

As on last Thanksgiving Day, so on next Christmas Day, Fred Stanley's Boston Branch—the staunch old B. B. of Fitz & Stanley—will overflow with good things to go with the good will of the "Merry Christmas" dinner, to enumerate which would require a whole breadbasket of the JOURNAL. But, please allow us to suggest "Go early and avoid the rush."

Passengers to Boston on Dick Carter's and Co. Chase's first morning train (5:55 A. M.) must be obliged to feel their way to it, and tumble over obstacles; and run the risk of broken bones, and indulge in a great deal of wicked profanity, any longer this winter, for the B. P. W. have kindly and generously ordered that early morning electric lights shall be turned on.

At the annual meeting of the First Baptist church, Y. P. S. C. E., held last week, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, Chester Wood; Daniel D. Towse, Vice President; Elsie Wood, Recording Secretary; John M. Peterson, Treasurer; Rihel Jewett, Francis Partridge, Jr., Mrs. Daniel D. Towse and Rachael Blodgett, Executive Committee.

Norris & Norris have been employed by the American Surety Company as its Attorneys to receive applications and furnish surety on Bonds of every description, including Public Officials, Administrators, Executors, Guardians, and Trustees, Treasurers of Corporations, and Secret Societies, Agents and Employees of commercial establishments who are required to give bonds.

Somebody wrote and had published in the Boston Globe last Saturday quite a good skeleton history of the Middlesex Canal, the first one in the United States which was opened for traffic between Boston and Lowell in 1804, and ruined by the completion of the Boston & Lowell Railroad in 1835. Some of the marks of the canal are still visible in Woburn and other sections through which it passed. Mr. Charles H. Taylor of Pleasant street has photographed several of them.

"The Young Continentals" at Lexington, an interesting story of the Battle of Lexington that has been running in The American Boy for several months past, came to an end in the current number of that excellent magazine. Describing the retreat of the British, under command of Lord Percy, from Concord towards Lexington, the story is told in a most interesting and readable manner.

Our good people are already getting their late party, and with, when their social and annual housewarming on Nov. 30, the Committee of Arrangements presented the Rev. Gentleman with a certified check for \$1500, the gift of the Woburn church. Rev. and Mrs. Newton are greatly indebted to the people of this town, and they rightly deserve the high esteem in which they are held.

The Cuckoo. Where does the Cuckoo lay its eggs? What is its staple diet? What course does it take in its autumn migration when it returns to its African haunts? These are questions that await satisfactory answers. Until it was found that the cuckoo had its egg on the ground and subsequently carried it in its bill to a neighboring nest it was supposed that the bird fed largely on the eggs of smaller birds. This fallacy has been disproved. Probably in the whole range of British birds there is no other that can boast such curious domestic traits as the cuckoo. It makes no nest, does not attend to incubation duties and rears no young and apparently never sees the bird that is hatched from the egg that it surreptitiously places in the nest of some smaller bird.

London Globe.

"Nollencense" sure to win next Tuesday.

Buy your Christmas presents at home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hammond of Bow street are strong earnest workers in the cause of temperance.

Don't fail to get your boxes, bags and packages of Toys for the Poor Children of Boston, addressed to the "Toy Editor of the Boston Journal," to the American Express Co.'s office in this city, Lamprey Agent, by, or before, 9 o'clock next Tuesday morning.

There will be a meeting in Grand Army Hall, Post 161, Savings Bank Building, in this city, this Friday evening, Dec. 10, at 8 o'clock for the purpose of electing Grange officers and installation. All former members of the Grange, and all interested, both men and women, in the movement, are invited to be present. State Grange Master C. D. Richardson of West Brookfield, and State Grange Deputy, Wm. T. Herriek, will be present and address the meeting. The order takes in all adults to membership all those of good character who are not opposed to agriculture.

At the annual meeting of Mr. (Lodge A. F. & A. M., last Wednesday evening, Mr. Abijah Thompson, who is 86 years old, was chosen Treasurer for the 21st consecutive time. The other officers were as follows: W. M., Richard T. Mack; S. W., Dr. Chas. H. Bass; J. W., John M. Wallace; Treas. Abijah Thompson; Sec. Chas. F. Harrington; Trustees, three years, Wm. G. W. Buchanan; two years, Wm. Fred W. Shattuck; one year, E. F. Trull.

A banquet and speeches followed the election, the oratory being furnished by Mr. Herbert B. Dow, Mr. Andrew R. Linscott, and Rt. Wor. William F. Davis. There was a large attendance.

Nollencense Union Service.

Next Sunday evening there will be a union service at the First Church in the interest of Nollencense in Woburn. The Rev. O. P. Gifford of Brookline, will make the address. Dr. Gifford is known everywhere as an eloquent and forcible speaker and a staunch defender of the home against the curse of the saloon.

The several pastors will have part in the service. The church should be filled with interested people. It is the greatest business before this city in the present election to put up a big majority against the liquor business.

Peary Receives \$50,000 For His Own Story.

It seems probable that many years will pass before an author receives a higher price for his literary product than Commander Robert E. Peary received from *Hampton's Magazine* of New York for his story of the discovery of the North Pole.

This feature cost *Hampton's* a clean, one \$50,000. No rate per word is specified in the contract, but it is generally estimated that Commander Peary is receiving \$1250 for each word that he writes for *Hampton's Magazine*. Benj. H. Hampton, Editor of the magazine, makes this statement:

"If you have a desire to estimate the rate per word that will be earned by Peary with his North Pole story, you would be safer in placing it at \$250 per word than \$1250. What has brought only American and Canadian magazine rights and Stokes' book rights cover only one country. The rest of the world is open territory to sell. When they are figured up, the totals should amount to \$100,000 or even \$150,000."

Peary is not a good business man. As a matter of fact, he is a poor man, and he is a poor man because he is a poor man.

When Rubbers Become Necessary.

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes, just what you need. Sold Everywhere. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

WINCHESTER.

The ladies of the Methodist church are to hold their annual sale on Dec. 16 and 17.

Bowing and kindred sports are receiving a great deal of attention here this winter.

I notice by the public prints that my old friend Mr. W. Tuck, is still "alive and kicking."

The High School Freshmen basketball team have received their jerseys. The jerseys are blue and white, with the letters "H. S." on the front.

The B. & M. Railroad Co. say they are ready to give us a railroad crossing just as soon as our people find out what they want.

Our people are still mad over the East Woburn slaughterhouse matter, the establishment of which will involve an expenditure of \$250,000.

The venerable S. W. Twombly says what we need here are better gates at the railroad crossings, and he is right. Given a careful examination and good gates and there isn't much danger to passengers at the crossing.

Our good people are already getting their late party, and with, when their social and annual housewarming on Nov. 30, the Committee of Arrangements presented the Rev. Gentleman with a certified check for \$1500, the gift of the Woburn church. Rev. and Mrs. Newton are greatly indebted to the people of this town, and they rightly deserve the high esteem in which they are held.

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London Globe.

## CITY OF WOBURN.



City Clerk's Office.  
Dec. 10, 1909.

I certify that the following is a true list of all candidates duly nominated to be voted for at the Municipal Election to be held on Tuesday, December 14th, 1909, also the questions to be voted upon at said election.

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

FOR MAYOR.  
Vote for one.

Harry W. Clark, Republican, 41 Elm street.  
Hugh D. Murray, Democratic, 78 Montvale Avenue.

Aldermen at Large.  
Vote for eight.

Gustaf O. Anderson, Republican, 75 Middle street, Ward 4.  
Severin J. Anderson, Democratic, 42 Montvale Road, Ward 5.

James Boyle, Democratic, 154 Washington street, Ward 3.  
Thomas H. Cannon, Democratic, 140 Montvale Avenue, Ward 4.

John W. Fox, Republican, 8 Midway Road, Ward 4.  
Nathan W. Frye, Republican, 25 Melawood street, Ward 5.

George P. Garland, Republican, 96 Main street, Ward 6.  
John J. Gray, Democratic, 135 Bedford street, Ward 7.

J. William Haney, Democratic, 30 Highland street, Ward 4.  
Harold P. Johnson, Republican, 45 Green street, Ward 1.

C. Walter Martin, Republican, 29 Montvale Avenue, Ward 4.  
Fred W. Shattuck, Republican, 5 Hill street, Ward 3.

Frank D. Sullivan, Democratic, 40 Union street, Ward 4.  
George A. Watts, Democratic, 241 Salem street, Ward 4.

Harry H. West, Republican, 20 Pympton street, Ward 3.

Aldermen from Wards.  
WARD 1.  
Vote for one.

Harry A. Fellows, Republican, 52 Pleasant street.  
Patrick H. McAnulty, Democratic, 18 Back street.

WARD 2.  
Vote for one.

Charles A. Greenleaf, Republican, 13 South street.  
James C. McDonough, Democratic, 6







## A Circumvented Lawyer

He Was Induced to Pay Full Price For What He Wanted.

By ELLA B. TUCKER.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Oh, dear," said Ella Kane impatiently. "I wish the postman would come!"

"What about?" asked her mother.

"I'm afraid he's not going to get the letter."

There was a whistle far down the street. Ella picked up her ears. As it came nearer she grew more and more excited. When Mrs. Kane and the postman at the next house she went to the door to open it before he should ring. The postman came up the steps and handed in a letter.

"It's from Archie, mother," and Ella snatched the letter before it could reach her mother's hand from the postman.

"Now we'll see what he has to say about the loan. But, of course, it'll be all right," and she dropped upon a window seat and opened the envelope with happy eyes.

"Of course," agreed Mrs. Kane. "Archie is like your own brother."

"No, not quite," demurred Ella. Then her face sank lower over the envelope, coloring furiously. Mrs. Kane looked at her sympathetically.

A few moments, then the color fled suddenly and the happy eyes grew dark.

"Oh, mother," she gasped. "Archie—Mr. Booth, I mean—But read the letter."

"What is the matter, dear?" anxiously. "Has Archie—"

"Mr. Booth is a mercenary wretch!" vehemently. "But read the letter."

Mrs. Kane unfolded the letter with trembling fingers. "Whatever it is, Ella," she ventured, "you mustn't judge Archie too hastily. He is a good boy, and you have known him a long time." Then she read: "Dear Ella—Can't let you have the money. It would be a mistake. And there's another thing. Be sure to demand papers to show your money. You say you have with that tricky lawyer. I know his reputation and the value of proof with such a man. You write that you owe him \$3,000 and that unless it is paid within one month he will foreclose the mortgage on your home. Don't quite understand. You say you have only received \$1,200 and that he was to let you have the rest when you needed it to meet the note your father indorsed. If he hasn't paid it yet why should he foreclose on the full amount? There must be some practice somewhere. Will be down just as soon as I can get away from here and fix the matter up."

"I don't see anything in that to worry about," said Mrs. Kane perplexedly. "Archie is coming down and will make it all right. He's such a resourceful boy."

Ella threw out her hand wearily.

"Oh, it isn't that, mother," she said. "Mr. Booth will be down and make things all right, of course. He's business, and he understands perfectly well that Lawyer Pill's word is enough to take Lawyer Pill's word in the matter of the sale, pay off the mortgage and let him have the release, with a bow. He knows the place is good for the money."

"Ella!"

"Oh, I don't quite mean that, of course. Mr. Booth doesn't care for the money, but he's a man and must do things in a man's way, with himself as the central figure."

"What is it you want, Ella?" asked her mother, beginning to lose patience. "You're to marry Archie, and you've professed to love him more than all the world, and you concede he'll come and pay off this mortgage, and we both know he can't have saved up very much in just the two years he's been from college and his mining studies, even if he is an expert and getting famous. It seems to me he's acting nobly. What is the matter?"

"Why didn't he send me a check when I asked for it and offered security?" dashed Ella suddenly. "I know he has the money, for he's just written about receiving \$3,000 as a fee for expert work in one of the big mines, and he knew that I desired nothing so much in the world just then as to pay that horrid Pill and order him to never set foot on our land or on our side of the road again. Tell me, when I told him that day and asked for our money and he stared at me with his little cold eyes and said he had no money of ours and for me to produce a paper to prove my words—Mother, Archie couldn't not have hesitated one minute. Strict business should be for business men, not for us. It isn't his paying the money. I wanted to do it myself, with my own hands, and then say a few words to Mr. Pill and after that lose sight of him forever. Helgho! After all, Archie—Mr. Booth—is only a man!"

Two days later as they were standing on the veranda Lawyer Pill himself surprised them by hurrying up the path. He seemed agitated.

"Good morning! Good morning!" he cried affably. "I'm a fine fellow, isn't it? I hope you are both well?"

"Yes," replied coldly, "we are very well, thank you."

"I am glad to hear it—sincerely glad. Good health is the greatest of all blessings. And now to business. I am sorry there has been a misunderstanding between us. It was owing to a bit of memorandum unfortunately mislaid and forgotten and now found. It is all right about the money. You can have it at any time, and I have ordered a stay of proceedings in the other matter. There will be no further trouble."

"Explain yourself, please, Mr. Pill. I don't understand at all."

"Why, I am the quickest man in the world to rectify an error, and the mistake was mine. And now I am anxious to prove it in a substantial way. You still own that pasture lot?"

"The five acres of rocky land over on the back road—yes."

"Will you sell it now?"

"A prompt yes on Mrs. Kane's lips. Ella saw it and raised her hand warningly. Her father had once offered the lot for \$100, and at their last interview Mr. Pill had laughed derisively and refused to consider it at any price. There was evidently something in the background.

"What will you give for it?" she asked cautiously.

"Well—or say \$1,000. The error was mine and I wish to do something handsome to compensate you for the

annoyance."

Apparently he had expected them to snap up his offer, but after the first incredulous stare Ella's face grew scornful. Even her mother looked suspicious.

"There is something behind this, Mr. Pill," said Ella coldly. "What is it? You are not throwing away money?"

The man seemed disappointed.

"There is nothing at all, I assure you, except that—that well, an old neighbor of yours was down yesterday afternoon and acted very mysteriously. He had some specimens which he showed to a few people in the postoffice, and slipped into his pocket when he saw me coming. I suspected he was trying to raise capital."

"Well?"

"I made inquiries, of course, secretly. That's business," his eyes shifting a little, and I've kept him under watch all the time. The specimens came from your old pasture. The chances are there's nothing in it, but I am always ready to invest money in long risks. Will you sell?"

"For a thousand, no."

"Two thousand?" eagerly.

"No."

"Three?"

"At an imperative sign from Ella, Mrs. Kane again shook her head.

"I don't believe the lot is worth one-tenth that money," she answered, "but not quite ready to sell yet, Mr. Pill."

Lawyer Pill shuffled his feet a few moments, then turned away.

"It's all I'll give," he said sourly, "and you are making the mistake of your lives."

The next morning before they had finished breakfast he was again at the door, visibly excited.

"That Archie Booth has been sending specimens away to an assayer, he's begun hurriedly. 'Has he been here?'"

"Well, he's up to some sharp practice, mark my words on that. If he'd meant fair he could have come straight to me and talked the thing over. I've had him watched all the time, and everything he's done has been sly and full of mystery. If it were any other man I wouldn't turn my head, but Archie Booth is an expert and don't dodge about like this for nothing. I'll take chances and give you \$10,000 for the lot."

"They both gasped, then Ella shook her head.

"Twenty thousand?"

The gate clicked, and a boy ran up the path with a note. Lawyer Pill watched Ella anxiously while she read it.

"From Booth?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Make an offer?"

"No."

"Well, he will be here soon and try to wheedle you out of the land. I know these mysterious fellows. I prefer to let you open and pay full value. I'll give you \$20,000 for the five acres."

Ella looked at her mother and nodded slightly.

"Yes, we will accept it," said Mrs. Kane, "but I warn you the place isn't worth a thousand."

"I'll risk that," with alacrity. "Now, let us step inside and fix up the papers at once, and I will make you out a check."

As he went bravely down the path a half hour later Mrs. Kane turned to Ella.

"What was that note?" she asked.

Ella opened it and read:

"Run Lawyer Pill up to twenty-five thousand or so, then sell. I don't think I'd better call now, for he's around here and especially Pill—don't know that I'm a friend of the family. I'll be down again in a few days and make a long visit. There is a lodge of profit, good building granite on the land, and if Pill will wait a little for a demand and will put some money in to develop it and manage the thing shrewdly, as he knows how, I think perhaps he can get his money back. Anyhow, I understand the got a lot of money out of your father a long time ago by sharp practice, and this will sort of square things up."

"The dear boy," murmured Ella as she refolded the note and slipped it into her dress.

When Archie came he received quite a different reception from that which he would have received after the receipt of his first letter. He was delighted with the success his friends had had in getting rid of property that turned out in the end to be of very little value. Ella confessed with contrition that she had thought very hardly of him that he had failed to comply with her request and acknowledged that she had done him a great injustice. She related him for what he had done for her mother and her by setting a day for the wedding.

The Purchase of New York.

When the letter announcing the purchase for 60 guineas (\$24) of the 11,000 morgens of land constituting Manhattan Island was read in the assembly of the states general on Nov. 7, 1624, it was resolved that "no action is necessary on this information." Had their high mightinesses possessed the foresight which the resolution passed that the newly acquired island should be kept forever under their control. Nor was the West India company, that money making machine which ventured its capital in wheat and in lands in the line of enterprises known to Manhattan, more alive to the excellence of their investment. More than ten times the sum paid over to the Indians for about 25 acres of land, the site of the city, has since been paid for a single square foot of New York soil. Probably there is no other sale on record where the advance in value has been so great.—Putnam's Magazine.

An Armored Nest.

In the Argentine Republic, says a writer in the Strand Magazine, where the summers are long and hot, it is customary to leave the windows open both day and night during the hottest part of the year. A bird taking advantage of this, proceeded to build a nest in my room, fixing it firmly to one of the Venetian blinds over the window. The eggs were duly hatched and the young birds fledged. On taking down the blind yesterday I found it to be practically armored, the outer part being composed almost entirely of old rusty nails woven in among the bay.

On counting the nails I found that no fewer than sixty-six had been used, besides some wire and pins taken from my dressing table. The bird was about the size of a robin and very tame.

Not So Good.

"I asked my class of small boys if any could tell me the meaning of the word 'apprentice,'" said a teacher recently, "and all looked at me blankly until one lad arose.

"'Can you tell me what apprentice means?'" I repeated.

"'Yes, it means practicing work,'"—Exchange.

## OLD WORLD ARMIES

Drafting Methods by Which Their Strength Is Maintained.

TRICKS OF THE CONSCRIPTS.

All Manner of Dodges Are Adopted by the Eligible Young Men to Avoid the Enforced Military Service That Is So Hateful to Them.

We hear a good deal about conscription, but few people know what it actually means. In no country is every person who is able to fight drafted into the army. All males who are liable to serve undergo a physical examination, resulting in only a certain number being passed as fit for service.

No government has sufficient funds to draft the whole of these men into the regular army, so a selection is made by ballot, the number of men enrolled varying according to the funds in the hands of the authorities.

The pay provided for the conscript is necessarily very trifling indeed and will not compare with that paid to volunteer soldiers. In fact, it is generally true that the conscript must fall back upon his private means.

The methods vary in each country. But take the case of one European power. Every male subject not physically incapacitated is liable to enter the army at the age of twenty, although those who do not care to enlist may do so at eighteen.

A register is kept of all the youths who reach the age of twenty in the particular year. Men under five feet two inches in height are exempt from service, as, of course, is any one who suffers from natural infirmities which render them unsuitable for active service.

Other men are also exempt if they have helpless dependents—thus the only son of a widow or of a disabled father, the latter category also including the only son of a father who is above seventy years of age. Then the eldest of a family of orphans is exempt, and in the case of two sons only one is liable, there being various other exemptions.

The term served by the conscript is one of twenty-five years, three years being spent in the regular army, six and one-half in the military reserve, six in the territorial army and the remaining nine and a half years in the territorial reserve, all liability to service ceasing at forty-five.

The service is frequently so varied that all manner of methods are adopted in order to avoid it. In many cases substitutes are provided by the wealthy, though there are stringent regulations with regard to the provision of the substitutes.

In most European countries military malingering in order to avoid compulsory military service has reached the stage of a fine art. In fact, a formal list of new crimes has been added to the statutes as a result, and medical men frequently have to suffer for their assistance in this particular kind of fraud.

Some time ago a number of Cologne doctors were arrested upon a charge of having administered pills to young conscripts. These pills consisted of drugs which produced the symptoms of heart disease so effectively as to completely incapacitate the military authorities, with the result that the conscripts were declared unfit for service. In this case the fraud was brought to light by one of the conscripts dying as a result of an overdose of the medicine.

In Germany, where the conscript is frequently treated with the greatest harshness, there are very few towns where there are not specialists whose living depends solely in inducing such a condition of affairs as will render the young men exempt by reason of infirmities.

In the French army it is quite common for youths to feign all manner of illness, deafness being the usual ailment trusted to in order to escape the service. As a result the military doctors have made an especial study of methods of detecting feigned deafness and to trap the cunning youth who acts the part of a deaf man.

Another common practice in France is to tamper with the eyesight, though this frequently results in permanent injury. For instance, slight sight is produced by wearing powerful convex glasses for a considerable time, despite the risk of bringing about permanent blindness. It is no uncommon occurrence for men to commit suicide rather than submit to forced service in the army.

In eastern Europe most brutal methods are adopted by persons in order that their sons may be able to work for their instead of serving in the army. The boys are frequently ill treated, and it is not at all uncommon even for their limbs to be broken or their sight to be destroyed in order to prevent any likelihood of their having to become soldiers.

Switzerland probably has the cheapest army and the least burdensome methods of conscription, the service being much lighter than in the other continental armies. Indeed, the conscript in the infantry army has to undergo actual training for only 135 days during the entire period of his service.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Know Her Minutes.

Bridge—Will you have your dinner now, or wait for the missus? Head of the House—Where is your mistress, Bridge? Bridge—There's an auction beyond the corner, and she said she'd stop there for a minute. Head of the House—Have dinner now, Bridge.—New York Sun.

Emigrant Potatoes.

Irish potatoes, like Irishmen, do better abroad than they do at home, and just as the average Irishman when he gets to the colonies becomes a governor general, the Lord Macdonnell or Sir Gavin Duffy, so the average Irish seed potato planted in England knocks spots out of the average Scotch or English seed.—Irish Homestead.

Ready, as a Rule.

"Woman," observed the epigrammatist boarder, "is a puzzle without an answer."

"Hubb" snorted old Grumpley. "I never saw a woman without one yet."—Boston Transcript.

A Failure.

Wizg—At the first night of Scribner's new play I understand there was a big house. Wagz—Yes, but most of the audience left early to avoid the rush.—Philadelphia Record.

The torpedo leaves the gun at a rate of 40 knots an hour.

## DON'T BELITTLE YOURSELF.

Few Chances Come to the Self-Depreciating Man.

"Henry," said Uncle Abram to his hopeful young nephew, "I would not advise anybody to go around continually blowing his own horn. We tire of men who do that, and we are apt to think of them that that's all they can do, blow."

"On the other hand, Henry, never belittle yourself; never be self-deprecating. Don't have a poor opinion of yourself, but if you do have such an opinion don't express it. The man who blows his own horn may seldom be taken at his own valuation, but the self-deprecating man almost invariably is."

"So never run yourself down or speak doubtfully of your own ability. If the less is thinking of advancing you and he should say to you some day, 'Henry, are you thinking of trying you or this thing—do you think you could handle this job?' you don't want to say, 'Well, I haven't had much experience yet in that way, and I really don't know whether I could do that or not.'"

"You don't want to say anything like that, for if you do he'll be likely to think it over more and end up by trying somebody else, taking a blow or maybe you can't really do it, but as well as you could, but you don't self-confidence enough to say so."

"You don't know what you can do till you try. Some men try and fail, but an astonishing number rise to occasion, showing strength or ability that others may never have thought them to possess."—New York Sun.

## SPOILED HER DAY.

Why the Woman Looked Daggery at the Car Conductor.

"Oh, the brute!" exclaimed a stylishly dressed woman who was riding down a car on a Fourth Street car. She glared at the conductor, who smiled deprecatingly, raised his hand to his cap and said, "Sure, I don't think it was my use in the world."

All the way to Market street the agitated woman followed the minked conductor, who carried her with her eyes, "looking daggery" at him. The poor chap had unwittingly spoiled her day.

As she came into the car she saw him looking at her and she noticed his eyes. It was supposed to be in fashion, with a big "stone" set in it. She sat down, with her eye on the buckle, rose, stooped and picked it up. She had dropped her bag with the buckle, and she picked it up and tossed the treasure "in" into the street.

"Oh, the brute!" exclaimed the woman. And who can blame her? Philadelphia Times.

## KNOCKED FOR RAIN.

And Within an Hour the Wind Veered and the Shower Came.

Frances Gostling, author of "The Britons at Home," has this curious tale of the deluge of Rochester, with its curious and surprising impressions like the constellations of the sky. An old woman, a bystander, was asked what the marks were for. "Folks say," she said, "that they were made by the elbows and knees of St. Rock. He fell down on this stone when he landed from Ireland, and when the old woman added: 'We use the holes now when we want the wind to change. We knock in them.' The story continues: 'Do ask her to knock?' I cried eagerly. There was a moment of hesitation on the part of the old woman, a half frame shown in a careless way, and 'What wind would make like to have?' 'Southwest,' said I, looking at the cloudless sky. The story continues: 'Do ask her to knock?' I cried eagerly. There was a moment of hesitation on the part of the old woman, a half frame shown in a careless way, and 'What wind would make like to have?' 'Southwest,' said I, looking at the cloudless sky.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 12, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, II Tim. iv. 1-18. Memory Verses, 6-8—Golden Text, Phil. 1:21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

In our last study for the present on the life of Paul it would seem well to glance at the whole episode rather than only at the last chapter. He is still of the same mind as when he wrote I Cor. ii, 2, determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, for in this brief letter he mentions the Father, Son and Holy Spirit for the first time. His mind is stayed upon the Lord, concerning whom he says, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep."

Our lesson chapter opens with a solemn charge in view of the judgment, and we are reminded of Eccles. xii, 13, "Know that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment," also of Matt. xli, 36, "Every word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Let us remind ourselves that "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father" (John v, 22, 23). Believers who have died and who are resting from their labors, along with all living believers who shall be in a moment changed, shall appear for judgment at the judgment seat of Christ for believers only. There will be the judgment of all nations when Christ comes with His saints to establish His kingdom, and a thousand years later the judgment of the rest of the dead at the great white throne. In due time and in due order there shall be the judgment of the just, the unjust and a judgment of all that have ever lived.

As His witnesses, His messengers, we are therefore to "preach the word" (verse 2), to preach the preaching which is the power of God unto all men (verse 2). In the day of judgment, as were the prophets and apostles, that many will not endure it, but, loving pleasure more than God and being satisfied with a form of godliness without the power, will be judged as false prophets (verse 4, 5). Many things for which, doubt and delusion to the truth of God (see xxxi, 13; xxx, 8-12). The word for the faithful witness is, "Watch, endure, fulfill thy ministry."

"Pleasure Him who hath chosen you," (verse 5), to preach the word of God" (verse 5). Many things for which, doubt and delusion to the truth of God (see xxxi, 13; xxx, 8-12). The word for the faithful witness is, "Watch, endure, fulfill thy ministry."

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## WORLD'S BANKNOTES.

Shape, Size and Color of Paper Money of the Nations.

The only paper money that is accepted practically all over the globe is not "money" at all, but the notes of the Bank of England. These notes are simply printed in black ink on Irish linen water lined paper, plain white, with rugged edges. The reason this is so is that the Bank of England is in any way find their way back to the bank are immediately canceled and new ones are issued. The notes of the Bank of France are made of white water lined paper printed in black and white, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures. They are in denominations of from 25 francs to 1,000 francs.

Bank of England notes are of a somewhat unusual size—5 by 8 inches. South American currency resembles the bills of the United States, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors. German currency is printed in green and black, the notes being in denominations of from 5 to 1,000 marks. The 1,000 mark bills are printed on silk paper.

It takes an expert or a native to distinguish a Chinese bill from a laundry ticket if the bill is of low denomination or a tipperer later if for a large amount. The print being in red on white or yellow on red, with much gilt and gorgeous devices. Italian notes are all sizes, shapes and colors. The smallest bills, 5 and 10 lire, are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine ink.

The most striking paper currency in the world is the 100 ruble note of Russia, which is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow blended as when a sun ray passes through a prism. In the center in bold relief is a finely executed vignette in black. The remainder of the engraving on the note is in dark and light











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## Boston & Northern Street R.R.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 8:15, then every hour until 11:15 P. M.; then every half hour until 11:45—11:55 to Melrose. Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 6:45, 7:15 A. M.; then every hour until 1:45 P. M.; then every half hour until 10:15 P. M.; 10:45, 11:15, 11:45 for Stoneham. The line of cars now operated between Salem and Melrose Highlands via Saugus Centre will be extended and will run from Town House Sq. Salem to Stoneham Sq. being operated on the following schedule: Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 6:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 9:30 P. M. Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6:00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:00 P. M. GHO. R. GRAY, Div. Supt.

## Sunday Time.

Cars leave Woburn for Malden at 8:45 A. M. and every half hour until 10:45 P. M.; 11:15 to Melrose. Cars leave Malden for Woburn at 9:45 A. M. and every half hour until 10:15 P. M.; 10:45, 11:15, 11:45 for Stoneham. Leave Stoneham Sq. for Saugus Centre, Lynn and Salem, connecting at Melrose Highlands with cars for Malden and Boston at 8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 9:30 P. M. Returning, leave Saugus Centre for Stoneham Sq. at 6:00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:00 P. M. GHO. R. GRAY, Div. Supt.

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### Boston Theatres.

**KEITH'S.**  
The greatest interest has been aroused in Boston over the coming to Keith's Theatre of a new juvenile comedian named "Little Billy," said to be the smartest and at the same time the cleverest youngster that has ever appeared on the stage. Billy has been for several years playing small parts in a repertoire company in which he learned to sing, dance and do things "just like a man." The women declare him the cutest youngster and the most precocious they have ever seen. In fact, everywhere he has appeared he has become an immense favorite, and Mr. Keith has now engaged him to appear in the large cities in which his theatres are located. He will make his first introduction to Boston Christmas week where he will be a feature of a splendid holiday bill prepared especially for the Christmas season.

### THE BOSTON.

"The Circus Man" begins its fourth week at the Boston Theatre with the performance of Monday night. There has been a constant, regular increase in attendance until now every performance is witnessed by such numbers that the conventional phrase "Large and enthusiastic audience" can justly be used. "The Circus Man" as is now generally known, is a dramatization, by E. W. Presbury, of Holman P. Day's story of New England life, called "Squire Pin." Few word painters of Down East folk have the perspicuity to discern and the ability to present picturesque types of persons of interest to common humanity, so that one cares to see what they do and hear what they say and know why they do and say things, as has Mr. Day. "The Circus Man" is full of screamingly funny episodes, but, while it has jollity in plenty it does not exist for merri ment alone.

### THE PARK.

As I was critically scanning the long list of attractions offered in Boston, something, I can't say what, held my eye to these words: "Fannie Ward in Van Allen's Wife." I immediately made up my mind to see Mrs. Van Allen. The last time I had visited the Park Theatre, I laughed until I cried. Yes I did and so did everyone else who saw "The Gentleman from Mississippi," but with Miss Fannie Ward behind the glare of the footlights No—I shan't tell you another word about the play, for then you will know too much as you sit waiting for the curtain to rise. Who would not rather wait for a surprise rather than a fore-cast event? All I have to say is, go to the Park Theatre and see Fannie Ward for yourself at the first opportunity. Then if you are anything like myself, you will want to see the play a second time, for that's what I'm going to do. Yes—I have seats again for tomorrow night, and if I don't see you there perhaps you'll be there the next time I go.

### MARY DASCOMBE.

**CASILE SQUARE.**  
After several weeks preparation, the novel and original musical comedy by Theodore Friebeus entitled "1915" will be produced at the Casile Square Theatre next Friday evening, Christmas eve. In order that everything may be perfect for the first performance, the theatre will be closed all next week up to Friday evening, and "1915" will then be produced for the first time on any stage. It has been written by Theodore Friebeus for the John Craig Stock Company, and as may be surmised from his name, it deals with people, incidents and scenes in the Boston of six years from now.

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will cure not only a fresh cold, but one that has been coughing that usually hangs on for months. Give it a trial and prove its worth. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

### Happy Thought

Mrs. Newell How does the breakfast suit you, darling? Newell—It's just right, sweetheart. It may be rather piebald, but just the same I'm awfully fond of calf's liver. Mrs. Newell—So am I, dearest. Don't you think it would pay us to keep a calf? Then we could have calf's liver every morning for breakfast.—Chicago News.

### Not That Kind.

Charlie came to the doctor's office in a state of great excitement and said: "Please, doctor, come right straight down to see Freddy. Mother says he's wreathed in agony."—Delineator.

### Little Elmer—Papa, why is it more blessed to give than to receive?

Professor Broadhead—Because, my dear son, if you permit yourself to receive you are compelled to give about three times as much in order to properly express your gratitude.—Smart Set.

### MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

**UNITARIAN**—Christmas Services at 10:30 A. M. Christmas Sermon by the Pastor. Sunday School Concert at 12 M.  
**FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTISTS**—Service in Fire Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 13 every Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject: "Is the Universe, including Man, Evolved by Atomic Force?"  
**SUNDAY SCHOOL** for the Children at 11:45 A. M.  
**BAPTIST**—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D.  
**12 M.**, Sunday School.  
**5:45 P. M.**, Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.  
**WEDNESDAY**, at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.  
**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH**, Main Street, Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.  
**SUNDAY SERVICES**—Preaching, 10:30 A. M. Sunday School, 12 M. Preaching, 7 P. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7:45 P. M.  
**CONGREGATIONAL**—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D. Sunday School at 12 M. At 8 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

### Married.

In this city, Dec. 15, by Rev. Henry B. Williams, both of Woburn.

### Died.

In this city, Dec. 8, Alice Schumann, aged 1 year 9 months.  
In this city, Dec. 7, Elizabeth G. Williams, aged 87 years.  
In this city, Dec. 10, Oscar Nelson, aged 15 years, 10 months, 30 days.  
In this city, Dec. 12, Louise L. Tyler, aged 91 years, 3 months, 6 days.

## LLOYD'S OPERA GLASSES

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Middlesex, ss.

### PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs, executors, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Jane E. Shaw, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, I do hereby certify that a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration of the estate of said deceased to William Shaw, of Woburn, in said County of Middlesex, on the twentieth day of December, A. D. 1909, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted. And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McLENNAN, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-sixth day of November, in the year one thousand nine hundred and nine.

W. E. ROGERS, Register.

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### ACCIDENTS IN ART.

The Ruin of a Burne-Jones and the Mending of a Turner.

A very curious history is that of Burne-Jones' favorite picture, "Love Among the Ruins," writes M. H. Spielmann in the London Graphic. The original picture was in water color and was sent to Paris by a firm of art publishers for reproduction and in that city forwarded to their photographic studios in the suburbs. The picture unhappily preceded the letter of instructions regarding it warning the photographer of the medium in which it was painted, so that immediately on its arrival it was brushed over with white of egg to bring out the colors for photographing—an excellent procedure in the case of oil pictures, harmless and very efficacious. But as to the Burne-Jones picture, Love was very soon among his own ruins, for every brush of the white brought out the final touches and left a mere smeared ground. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was heartbroken at the loss of a work on which his reputation, he considered, hung in great measure rest and on which he had spent many months of patient toil and the very perfection of his execution in the realization of one of the most poetic conceptions that had sprung from his fanciful imagination.

"Love Among the Ruins" was painted during the years 1870-3. In October, 1882, it was destroyed, and by the following year the old version was finished, but was scarcely a consolation to the artist for the loss of his first and more spontaneous work.

Incidents of this sort are happily not of frequent occurrence, but one case has come within my knowledge which has never, I believe, been recorded. A wealthy connoisseur, with a roomful of beautiful Turner drawings, was in the habit of showing a certain one, well known as honorable picture-dealers to overhaul his drawings, but his Turners had not for some time been touched, and the glasses had become much darkened with dust. On his leaving town the senior member of the firm went to his house and brought away the precious drawings and, carrying them into the room behind the shop, took the first drawing out of its frame and mounted preparatory to dusting it and laid it on the counter, and, again, he called into the shop by a customer, he covered it with a sheet of Whatman paper and left it. His brother entered from the street and passed into the private room. A moment later the other followed and the two began to look at the drawing and found it in a lamentable state. The picture was in due course taken back and rehung in time for the owner's return. A couple of days later came an urgent letter calling the dealer to the house. "Look at this drawing," said the collector. "What does it mean? There's a tree here. I never saw that tree before!" "No more did I," quietly replied the dealer. "I told you that you would hardly recognize the drawings when the glasses had been cleaned inside and out. Why, you could hardly see them!" The owner, though still astonished, accepted the explanation and to this day has probably never guessed the truth. The dealer told the story himself shortly before his death. Will it meet the eye of the hoxed poor prior, I wonder?

### THE HARP CAME BACK

### Incident in the Career of an Old Time Opera Manager.

### A SURPRISE FOR MARETEK.

It Came at a Time When Max Was Broke and the Sheriff Had Levied Upon All His Stage Properties—Mme. Maretek's Thanks to the Carpenter.

In the old days in New York city, before there was a Metropolitan or a Manhattan Opera House and when the center of the theatrical world was around Fourteenth street, Max Maretek and Strakosch were prominent at the old Academy of Music. There was a keen rivalry between them. Strakosch had Nilsson, and Maretek was exploiting Di Murska.

By some error of dates both were booked for New York at the same time. Strakosch was at the Academy and Maretek, having closed a poor season elsewhere, had halted in New York before going to Philadelphia and secured a week at the Lyceum theater on Fourteenth street. There were strong bills at both places. Each manager had his friends, and the bill posters had a busy time of it. A round of bills for one company was no sooner posted than the rival billposter covered up the poster with the rival company's sheets.

At last, for the matinee on Saturday, bills at both houses were suddenly changed every vacant fence place plastered over quickly, and with a pelted storm in the morning the managers began to put out "paper" to fill the houses. Alfred Joel was the business man for Maretek and an adept at "papering" when necessary. With a house packed from parquet to gallery Joel had counted the boxes, found only \$100 in the house and announced it to Max when the curtain fell a few minutes after.

This was serious to Max. The ever ready money lender who had "put up for him" had a lien on the box office, a sheriff's officer was in waiting on the stage, and it was a question of replevin before the properties and costumes could be liberated to follow the company to Philadelphia early next morning.

"Well, Alfred," quietly said Max, "I guess I'm used to trouble. But there is a good, big house anyway." Then, turning to his wife, who was the harpist of the orchestra, he clasped her hands, kissed her and remarked: "Let your fingers do their best. It does my heart good, you know, even when there's trouble."

There was bustling after the performance. Legal talent was at a premium, creditors were obdurate, everything that was supposed to be Maretek's was temporarily in "check," and Mme. Maretek in tears, with longing looks at the harp she valued.

The scene of negotiations was transferred to the greenroom just as the officers making the levy were searching for more boxes of properties when the old stage carpenter hurried Mme. Maretek away, then called her back again five minutes after and pointed to the orchestra.

The harp had disappeared. Clearing away everything on Sunday morning, while the boxes of properties were being taken away, Max and his wife stood in the center of the darkened stage, both were crying. The instrument they valued most had been taken from them. Other things had been liberated, and the harp was with a scene of grief that no others than themselves could have appreciated they were silent.

Then Old Man Guernsey stood between them and waved his hand above the senior member of the firm, a creaking of pulley wheels, an injunction from the carpenter to "look out for your heads," and, lowered from above, came Mme. Maretek's harp, landing on the stage between them.

"Now you've got it again, get it away quick," said Guernsey. "Stop crying and be thankful. That's all!" He moved off without waiting for thanks, and a pathetic scene with Max and his wife closed the incident. To them the harp was as a part of themselves. To lose it was more than a misfortune, and in a broken voice the lady called the carpenter back to her.

"Please let the harp thank you," said she, "and listen. It will speak with my hands on this Sunday morning."

She placed herself beside it, seated on a box, and, with a smile that chased away tears, gave for a moment or two, as only she could give it, the air of the doxology, "I Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." New York Times.

### Musical.

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### MYSTOST.

A Norwegian Cheese That Is Made of Goats Milk.

There is a very kind of Norwegian cheese called "mystost," which is made of goats' milk. It is brown in color and served in the shape of bricks done up in silver paper. The initiated shave this into thin films and make it into a sandwich with black bread and butter. This cheese is really made from the whey after proper cheese has been manufactured. All the water is then boiled out, and the remainder is compressed into these brown bricks, which taste sweet and gritty.

Love of this cheese would take some time to acquire. The opportunity is not lacking, for it appears at every meal, from breakfast onward. There are several native cheeses. Another terrible one, "pultost," is made with curdled whey and always smells as if it had gone bad. Mystost has no smell, fortunately, only a terrible as yet and taste.

Dr. Julius Nicholson sent a few Norwegian delicacies to a friend in Germany, and, among others, he put in a piece of the native mystost. His friend wrote and thanked him for the salmon, etc., and then continued: "The soap is very nice, but we find great difficulty in making the latter." This was the cheese—London Saturday Review.

### AMERICAN CRACKERS.

Pilot Bread the First Variety Made in the United States.

The first cracker produced in the United States, so far as known, was pilot or ship bread, a large, round, clumsy, crisp affair, which supplied the demand of the mercantile marine for an article of food that would, unlike ordinary bread, keep for a prolonged period.

Later another variety was originated, the cold water cracker, which differed from the first chiefly in its smaller size, more compact texture and greater hardness. For a long time these two were the only goods known to the trade.

They were both made of unleavened dough mixed and kneaded by hand, and the crackers were rolled out and shaped separately before being placed, one at a time, on a long handled sheet iron shovel or peel and transferred to the floor of the oval shaped oven then in use. It was not until some time later that raised or fermented dough was used in the manufacture of crackers, and it is only within the past three-quarters of a century that any great variety has been produced.—Bakers Weekly.

### Dogs and Somersaults.

As there is more than one way of doing a goose, so there is more than one method of teaching a dog to perform somersaults. But the most practical and thorough manner is to fasten a cord around the body of the animal close to the fore legs, and two people should hold the ends of the cord on either side of the unfortunate dog. A third party, armed with a stout rope, takes a position immediately in front of the canine acrobat and with a measured and masterly stroke dogs the floor at close quarters to the dog's nose. At each stroke of the rope the dog springs backward, and that moment is the trainer's golden opportunity. As the dog springs backward the rope passing under its body is jerked upward, and, although the first few attempts may prove futile, the somersault is acquired in course of time. An intelligent dog soon discerns of this order of things and throws somersaults without the assistance of ropes.

### And Yet the King Died.

During the fatal illness of King Charles I. of England there were four men doctors in attendance, and they dosed him in the course of five and a half days with the following drugs and powders: Orange infusion of the metals, white vitriol dissolved in compound penny water, powder of sacred bitter, sirup of bark, common decoction for clysters, rock salt, emetic wine, two blend pills, bryony compound, powder of white hellebore roots, powder of cowslip flowers, best manna, cream of tartar, barley and liquorice, sweet almond kernels, sal ammoniac, antidotal milk water, mallow root, melon seeds, chicken broth, bark of elm, a julep of black cherry water, flowers of lime, lilies of the valley, spirit of lavender, prepared pearls and white sugar candy, sena leaves, sirup of cloves, Goa stone, Rhine wine, oriental bezoar stone and a number of other medicines.

### Society's Mandates.

Society can and does execute its own mandates, and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle it practices a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life and enslaving the soul itself.—John Stuart Mill.

### The Ubiquitous Purist.

"Vicar—I'm sorry to hear you've been so poorly. You must pray for a good heart, Thomas. Thomas—Y-a-s, zur. But it's my liver wot be wrong, ye know, zur.—London Telegraph.

### Sky High.

Howell—Our servant kindled the fire with kerosene the other morning. Powell—Did you reprimand her? Howell—You bet she got a blowing up.—New York Press.

### Hold your tongue and you will pass for a philosopher.—Italian Proverb.

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## Hezekiah's Mistake

A Scholar Who Didn't Like School Discipline.

By GWENDOLIN ADAMS

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A big awkward boy was Hezekiah Griggs, a pupil in the school of Eben Watson. The history class was for recitation, but Hezekiah, though he had plenty of brains, had not applied them to studying the lesson.

He was growing decidedly uncomfortable. He knew well what an unprepared lesson meant, for in those days no weak leniency was shown to delinquents. To be sure, this was the first recitation Hezekiah had missed during the term, but was not that an aggravation of the offense? Since he had managed so long without failing, why fail at all?

Hezekiah was aware that as soon as the class was dismissed he would receive a not altogether unmerited flogging. He was perspiring at every pore. The ladies with which he had been to refresh the thirsty occupants of the back seats melted in the intense heat, and a tiny stream of ice water trickled slowly from the extremity of every pocket and formed a miniature pool in the bottom of each cowhide boot.

The young offender was growing desperate, and when the master, having dismissed the other members of the history class, turned to him with the command, "Take off your coat, sir," the boy stepped forward and obeyed with a feeling of actual relief.

"Your conduct has been most reprehensible, sir," said the master, pushing up his coat sleeve and testing the strength of his ruler, while thirty pairs of eyes gazed spellbound and awful silence reigned.

"Most reprehensible, sir?" he repeated, and the ruler fell with a thwack which sent the blood tingling through every vein in the culprit's body.

Hezekiah never knew exactly what happened after that. He remembered that an insane desire for vengeance overcame him. He wanted to thrash the master, to thrash the whole school. Before the weapon could descend a second time he sprang at his assailant with clenched fists and blazing eyes.

There was a moment of breathless silence while the angry master, colored his refractory pupil and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. Then the fat sided ruler was once more brought into active play upon the back of Hezekiah Griggs.

"Now, sir," said the master when at length, becoming weary of such severe exertion, he released his hold on Hezekiah's coat collar, "take your seat and learn your history."

Heedless of the command, the boy seized his jacket and, snatching his cap from his peg on the wall, made a rush for the door. He gained it without opposition, and before the astonished master had time to recover from his surprise he was racing along the highway toward home.

Into the big, roomy kitchen, where Grandfather Griggs himself sat in a great armchair conning the Weekly News, with Grandmother Griggs, who by paring apples, he dashed like a runaway engine.

"Why, Hezekiah," exclaimed the good old woman, looking somewhat startled, "a body 'd think you'd been freed from a cannon by the way you come flying in! What happened?"

Hezekiah sat down and began to explain. "You don't mean to say you've run away from school?" said the old man when the boy had reached the most interesting part of his narrative. "Oh, Hezekiah!"

The exclamation was full of sorrow. Full surprise, and Hezekiah's eyes fell. "I'm not going back to school any more," he said doggedly.

He did not dare look up, for he knew the old man had set his heart on his becoming an educated man, and he expected him to be very angry. But grandfather took off his glasses, wiped them and said:

"Well, Hezekiah, we won't talk about it tonight. You'd best go to the barn and thrash peas till supper time, and we'll settle this matter about school tomorrow."

Hezekiah obeyed. He went about till dark looking triumphant. Staying away from school was next thing to beating the master. He slept well and arose firm in his determination not to return to school. When his grandfather called him aside after breakfast and tried to convince him that he was wrong Hezekiah was still resolute.

"Well, Hezekiah," the old man said at last, "since your mind's made up there's no use arguing your case. I'd have been glad enough if you had gone, and if you have stuck to it I wouldn't have minded a year or two at college to finish off with. As it is, you'll have to earn your living some other way, and I suppose the sooner you set about it the better."

"I'm willing to work, grandfather," Hezekiah said, in some surprise.

"Yes, I know, and I shouldn't wonder if Silas Jones would give you a job for a month or two. He was saying he'd like to get a boy to do churning and, although you ain't much used to work, if you get round spry you might suit him."

"Grandfather!"

"Or," continued the old man, "if you'd just as soon thrash peas I'll give you myself. I'll give you every tenth bushel, and you can pay me \$1.50 a week for board. What do you say to that?"

"Just as you like, grandfather!"

"Very well. Then we'll call it a bargain, and when you're through with that maybe something else will turn up, and if you should be out of a job, why, your little room will be ready for you, and I won't charge a cent more than \$1.50 a week, seeing it's yours, Hezekiah."

father was regarding him, but the most melancholy note died away long before he reached the barn. Hezekiah never knew before that his grandfather had harvested so many peas. There they were, brown and crisp and inviting, piled in rough, uneven masses to the top of either moveable stowed away on the beams above him.

The boy tossed down a great heap into the middle of the thrashing floor, picked up his dail and began operations. But it was of no use to try to make himself believe that he liked to thrash peas.

He tried to buoy himself up with the thought that he was earning money, but long before night even this thought failed him as he began to realize that unless he got along considerably faster than he was then doing he would barely earn his board.

He kept steadily at his task for a week and then cleaned up and measured what he had thrashed—exactly forty bushels, of which his share, of course, was four bushels. Peas were worth 60 cents a bushel; accordingly he earned \$2.40. After paying his board he would have 10 cents left—an average of 15 cents a day.

It was discouraging. Grandfather Griggs said not a word, but the boy knew well that if he would only acknowledge himself in the wrong and promise to go back to school and obey the master the place in his grandfather's heart and home was ready for him.

But pride would not permit him to yield, and all through the short December days and the first month of the new year the regular cluck-cluck of the dail was heard without intermission and the heap of peas in the granary grew and grew till it amounted to 250 bushels.

Hezekiah had almost completed his task and was rejoicing to think that he and the dail, which, in spite of their long standing fellowship, he cordially hated, were about to part company.

A boy is like a colt. Nothing is so well calculated to drive the nonsense out of his head and make him trustworthily as a little regular work. Hezekiah did not know this, but he was quite conscious that he did not feel as he had felt six weeks before.

He had been doing some hard thinking while swinging the dail and had begun to see that he was not altogether the fine fellow he had always imagined himself to be.

He had worked harder at this job of thrashing peas than he had ever done at anything before, and yet his earnings were barely sufficient to board and clothe him while thus engaged.

He thought the matter over and came to the conclusion that he owed his grandfather something for all those years of helpless childhood, wherein the old man's love and care had been watchful and unremitting.

Hezekiah had a conscience. It was very like the boy's conscience, full of contradictions and absurdities; but, for all that, it pointed out to him the least he could render to his grandfather for all his kindness was a willing obedience.

He made up his mind he would do it, and as he wielded the dail above the last "flooring" he was bravely resolving to tell his grandfather all that was in his heart. So deeply engrossed was he in his pondering over this good resolution that he did not observe a dark shadow which fell between him and the sunlight that streamed through the open door till a voice said:

"Well, Hezekiah, you're just about done, see."

The boy looked up and saw the benevolent face of his good grandfather smiling down upon him.

"You've done very well—very well," continued the old man approvingly. "I'd like to see that boy keep at it till they were finished. I believe there's the making of a man in you after all, Hezekiah. What were you thinking of going to next?"

The blood rushed to the boy's forehead, and his heart beat wildly, but he managed to say, "I'm a mean sneaky, grandfather, but if you'd just as soon I believe I'll go back to school."

"All right," returned the old man calmly. "I'd just as lief."

And so the old things turned out very much as Grandfather Griggs had intended they should. Hezekiah went back to school, took his whipping for running away, finished his course in the history class and in due time went to college.

He became a prosperous city physician and still lives to tell his grandchildren of the fun they used to have in the little log schoolhouse years ago, and they often laugh over the most take he made the time he undertook to thrash the master.

**THE OLD TIME NAVY.**

**Treatment of British Jack Tars in Nelson's Day.**

Jack tars in the British navy in Nelson's day were treated like dogs and worse. A troop of midshipmen, twelve or thirteen years old, were permitted to cuff and kick them with impunity, and none dared protest. Torture, under the guise of punishment, was part of the regular routine of the service. From one to five dozen lashes with the cat-o-nine-tails could be inflicted at the whim of a commander, but the usual number was three dozen.

Such sentences were for trifling derelictions of duty. For really serious offenses, such as violence to a superior officer, desertion or mutiny, offenders were strung up at the yardarm or flogged round the fleet, the latter a punishment more dreaded than death.

Other savage punishments, such as "starving," "running the gauntlet" and the hideous one known as "keelhauling" were also frequently resorted to, although nominally they were illegal.

Notwithstanding, of course, a blue-jacket, although subject to naval discipline, is in no more danger of being subjected to corporal punishment than is the average civilian.

His officers are courteous, kindly and considerate, and if his life is not a happy and comfortable one he has, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, only himself to blame.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Made Him Sick.**

A noted golfer one afternoon played rather badly. He turned to his caddy after he had fiddled a drive and said in his genial way:

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Christie's of London, Most Noted of All Sales Rooms.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

A Place Rich in Memories of Reynolds, Garrick, Gainsborough and Lord Chesterfield—Fakes and Resurctions of the Auction Room.

Since James Christie and his friends, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick and Thomas Gainsborough, were carefully scrutinized by liveried lackies at the door, for here was an exclusive club where men of rank and fashion often gathered to exchange courtesies and the gossip of court and camp, quite apart from mere bidding for great estates and palaces of many nations, jewels of princes and plate of great families, pictures and porcelain, statuary and curios. Who does not remember the sale of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire" when Lord Duane wired a bid of \$50,000 from Paris, but was beaten by Agnew, the dealer? And then came the dramatic theft and the equally dramatic recovery of the portrait years afterward in this country.

It is a place of beautiful things, of discreet hush, of subdued mystery. All most every great work of art in the world that comes into the market finds its way there. Long before 1766 Christie's was a going concern, none too flourishing, it is said, for he had only James Christie himself left in it on record that his good friend David Garrick told him over a bankruptcy with a bid of \$50,000.

The prices catalogues of the house have been and are the standard record of values in works of art for the last 200 years. They show extraordinary fluctuations. Thus in 1755 a copy of the Rembrandt etching "Christ Healing the Sick" sold for only \$35, whereas in 1887, at the Duke of Buccleuch's sale, an inferior example brought no less than \$15,000. Art collections worth \$100,000,000 and upward have frequently been offered for sale in these classic rooms. On such occasions emperors and kings, with men of wealth from every nation, commission the greatest of experts to go to criticize and bid for treasures which may not come under the hammer again in generations.

The value of property knocked down under the old cracked ivory hammer that Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith must have handled battles all calculation. A curious record was the \$75,000 paid in 1885 for the Dudley Raphael "The Three Graces," which measured seven inches square. Of course this was extraordinary, yet enormous prices have been paid at Christie's for pictures, as everybody knows.

Another record in its day was the \$75,000 paid for Hoggar's three-quarter length portrait of Louis, Lady Manners, afterward Countess of Dyar. And then there was the famous jeweled cup of rock crystal, which brought the enormous sum of \$375,000 at the Galvada sale. Amazing prices have also been recorded for porcelain.

In a recent season the art works of London and Paris were estimated by a Swiss vase bringing \$21,000—proof positive that the taste of the present is not far from that of the past.

One of the things of the world, the thing of Louis the Well Beloved, the Poupard and Du Barry, retains all its fascination for the collector.

Rarely indeed have fakes been offered at Christie's, yet a few classic cases are on record. Some of the most famous pictures were started by the announcement that four superb gallery pictures by Constable and two by Turner were to be offered for sale in Christie's rooms, "the property of a private gentleman and never before exhibited."

It was certainly an event. The vendor's name was withheld, but this is a common occurrence, seeing that very excellent persons, indeed, not to say the occupants of thrones, frequently send works of art to these famous galleries. Pressed on the subject, however, Christie's gave out that the seller was a "well known connoisseur of high social rank."

On the day of the sale all the art critics, collectors and dealers of London and Paris and Moscow and Stockholm to Madrid assembled before the pictures, chattering excitedly in many tongues.

Truly they were imposing, these gorgeous canvases, five feet wide and high as a person's head. The four Constables formed a series of superb English landscapes, while the two Turners were classical subjects, said to be of the "middle period" of the master. But when all there was a certain "know no French" as the French say, that baffled the keen critics. Round all six appeared to hover a curious tinsmith, certain peculiarities of touch and coloring, "as if," in the words of a Paris dealer, "Turner had worked on Constable's pictures and Constable on Turner's."

The faces of the experts were a droll study as their first admiration gave place to helpless bewilderment. One by one they might have swallowed, "No!" Before long a Viennese artist made himself heard above the hubbub by pointing out that the pictures were largely painted with very modern pigments—fashionable, newly invented pigments unknown in the days of Turner and Constable. The excitement grew greater. This was surely an unlucky slip if the collection were forgeries.

There was yet another test, however. A cunning Venetian dealer years previously had given the set world a hint in testing an authentic example of a "guard." He would take a pin and try to stick it into the fattest and most intricately pasted part of the picture.

"It sticks in," the dealer said, "it is new paint, but it is on a real guard, and you might as well try to force a pin into a china plate." The moment that hint was remembered it was acted upon. One of the Constables was tested and proved to be a veritable phantasm.

The authorities of Christie's at once closed their doors and posted a notice abandoning the sale.

The history of the forgeries leaked out afterward. They had belonged to a rich and eccentric collector, Joseph Gillott, a millionaire manufacturer of steel pens of Birmingham, who afterward led the London National gallery a magnificent series of real treasures. In his latter years, however, the old man had fallen into the clutches of an unscrupulous dealer whose exploits had long been notorious. Both the Turners and the Constables had been manufactured under this man's direction by a newly but exceedingly clever artist and then sold to the aged

credulous amateur for \$500,000. When the dealer died, were cast upon their good fortune. Gillott was greatly surprised and resolved to give them the public test of auction at Christie's. After the dramatic fiasco their owner contentedly packed them off into a warehouse, which (thirty months later) was burned to the ground, and then, strangely enough, it turned out that Gillott had insured his "masterpieces" for the entire sum he had paid for them, so by a curious turn of the wheel of fortune he was not a penny the loser.

But there have not been half a dozen such cases at Christie's during a century of sales.

And, by the way, just inside the superb pillared portico on King street, St. James, one will see a picture of the courtly old dandy, Christie himself, tall and distinguished, in silk knee breeches, with low shoes and buckles, with full wig and horn spectacles, who befitted his association with aristocratic cognoscenti.

Chesterfield was his patron then, as he had been Dr. Johnson's. The great scholar of letters, righteousness, temperance and judgment, to come, the hope of Israel, the resurrection of just men and believing all things written in the law and in the prophets.

Lesson IV.—Paul a prisoner before Festus and Agrippa. Acts xxvii, 18-32. Golden Text, II Tim. i, 12. "I know what I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

For the third time the story of Paul's imprisonment, the trust of the dead and the future glory of Israel, the present forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ for all who will turn from the power of Satan unto God and the eternal inheritance.

Lesson V.—Paul a prisoner before Agrippa. Acts xxviii, 1-31. Golden Text, II Tim. i, 12. "I know what I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

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Lesson XI.—Paul a prisoner before Agrippa. Acts xxviii, 1-31. Golden Text, II Tim. i, 12. "I know what I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

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Lesson XII.—Paul a prisoner before Agrippa. Acts xxviii, 1-31. Golden Text, II Tim. i, 12. "I know what I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

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Lesson XIII.—Paul a prisoner before Agrippa. Acts xxviii, 1-31. Golden Text, II Tim. i, 12. "I know what I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

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Lesson XIV.—Paul a prisoner before Agrippa. Acts xxviii, 1-31. Golden Text, II Tim. i, 12. "I know what I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 19, 1909.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, II Tim. iv, 7.—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

Lesson I.—Paul a prisoner—the arrest. Acts xxi, 27-39. Golden Text, II Tim. iv, 7. "I have therefore endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Paul knew that bonds and afflictions waited for him everywhere (20-23 margin), but whether he unnecessarily ran into some of them or not we cannot say. This was probably one of the three times that he was beaten with rods (I Cor. xi, 25). He accepted all as being in the will of that Just One for him and covered only to be His faithful witness.

Lesson II.—Paul a prisoner—the plot. Acts xxiii, 11-24. Golden Text, Ps. xvi, 2. "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God; in Him will I trust." Beaten and his blood sought by the mob, Paul was saved by the freed Jewish council, how comforting must have been the visit of the Lord to him that night with those words: "Be of good cheer, Paul; thus have testified of Me."

Lesson III.—Paul a prisoner—before Festus and Agrippa. Acts xxvii, 18-32. Golden Text, II Tim. i, 12. "I know what I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

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## The Bishop's Kitten

### A Christmas Story

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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It was Christmas eve. The secretary had paper and pencil ready and a type writer beside him. The bishop of Winchester sat in the window in a straight backed chair, for it appeared that he could not even allow himself the luxury of resting when he might have rested.

"A note of thanks from the president of the board of managers of the Home for the Homeless," said the secretary, opening another letter, with a little sigh of relief, for he was near the end of the pile. "He says that your magnificent contribution has saved the home from serious difficulties and that this will enable them to go through the winter comfortably."

"No answer needed," said the bishop briefly.

"A letter from Mr. Hanton for help for a poor family. He says he has found a family in great distress, and he looks to you for advice and assistance."

"He doesn't need advice. He needs assistance. Tell him to draw on me and do what he thinks necessary."

"A letter from Mr. Quintard in reference to young Cooper, the theological student. He has married and so has forfeited his right to continue his course and enter upon his career unless you are willing to make an exception in his case."

"The bishop's face flushed and his lips set in a line like iron. "Write Mr. Quintard," he said in icy tones, "that will please convey to the young man my compliments and tell him that since he has put his nose to the grindstone he may keep it here. He is to tell him from me that he can seek out some humble employment for himself."

"Are you going out, sir?" asked the secretary as the bishop put on his overcoat.

"Yes," replied the great man simply. "I promised to give a talk to the workmen tonight at the Dayton mission."

There was a world of personal history in the simple answer. It was a cold and dismal night, and the fire was burning cheerily in the grate, yet this man, who might have taken his ease, was going to the farthest extremity of the city to talk to grimy workmen. The secretary watched him with wonder and curiosity in his face. The hard, stern, unbending man, the self sacrificing sympathizer with the poor, what contradictions were in this man's nature!

The mission stood in the midst of a thickly settled district populated chiefly by the workmen from the foundries and mills that abounded there. The mission house was small and plain and not too comfortable, as the bishop knew, for he had spoken there before. To his surprise, the doors were closed and the place was dark.

"Strange," he said to himself. "I did not think I was too early."

Nothing started about the house except a little furry kitten which sat on the steps and rent the air with agonized howls.

"Mew, what a voice!" exclaimed the bishop uneasily. "Are you cold, poor little kitty?"

Looking up and down the street to see that no one was coming, he took the tiny kitten up and stroked its head. It opened its mouth and wailed for something it missed and could not explain. It surely must be almost frozen. No one was coming yet. The bishop unbuttoned his overcoat at the top and thrust the kitten in.

"If I see any one coming I can take it out," he thought. "Perhaps one of the workmen will take it home to the children."

Lulled by the warmth, the kitten was quiet for a moment, but all at once it realized that there was something else needed. It crawled up, put out its head and howled louder than ever.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the bishop. "It must be hungry. If the men would only come!"

Sure enough, there was some one walking up the street with a rapid swing. But he was about to pass when the bishop stopped him.

"Pardon me, my friend," he said, "but I expected there would be service in this house tonight. Can you tell me?"

"No; it's Christmas night," said the man, hurrying on.

He had mistaken the night, and all this long journey! "Too bad, kitty," he said to the head which was just beneath his chin and which was giving him the most intense of glances.

"A little distance farther on there was a house where there was a fire in the front room and the door was open. A man's voice within. Ah, here was the place! A man would understand the situation."

A ring at the bell and the door was flung open and a man stood on the threshold. "That you, Fred?" he asked, peering into the darkness.

"No, it is not Fred," replied the bishop mildly, and then he repeated his formula.

"See here, my man," said the person in the doorway, "I don't know whether you're crazy or on a jag, but you'd better hurry on, for it is mighty near midnight for the copper on this beat to get around."

The bishop drew his splendid figure erect and walked on. "All men are becoming pessimists," he said to himself and the kitten.

Perhaps it was this gloomy thought that made the kitten open its mouth and surpass all its previous efforts in the way of soul stirring wails. The bishop set his lips in a hard line.

"I'm going to find something for this kitten to eat," he said, half aloud, and when the bishop said things in that way it was as well for circumstances to yield.

A tiny cottage stood at a street corner—such a tiny cottage that it seemed to have been crowded into the corner as an afterthought when the place was already full. There was a light in the front room, and as the bishop had grown desperate he walked up the small stoop and rang the bell.

A young man opened the door. There was an electric light a few feet away

and the bishop saw by it that the young man had a pale face and that his hair was tumbled as though by restless fingers. While he was noting these things he was telling about the kitten.

"I have applied to several people," he added, "but they seem to look upon me as a dangerous and suspicious character. I hope you will be more generous in your judgment."

The young man had started at the sound of his voice, but he opened the door wider.

"Come in," he said. "I think we will be able to find the kitten something to eat."

A slender slip of a girl arose from her seat near the fire and went into the other room. She came back presently with a saucer of milk and set it and the kitten down on a rug, and then the bishop sat down, too, at their invitation, and they laughed with one accord at the enthusiastic manner in which the kitten crawled bodily into the saucer of milk and lapped and

choked and lapped and strangled again as though it would never have enough, very hungry," said its benefactor pityingly.

While the kitten drank the bishop was looking around the poor, neat little room, with its bare floor shining white and its pitiful little adornments. And from the room his eyes wandered to the girl, who was down on her knees, wiping the milk from the kitten's paws and making it fit for decent society. She was a lovely girl, with large, tender brown eyes, and her hair was filled with gold in the daylight, and there was a dimple in the midst of the bloom on her left cheek.

When had the bishop of Winchester ever noticed the bloom on a woman's cheek before or the dimple in the midst of it?

"Really, this is very pleasant," he said, warming under the genial influence of the neat little room and the lovely girl and the fine young man with the intellectual face. "I am glad that I found the kitten, for it has been the cause of my making some pleasant friends. You must give me your name, for I have no disposition to lose friends so pleasantly found."

Something had been weighing on the mind of the young man ever since his guest had come into the room. Now he arose and stood before the bishop, his eyes kindling.

"My name is Cooper," he said, with an interplay which the bishop could not but recognize even in the midst of his amazement. "I am a student of theology. I lack a year of my course. A month ago I married, and today you sent me word that since I had put my nose to the grindstone I could keep it here."

There was silence in the room for some moments. Then the bishop arose and began to button his overcoat.

"I am glad to come in," he said gently, looking at the young man. "And so you have been married a month? Have courage, my boy. We all have our grinders, and our noses are kept pretty constantly at them in the course of the years, but no matter so they don't grind away any of our hours. And this is the little wife who was more and better than a career? Well, perhaps she is. She reminds me of a girl I knew long ago. You would mind my taking the little kitten home with me, will you?"

And the two young people stood amazed while he put the kitten inside his overcoat and then shook hands with them warmly before he departed.

The next morning when the secretary entered the bishop's study he found the bishop looking at a letter which he had just received from the young man.

"Dear Quintard—I have reconsidered my decision in regard to young Cooper. I have some evidence that goes to show that he will make a useful man, and you may assure him from me that he will be allowed to continue his course. I will ascertain if he is at all cramped in his circumstances, and if so consider me your banker and help him out as much as I can without letting him know to whom he is indebted. You can manage this, I know."

"I must be dreaming," said the secretary to himself, but as he looked again to convince himself there was a bishop of Winchester smiling at the kitten, which was clanking at the leaves of one of the abstract books on the table and turning somersaults down the open pages.

Strange Lapse of Memory. Cases of forgetfulness on matters of interest are on record. While Dr. Priestly was preparing his work entitled "Harmony of the Gospels" he had taken great pains to inform himself on a subject which had been under discussion relative to the Jewish Passover. He wrote out the result of his researches and laid the paper taken with attention and true being taken with something else, some little time elapsed before the subject occurred to his mind again. Then the same pains were given to the subject that had been given to it before, and the results were again put on paper and laid aside. Some days later he forgot that he had copied the same paragraphs and reflections before that it was only when he had found the papers on which he had transcribed them that it was recalled to his recollection. This same author had frequently read his own published writings and did not recognize them.

A Question For The King. Divinity doth not always hedge a king. Henry the fifth, when his father, who could take as well as give in the joking line. The most striking instance of this kind is seen in the case of Charles II, that good natured Stuart, who once asked his chaplain, Dr. Stillingfleet, "How is it that you always read your sermons before me when, as I understand, you can preach eloquently enough elsewhere without book or notes?"

The good doctor answered that he was so overwhelmed by his majesty's presence that he could not trust himself otherwise, continuing, "And now, sire, may I please you to tell me why you read your speeches when you have no such excuse?"—St. Louis Republic.

Her Own Coin. There was quite a scene the other night at a certain bridge party. A lost lady with her own I. O. U. S. The lady said it was most ungentlemanly. She said she wouldn't have minded being paid back in her own coin, but she disliked paper money.—Exchange.

## MARRYING IN FRANCE

Official Obstacles That Bar the Way to the Ceremony.

### THE WORRIES OF A FIANCÉE.

He Has to Brave the Insolence and Indifference of the Civil Officers in His Efforts to Accomplish the Necessary Preliminary Formalities.

Marrying in France is not an easy matter. On the contrary, the civil officers seem to employ ingenuity in putting as many obstacles as possible in the way of those who contemplate matrimony.

Take the case of a French citizen who would reside in the civil of the eighth arrondissement of Paris, but who removed to the Ninth and then began to accomplish the formalities necessary for his marriage.

Stalling and huffing, as a man about to be deceived, he presented himself at the mairie of the Ninth ward with the following documents, which he had previously obtained at the mairie of the eighth arrondissement: His birth certificate, his discharge from the army, the death certificate of his parents and the certificate of his last marriage, for he had been married once already.

On a Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock he called upon the functionary whose duty it is to attend to matters affecting the "état civil." Eying the visitor coldly, the functionary asked:

"What do you want?"

"To get married," replied the other, smiling.

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## A UNIQUE EXPERIMENT.

Boiling and Freezing Water at the Same Time.

The possibility of boiling and freezing water at the same time in the laboratory is one of the most interesting developments of modern science. The temperature at which water boils depends simply on the air pressure above its surface at the time. If there is high pressure the water has to be made a good deal hotter to boil than at low pressure.

On mountains where the air pressure is a good deal lower than at sea level water boils easily at low temperature.

In cooking vegetables that require a certain degree of heat and where the water boils before that degree is reached the vegetables will not get done. They consequently have to be put into a closed boiler so that the generated steam will create enough pressure for the water to boil at or beyond the required temperature. In the experiment of this fact water was placed in a vessel and the air exhausted from above the surface of the water. As the process of pumping goes on the water will violently boil, the steam escaping in the sides of the exhaust vessel. If the pumping is continued long enough and the outside is cooled below the freezing point of water the water will continue to boil and bubble till it is frozen into a snowy mass of ice.

This fact is also made use of in taking a rough test of the height of a mountain. Ordinarily at sea level where the pressure is about thirty inches of mercury water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Now if it is noted that at a certain place it boils at a few degrees lower the height of that place can be easily ascertained by comparison with a table made out for this purpose. In general for every degree the boiling takes place under 212 a height of about 500 feet is counted.

Of course these principles do not apply to water alone, but are characteristic of all liquids.—New York Tribune.

FISH LOCOMOTION.

The Nature and Functions of the So Called Air Bladders.

Leaving aside the subject of an old stone breakwater or pier head and watching the fish playing about in the clear green depths below, perhaps the first thought that is likely to occur to any of us is that we are looking at an animal which is able to move about in its own element with a freedom and grace which is in no way surprising, but that it can change its level at will, rising or falling without the use of its fins, and instantly assuming a horizontal or vertical position, according to the mood or need of the moment, is a fact that a little reflection will soon develop into prime motive for wonder.

For it is clear that the fish must be able at will to vary its weight in relation to the water it displaces. When it sinks to the bottom it must have suddenly rendered itself heavier than the medium it inhabits; each time it rises to the surface like a released cork, it must have rendered itself lighter than the water, but must have been lighter in its free parts than in its tail.

The mystery, for such it undoubtedly is, on a casual survey, says the London Chronicle, resolves itself immediately we come to study the nature and functions of the so called air bladder in fishes. By this contrivance all these fish, in their movements of the fish are brought about.

The bladder, however, contains not air, as is commonly supposed, but gas, which is discharged or regenerated by certain organs of the fish, according to whether upward or downward movement is desired. It is either the whole length of the bladder or only its front or rear portion can be inflated. Thus the fish is able to swim level or, by altering its center of gravity, to raise or lower either head or tail at will.

DESTROYED BY CHEMICALS.

Weapons Used by Assassins Against Royal Personages.

Very few people are aware that as soon as the trial of an assassin of royalty is concluded the weapon with which he accomplished his crime is carefully destroyed so that no trace of it remains.

The reason of this is twofold—first of all, the possibility exists that at some time or other the weapons used in a royal tragedy may be exhibited to the public in some museum or show, and the second reason is a strange superstition dread existing among reigning dynasties that the existence of the innocent but unhallowed weapons by which rulers have been dispatched to eternity is fraught with peril to their descendants.

The method of destroying these weapons is a curious one. The weapons, such as the stocks of pistols or the handles of poignards, are burned, and the metal portions are eaten away in a bath of nitric acid.

This has been the custom ever since the attempt on the life of Queen Isabella of Spain in 1852 by Meris. Prior to that date the metal work of firearms or knives was ground or filed away, but the blade of the dagger with which Meris sought to execute his destiny remained intact, and it was such exquisite temper and hardness that it resisted both fire and acid.

This became known to the populace, and the superstitious Spaniards believed that Meris had invested his weapon with magical qualities. To divert them of this absurd belief the authorities had the weapon destroyed by immersing it in chemicals, a rule that has been followed ever since.

Fido's Tail a Mystery.

Little Willie was tugging at Fido's tail. "What are you trying to do with the dog?" asked the child's father.

"I think his tail is coming off."

"Oh, no, Willie. That's impossible. What makes you think so?"

"Cause Fido's tail is so loose that it wiggles."—New York Press.

Bright Thought.

"Oh, dear," sighed small Elmer, "I wish I had another pocket!"

"You have several now," rejoined his mother. "Why do you want another?"

"I've looked through all of them for my handkerchief, Elmer, but I couldn't find it. If I had another pocket it might be in that."—Chicago News.

A Calamity.

Tammas to McTavish, whom he has just pulled out of the water—Man, Donald, ye see he's lookin' happy! Are ye no' thinkin' yer life's saved? McTavish (sighing): I dinna see me cause to be thankful. The glass o' whisky I had afore I fell into the water's gotten fair drowned!—London Tit-Bits.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Fourth Quarter, For Dec. 26, 1909.

### THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Matt. ii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 11, 12—Golden Text, Matt. i, 21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

There is one great truth emphasized in this gospel and in the New Testament which is not made much of by preachers and teachers, as a rule, and that is that Jesus is the son of David, the promised heir to David's throne. See in Matt. i, 1; Rev. xxi, 16, how the New Testament begins and ends with this and note how Paul uses it in Rom. i, 3; 1 Tim. ii, 8. See Gabriel's use of it in his message to Mary in Luke i, 32, 33, and Peter's reference to it in his great Pentecost discourse in Acts ii, 30. Then take the question of the wise men in our lesson, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews?" Remember that that title in the languages of Jews and gentiles was placed over His cradle and that when He shall come again in His glory, and I shall say, "This is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us," it will be to make Jerusalem the throne of the Lord, that all the nations may be gathered unto it, to do His will, the will of the Lord, to Jerusalem. Then, the Lord being King of Israel in the midst of them, they shall not see evil any more, and He will make them a name and a praise among all the people of the earth closed.

Then shall all the nations bring their wealth to Israel, even these wise men did, and Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit (Isa. xvi, 9; Jer. li, 17; Zeph. iii, 15, 20; Isa. lx, 5; Jer. xlii, 4). I sincerely trust that every teacher may verify what I have said by these and other texts and thus have the best possible kind of Christmas lesson concerning Him of whom the prophet said, "Out of thee (Bethlehem Ephrathah) shall I come forth unto me to rule in Israel, where goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity" (Mic. v, 2), as it is in our lesson, "Out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule upon Jacob" (Isa. ix, 6). Surely a king as Herod might be troubled by the mention of a King of the Jews, for the time will come when the kings of the earth and the great and rich and mighty men shall call on mountains and rocks, and say, "Fall on us and hide them from His face and His wrath" (Rev. vi, 16-17). The chief priests and scribes knew prophecy well enough to be able to tell where the Messiah should be born, but their hearts were not right, for even when they heard the prophet, they hid them from His face and His wrath. He himself said, "I have not hid them from His face and His wrath" (Rev. vi, 16-17). The chief priests and scribes knew prophecy well enough to be able to tell where the Messiah should be born, but their hearts were not right, for even when they heard the prophet, they hid them from His face and His wrath.

When Daysey Mayne Appleton returned recently from a party where the influence of several minds over one had been the evening's entertainment, and told her mother how six girls, with their minds bent on one thought, had made a man stand on his head, another man at her silent command had tried on a woman's hat and another man had tried to eat water with a fork, it put a suggestion into Mrs. Lyssander John Appleton's brain. That evening when Lyssander John came home his wife and four daughters sat in a circle with their hands covering their faces and their heads bowed. To all his inquiries they said nothing, and at last, feeling they had gone mad, he turned to the doctor. "We've contrived our minds on the thought that Lyssander John must give us \$5 each, and instead of that we have a doctor bill to pay," sobbed Mrs. Appleton, and they said it would be particularly easy to work if the doctor's mind was a blank."—Archibald Glaze.

To Get His Money's Worth.

In a village near Edinburgh there lived an old baker and his son. Their trade was in a flourishing condition, but unfortunately in the midst of their prosperity the old man, who had once been a great drinker, turned teetotal. The son, who was removed for his love of money, was forced to put him in a lunatic asylum and, according to the terms of the establishment, to pay a fee for three months in advance, amounting to £30. The old man was scarcely in a fortnight, however, when he died. The son, thinking to raise an action against the establishment for the recovery of the fee, as he termed it, unused money, implored of an old lawyer who was a bit of a wit whether he thought it would be prudent to try to recover the money or not. The chip of the law, putting on a grave face, replied seriously, "Dye no think it well he be re paying and put in the rest of the time yerself."

He Saw a Great Light.

Wrecks on the coast of Cornwall, England, were once a source of revenue to the natives. A writer says that in the local dialect the folks on the coast teach their children to say in their prayers night times, "God bless father an' mother an' zend a ship to shore vore morning!" The Cornish folk were great smugglers too. The Rev. R. S. Hawker had in his service as man of all work a Mr. Tristram Poutire, the last of the smugglers. One day he made to the vicar this notable confession: "Well, sir, I do think, when I come to look back and to consider what lives we used to live—drunk all night and idle all day, cursing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying and always prepared to shoot the gauger—I do really believe, sir, we surely was in sin!"

Brought Down the House.

On the London, London Arthur Roberts, the English actor, was performing as part of Captain Crossmore in the burlesque of "Black Eye Susan" at Glasgow he converted an awkward contretemps into a hit. In one of the scenes Crossmore entered supposed to be infuriated and staggered down the stage. In doing so Mr. Roberts accidentally came in contact with the scenery of the lun, bringing the whole set down. The curtain had to be lowered, and the vivacious comedian came to the front and said, "Gentlemen and gentlemen, you see when we come to Glasgow we always bring down the house."

The Generous Barber.

"Here I say! He is more careful than that razor. It's the second time you've cut me."

"Well, well, so it is. But there! I always deduct a hairpin for every cut. Why it's nothing for a man to go out of here having won fourpence off me!"—London Tatler.

WILLIAM FREDERIC DAVIS, JR.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

608, 609 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

EVENING OFFICE AT

Woburn, Mass.

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### IMPORTANT CHANGE.

Beginning Monday, September 14, 1908, cars will leave North Woburn for Wilmington and Perry's Corner at 4:22 a.m., and every 60 minutes until 9:02 p.m. SUNDAYS at 7:52 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for Perry's Corner at 7:07 a.m. and every 60 minutes until 10:07 p.m. SUNDAYS at 8:07 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Perry's Corner for Wilmington Square and North Woburn at 7:22 a.m., and every 60 minutes until 10:22 p.m. SUNDAYS at 8:22 a.m., then same as week days.

Leave Wilmington Square for North Woburn at 6:45, 7







## The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.  
Residence 280.

FRIDAY, DEC. 31, 1909.

A. D. 1910.

To the Patrons of the JOURNAL and  
Everybody else:  
Here's to you.  
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.  
"And Many Returns of the Same."

In response to a request from the Board of Public Works John W. Johnson, Esq., appeared before that body at a special meeting held for the purpose of a few evenings ago, and explained his attitude towards the matter of widening Montvale avenue from Prospect street north. He has recently purchased the salable real estate on the south side of the avenue, of which the Board had been previously informed, and desires that it should be so improved as to make it a good business thoroughfare, which would be impossible under present conditions. The avenue is too narrow for business purposes, as all intelligent persons admit, and public convenience and the city's best interests demand that it should be widened. Mr. Johnson's idea is not only to have it widened, but that now is the best time to do it. On both propositions he is exactly right. Woburn is bound to grow remarkably in population, business, and wealth in the next 5 or 7 years, and preparations for the increase should be made now. The subject was referred to the Mayor and Commissioner of Highways, by whom, no doubt, a favorable report will be made.

Stoneham is one of the neatest and most attractive residential towns in Greater Boston, and the Independent a bright, clean, paper there, is urging its people to say so, and do more to prove it. Stoneham, with 5,000 population, is just 10 miles from the Capitol on Beacon Hill, Boston; it includes nearly all of the famous State Reservation known as Middlesex Fells, one of the most beautiful tracts of trees, water, rocks and lofty hills in Middlesex County, on which the Met. Park Commissioners have spent much of money in the last few years in embellishments. This rural paradise includes the famous Spot Pond, and its woods are filled with wild animals and birds. To the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Emerson, its Editor, we are indebted for a copy of the "New Era, No. 2, Stoneham, 1909," a handsomely illustrated, and well written pamphlet of nearly 50 pages, in which is set forth, in attractive style, the advantages of Stoneham as a residential town, the contents being made the basis for the excellent Editorial in the last issue of the Independent.

The receipt of no 1910 New Year's greeting has afforded the Editor of the JOURNAL more real enjoyment than the one thoughtfully and kindly sent from Lansing, Michigan, by Mr. George C. Smith (a long as in meet, and a whole syllable by itself; his hosts of friends always insisted on pronouncing it that way), for which we return our sincere thanks. Soon after the close of the Civil War for the preservation of the Union, in which Smith, then a mere lad, fought gallantly in a New York Regiment, he traveled West to "grow up with the country," bought the Cambridge (Illinois) Chronicle; settled down to steady work; and for years was regarded as one of the best Editors and most deserving citizens of Henry County in the good Prairie State, and it was out there, considerably more than 40 years ago, that the present JOURNAL man found and learned to think everything of Smith's. Thanks.

Reports from the merchants last Monday were to the effect that Christmas business hasn't been so good in this city for years past as it was during the season that ended on Friday night, Dec. 24. For the previous 10 days, especially in the evenings, the stores were crowded with buyers of Christmas goods, and everybody had a plenty of money to pay for them. Evidently, there was more buying at home stores, and less in Boston, than formerly; but that was not all—there was more money to spend than there had been in other years. What was the reason? "Noliene!" To demonstrate this fact needs no argument, for it comes pretty near to being self-evident. Put the two things of more money and Noliene together and see how it works; think about it.

Harold P. Johnson, present and future Alderman, has got the notion into his head that, in the makeup of the Woburn City government, the Board of Public Works are not "the whole shooting match." He expressed himself to that effect at a meeting of the Council last week in a resolution which he submitted to and was adopted by the Council. They ought to call in Highway Commissioner Kennedy to settle the matter. For some time past the B. P. W. have had an idea that they are it, and that the Council are only a sideshow, as it were; but Ald Johnson knows better, and isn't afraid to tell them so.

At a meeting of the City Council the other night Solicitor Converse, a sound Lawyer, by the way, told the members that it would not be legal and proper for them to vote money to help the Choate Hospital, and it was therefore eliminated from the loan order for \$10,000 for municipal purposes, which was sent to its second reading.

After a full and impartial investigation of Dr. Cook's claim to having reached the top of Mt. McKinley, Alaska, in 1906, he was expelled from the Explorers Club by a unanimous vote last week. The investigation showed him up in a worse light than his Northpole taking, if possible.

The Inauguration of the Massachusetts State administration of 1910 is to take place at the Capitol on Beacon Hill in Boston, on Thursday, Jan. 6, next.

Last week Mayor Hibbard of Boston visited Senator Lodge in Washington to get help in his campaign for reelection now being prosecuted by him, but, instead of aid and comfort, a repulse of the kind is called in modern language. Senator Lodge told Hibbard that the best thing he could do would be to go back to Boston, pull out of the contest, shed his coat, roll up his sleeves, and turn to do his level best for the election of Storow. The Mayor was very angry with Lodge, whose advice he rejected, and Hibbard stays in the fight to help Fitzgerald and be badly beaten at the polls.

A competitive examination will be held January 17, 1910, to establish eligible lists from which to certify names to fill vacancies as they occur in positions as stenographers (Class 9), in the service of the Commonwealth, and of the city of Boston. A competitive examination of applicants for the position of Secretary of the State Board of Health will be held January 24, 1910. There is one vacancy in this position to be filled; salary, \$2,560 per year.

## LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. W. Boutwell—Hog Dressing.

Many Christmas visitors to this city were snowed out last Sunday.

Wonder if it is generally realized that the days have lengthened 4 minutes.

Capt. Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., spent Christmas in this city, his former home.

At 6 p. m., Tuesday, Dec. 28, it was 31 degrees above, and at 6 A. M. Dec. 29, it was at zero.

The S. W. V. are to give the "Bingville Circus" in Lyceum Hall on next Monday evening.

The city schools, after a good, long holiday vacation, are to resume work next Monday, Jan. 3, 1910.

The Heartz lady out of town teachers are spending their vacation at the Heartz home on Bennett street.

The Young Peoples Society of the Swedish Evangelical Free church are to give a New Year's party this evening.

The Maternal Association are to hold a meeting in the parlor of the Congregational church at 3 o'clock p. m. today.

Those fine music programs went for naught at the churches last Sunday. Scarcely anybody ventured out in the storm to hear them.

Mr. Elwyn G. Preston of this city ranks high in Boston business circles, and is considered to be one of the "solid men" of the Hub.

The services planned for last Sunday at the First Church will be held next Sunday. In the morning Christmas music and sermon.

Next Sunday will be a good time to render the church musical programs arranged for Christmas, but failed to be given on account of the storm.

Santa Claus never in his life brought so many and such monstrous great loads of Christmas presents to Woburn as he did last Friday night.

We hear that Mr. Charles A. Burdett of Burdett College, Boston, and family are at their summer home in North Conway, N. H., this week.

Jingling of sleigh bells was heard for the first time this winter on last Monday. To some ears it was sweet music, very likely to others, quite the reverse.

The annual meeting of the North Congregational church is to be held in the vestry at 7.30 this evening. The Parish annual was held last evening, Dec. 30.

Few, if any, milkmen succeeded in supplying their customers last Sunday. Boston was in the same predicament, and presumably all the towns around here suffered from a shortage of laetel fluid that day.

Marian Hosmer picked a final handful of posies from her garden on Pleasant street last Tuesday evening, Dec. 28, and at 7 o'clock Wednesday A. M., Dec. 29, 1909, the temperature was just exactly at zero.

Supt. Myers and his gangs of willing workers kept the B. & N. trolley tracks in a passable condition last Sunday. It was hard work, but the cars were run and trips made in better time than one would have believed could have been done.

Limbs of evergreen trees—the pine, fir, spruce, cedar, etc.—gracefully bending under the weight of the clean, white snow that covers them, is always a pleasing sight; but when, as on last Monday morning, bright, clear sunshine falls on them, the spectacle is splendid.

The following are the new officers of the South End Social Club: Edward McLaughlin, President; Thomas Callahan, Vice President; John Callahan, Recording Secretary; Thomas Muller, Financial Secretary; Philip Wall, Treasurer; Michael Kelley, John Callahan, John O'Connell, Auditors.

Compliments of the season to Col. J. Stough, Operative Yeoman, of San Diego, California, formerly of Illinois, who is, at present, actively employed in making arrangements for celebrating the 100th anniversary of his birthday. May A. D. 1910 bring abundant Good Luck to him and his!

Mr. H. C. Huestess, General Manager of the popular and flourishing S. B. Goddard & Son Insurance Agency of this city, did the handsome thing in scattering presents last week besides \$25 to the F. R. A. he gave Chief McDermott \$25 for the benefit of the Woburn Public Relief Association; and the returns are not all in yet.

Miss Bertha Smith, Mrs. Mary Plannet's niece, and one of the JOURNAL's smart young girls, a schoolmar, is spending the holiday vacation at Southborough, N. H., a summer pleasure resort of Bertha and her aunt, and having a delightful visit there, in other words, the time of her life. The days and moonlight evenings are spent by her and her companions in sleighrides and other winter pleasures, which the Woburn lass is fully enjoying.

The boys and girls are having great times sliding down hill.

Signs indicate a long unusually cold winter, now on third zone.

The cost of the evening school, just closed, was \$5.85 per scholar.

Burlington people reported 13 below zero last Wednesday morning.

There seems to be a considerable increase in leather making here just now.

The East Side (Montvale) A. C. are to hold their annual ball this evening in Ashford Hall.

Religious services are to be held in St. Charles church tomorrow, Jan. 1, 1910, at 5.30, 7 and 9 o'clock A. M.

Yesterday morning, Dec. 30, the temperature here was from 1 to 10 below zero. How true it is that "when the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen."

Hurbank W. R. C. 84 are to hold a social in G. A. R. 33 Hall tomorrow evening, Jan. 1. There will be an entertainment and refreshments. Post 33 will be the guests of honor.

A basketful of various kinds of fruit, arranged with fine taste, was a nice and keenly appreciated Christmas present received at the JOURNAL office from the Sunny Circle of King's Daughters of the First Congregational church, per hand of Miss Minnie Dow of Court street, accompanied by Christmas greetings. Thanks!

The poor birds have had a hard time of it since last Saturday morning. They have suffered for shelter by night and food by day all the week, and but for the help they received from kind hands and pitying hearts many of them must have perished from hunger. When Mr. Eli Cooper died a few years ago Woburn sparrows lost their best friend. Feed the Birds!

The Sunday School Concert at the First Church which was postponed last Sunday on account of the storm will be held next Sunday at 5 p. m. An elaborate program has been prepared with music by a large chorus under the direction of Mr. W. W. Crosby, exercises by the children and an address by the Pastor, Dr. Norton—C.

It was a "Green Christmas," all right, last Saturday until about 5 o'clock in the evening, when snow began to fall gently and kept it up continuously for the next 24 hours, but not heavily. By 9 o'clock p. m. it was a "white Christmas," for the ground was covered with snow, and nothing green was discernible in any direction, except on the pines and firs.

It was the toughest snowstorm that has been experienced here for several years. The fall amounted to 13 inches in Boston, but more than that in this city, and the high Sunday wind piled it up in great drifts everywhere. The drifts along the coast were higher than they have been at any time since the fall of the Manly Lodge Light House, many years ago.

Sunday was a rough hard day. The B. & N. trains were thrown out of gear early in the day, and the first one that left here for Boston on schedule time was at 9.05 that evening. The B. & N. trolleys for Boston got no farther than Symmes's Corner that day.

A strong wind blew all Sunday, so that Supt. Martin had to give up trying to keep the sidewalks clear of snow.

The First Baptist church held services; but the pastor preached to only 16 listeners; and it was the only church in which services were attempted.

It will be known in future years as the "Great Christmas Snowstorm of 1909."

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, sold by Dr. J. C. Parker, 100 N. Broadway, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, Cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Ormsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Winchester.

Holiday trade is quite flourishing here.

Some of our storekeepers are selling out their business.

The High School athletes are "home punkins" on basketball.

Wasn't it a big storm though. But it didn't do much damage here.

The railroad grade crossing is still being debated here with much spirit.

Have our people ceased agitating the slaughterhouse matter at Montvale?

The H. S. Alumni Association are to hold a reception and social on Jan. 5.

Tuck is as rampant as ever, on political grounds, to know better.

Cooking classes in our schools? Fudge! The best cooking school is in the kitchen.

Bowling is still the leading sport here this winter. Judge Littlefield's star seems to be on the wane.

Everybody who has a horse hailed with delight the good sleighing that followed Sunday's storm.

What a lot of nonsensical talk and writing is indulged in respecting the proposed Y. M. C. A. building!

Christmas was fully enjoyed in this town, Judge Littlefield's star seems to be on the wane.

Plans and specifications having been drawn on East being all passed, one file box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more mice, rats, and other vermin, and the terminator. Don't die in the house, beware of imitations, substitutes and cheap penny, ready for use devices.

He Remembered.

Wife revisiting the scene of her betrothal—1 remember, Algonquin, so well when you proposed to me how painfully embarrassed you were. Algonquin—Yes, dear, and I remember so well how you and you made it for me, after all. London Trib-Bits.

Experience.

"Experience would be a wonderful asset but, for what?"

"What's that?"

"You can never sell it for what it cost you."

Read what A. W. Boutwell says in his adv. about killing hogs.

Reduction in the price of canned California Asparagus at the Boston Branch. Read their adv.

Samuel Edwin Sawyer of 18 Hart Place, Central Square, died at his home Wednesday, after a long illness, aged 76 years.

The New Year of 1910 will begin tomorrow, and with its advent it is expected that many "new leaves" will be "turned over." On Jan. 1 resolutions to abandon bad habits and take up good ones are formed; but some people think they do not amount to much, that they seldom result in permanent reforms in personal habits. This may be true; but just to resolve to live better lives is not a bad thing to indulge in on New Year's Day. Try it.

The picture that embellishes the Hammond & Son Co.'s calendar for 1910 is that of "The First Ice, Upper Locks, at Horn Pond, Woburn, Mass." which is accompanied by a short historical sketch of more than ordinary interest. The picture was drawn by the late Marshall M. Tidd, an eminent C. E. of this city, and the sketch is by Mr. J. F. Deland, General Manager of the Hammond Corporation. The Ice was built by the Middlesex Canal Co. about 1804, and stood on land owned by Mr. P. P. Chandler Parker, the venerable leather manufacturer of Arlington Road. Some of the best bits of Woburn history are to be found on the past and present Hammond calendars. Thanks for a fine one left at the JOURNAL office.

The Storm.

It was a "Green Christmas," all right, last Saturday until about 5 o'clock in the evening, when snow began to fall gently and kept it up continuously for the next 24 hours, but not heavily. By 9 o'clock p. m. it was a "white Christmas," for the ground was covered with snow, and nothing green was discernible in any direction, except on the pines and firs.

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Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, sold by Dr. J. C. Parker, 100 N. Broadway, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, Cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Ormsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Winchester.

Holiday trade is quite flourishing here.

Some of our storekeepers are selling out their business.

The High School athletes are "home punkins" on basketball.

Wasn't it a big storm though. But it didn't do much damage here.

The railroad grade crossing is still being debated here with much spirit.

Have our people ceased agitating the slaughterhouse matter at Montvale?

The H. S. Alumni Association are to hold a reception and social on Jan. 5.

Tuck is as rampant as ever, on political grounds, to know better.

Cooking classes in our schools? Fudge! The best cooking school is in the kitchen.

Bowling is still the leading sport here this winter. Judge Littlefield's star seems to be on the wane.

Everybody who has a horse hailed with delight the good sleighing that followed Sunday's storm.

What a lot of nonsensical talk and writing is indulged in respecting the proposed Y. M. C. A. building!

Christmas was fully enjoyed in this town, Judge Littlefield's star seems to be on the wane.

Plans and specifications having been drawn on East being all passed, one file box will spread or make 50 to 100 little cakes that will kill 500 or more mice, rats, and other vermin, and the terminator. Don't die in the house, beware of imitations, substitutes and cheap penny, ready for use devices.

He Remembered.

Wife revisiting the scene of her betrothal—1 remember, Algonquin, so well when you proposed to me how painfully embarrassed you were. Algonquin—Yes, dear, and I remember so well how you and you made it for me, after all. London Trib-Bits.

Experience.

"Experience would be a wonderful asset but, for what?"

"What's that?"

"You can never sell it for what it cost you."

A small bag cannot be made to contain what is large. A short rope cannot be used to draw water from a deep well.—Chinese Proverb.

## Boston Theatres.

## THE BOSTON.

"Bright Eyes" is an instantaneous, spectacular success at the Boston Theatre. The largest auditorium in New England has been crowded at every performance of the week and the advance sale, for the few remaining performances, is the largest for many years in the history of the Boston Theatre. "Bright Eyes" is by the same authors as "Three Twins," a recent phenomenal success at the Boston Theatre and is produced by the same enterprising producing Manager, Mr. Jos. M. Gaites, who believes that in its present form it bids fair to rival the success of "Three Twins."

## KEITH'S.

The most important vaudeville engagement announced in years is that of Denman Thompson, who will appear at Keith's January 3rd. For more than 20 years, Mr. Thompson has not appeared in anything except his famous play "The Old Homestead," which is still on the road. He has been anxious for a long time to return to the stage in the short comedy in which he first attained fame, and from which "The Old Homestead" originated. It is called "Joshua Whitecomb," and the leading character of which still appears in "The Old Homestead." Mr. Thompson, now nearly 80, is as vigorous and active as ever, and hardly equal to the requirements of a long play. He is confident, however, of his ability to play his old part as well as ever in the original sketch, and the thousands who enjoyed his acting for years will have a rare treat at Keith's.

## THE TREMONT.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," as dramatized by Charlotte Thompson and Kate Douglas Wiggin, comes to the Tremont Jan. 3rd, promises to prove one of the most interesting dramatic offerings of the year, if not of the decade. The play combines all the popular appeal of such time-honored successes as "The Old Homestead" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the cleanliness of "Ben Hur." Rebecca, whose fortunes are followed from childhood to maidenhood, is a unique personality and one that lends itself readily to state purposes. Miss Thompson has taken full advantage of this fact and the result is one of the most charming characters ever presented to the amusement loving public.

## HOLLIS STREET.

There are only a few real light comedies on the American stage, and of these John Drew is easily the most distinguished and the most diversely popular. His annual engagements at the Hollis Street Theatre are always events which attract the most fashionable and the smartest audiences of the season. It is expected that such an audience will be present on Monday night, Jan. 3rd, when he begins an engagement of two weeks in his latest comedy success, "Inconsistent George." A certain sentimental interest will attach to this occasion inasmuch as it will mark Mr. Drew's first return to the stage since his recent accident in Central Park, New York, an accident which required the sudden ending of his run at the Empire Theatre.

## THE GLOBE.

"The Wolf," undoubtedly the greatest success of that now famous actor, Eugene Walter, now playing at the Globe Theatre, returns Wednesday and Saturday. "The Wolf" is a stirring story of the Canadian Hudson Bay country, in three acts, and is under the direction of Messrs. Sam S. and Lee Shubert (inc.). The first act takes place in front of the home of Andrew McTavish, a Scotch trader, on the banks of the Wind river; the second act is in the interior of the same home, and the third is in the woods of the portage of Little Bear river. The action consumes but a day. This successful play comes to Boston credited with runs of six months in New York and four months in Chicago.

## CASTLE SQUARE.

"L.I." has started off in a lively fashion at the Castle Square. The past week has seen nothing but large and enthusiastic response over Mr. Frieben's new musical comedy is unmeasured, and the beginning of another week on Monday indicates a continuance of its success. In fact, such a piece as "L.I.," written especially about Bostonians and for Bostonians could not do otherwise than meet with an overwhelming popularity. It is made solely for entertainment and laughter, and its melody of songs and dances, of vivacious and sentimental ballads, and of brilliant costumes and spectacular scenery, offer three hours of uninterrupted pleasure. From the opening scene in the Old Air Museum, with its rollicking glimpses of student life, through the flight by air ship, the scene on the South Sea Island, and the last act on the Public Garden.

## WALDRON'S NEW CASINO.

Waldron's New Casino Theatre on Hanover Street, near Tremont Row, will open on Monday. It is hardly necessary to say that the new and magnificent playhouse which will be devoted to high class musical burlesque Fred Twiss's Majesties is the attraction booked for the opening week, Jan. 3rd, and Manager Waldron could not have secured a stronger card. This is by far the most pretentious, grandest and most gorgeous company that has ever presented outside of the high priced theatres. Majesties will be given daily. The advanced demand for seats insures crowded houses the opening week.

## Literary Notices.

Old Indian tribal superstitions and modern civilization are finely depicted in the handsome picture (in colors) of the boy prospector and the totem pole that decorates the front cover page of the January AMERICAN BOY, and every page of the magazine is full of entertaining and instructive matter. In addition there are 75 illustrations. \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

A peculiar poison, the use of which is attributable to English gypsies, kills its victims slowly, but does not render their flesh unsafe to eat.

## FIRST SHAPE OF EELS.

## Bosnia Revealed Mystery of the Snake-like Fish.

In the strait of Messina are channels of immense depth, through which a wild tide surges, and owing probably to irregularities at the bottom there are whirling eddies which have the effect of bringing up from the depths below many marine creatures which are rarely seen except in the deep sea trawls.

It was here that the larval form of a fresh water eel was first discovered, an incident which threw a blaze of light on the life history of a very mysterious fish.

All kinds of theories had been given forth with regard to the propagation of the eel. Some naturalists declared they lived in fresh water, others that they visited the estuaries for spawning purposes, but thanks to the discovery of Messina and later captures of the eel in its larval form it is practically certain that after mature eels drop down our rivers in autumn they lie there to exceedingly deep water in the sea and there deposit their eggs.

From the egg comes a little ribbon shaped creature, the larval form. In the course of this change into an eel of still smaller size, strange to say, and these small eels or evers afterward ascend our rivers and there remain until they reach maturity, when they in their turn descend to the sea and history is repeated.—London Telegraph.

## The Navel Orange.

The first we know of the navel orange, which is very valuable not only on account of its fine quality and taste, but also because of its being seedless, is of a single tree that was found growing on the northern shore of the Mediterranean sea. This was about the year 1555. Grafts of this tree were taken to Spain by the Moors several hundred years ago, and from Spain the trees were carried to South America by the Spaniards.—St. Nicholas.

## Beat Solomon a Mile.

She—That's Mr. Osborn over there. He married a million. He—You don't say? Well, that beats Solomon to a frazzle.—Boston Transcript.

## MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

EPISCOPAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. C. Parker. At 12 M., Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTISTS.—Service in Five Cent Savings Bank Building, Room 12 every Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: Christian Science.

Sunday School for the Children at 11.45 A. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Williams, D. D. At 12 M., Sunday School.

AT 3.45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting. Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

METHODIST Episcopal Church, Main Street. Rev. A. H. Herrick, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.—Preaching, 10.30 A. M., Sunday School, 12 M., Sunday, 7 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. S. A. Norton, D. D. At 12 M., Sunday School at 12 M.







